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THE

MESSIAH:

A Poem,

IN SIX BOOKS.

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," "SATAN," "WOMAN,"

ETC. ETC.

"—— Son of the Most High!—Heir of both worlds!
Queller of Satan!—on thy glorious work
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

MILTON.

EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON:

FRANCIS BAISLER, 124, OXFORD STREET;

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., 33, PATERNOSTER ROW;

TILT AND BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

MDCCC XLII.

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TO

THE QUEEN,

(BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,)

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

Her Majesty's

VERY DUTIFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

" Though divine the theme,
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

THE following Poem is submitted to the public with great deference. The sublimity of the theme increases the responsibility of the Author, and renders him anything but sanguine as to the result.

To those who may accuse him of arrogance, he can only reply, that he has approached his subject with no irreverent thought or careless speed; nor is he aware that any available source, whereby light could be thrown on doctrine, scene, or character, has been left unconsulted. What the delay of years might have effected, to render it more worthy the public attention, he will not venture to suggest. The Horatian advice, though often the critic's precept, has rarely been the poet's example: time and

circumstance are to be duly estimated; and, in the present instance, it is hoped that some allowances will be made for the vivid impression produced on the mind from our earliest years, by the awful drama of the Redeemer's life; and also for the impulse of feelings accustomed to reflect on sacred themes,—which

> "——— might demand a seraph's tongue,
> Were they not equal to their own support,
> And therefore no incompetence of mine
> Could do them wrong."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

"To inbreed and cherish in a people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, to sing victorious agonies of saints and martyrs, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly against the enemies of Christ; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without; or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thoughts from within,—all these things with a solid and tractable smoothness to paint out and describe,"

—is the true aim of poetry, as set forth by the loftiest of all poets. To aspire after this can form no man's disgrace: he may not secure fame, but assuredly he partakes a higher reward than reputation can bestow, while he endeavours to promote that elevation of mind, which constitutes the true enjoyment of a being whose destiny survives the world.

"Commenta opinionum delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat."* On attacks, personal or otherwise, the Author has nothing to remark; nor does he wish to sully, by acrimonious discussion, pages dedicated, he fondly hopes, to a better and nobler purpose. If his writings and character have been misrepresented by anonymous foes, it is gratifying to remember, that they have neither subdued exertion nor perverted his mind; much less have they lost him the esteem and friendship of many of the good and great of his country, which, but for his productions, he had never enjoyed.

* Cicero.

Lincoln College, Oxon, 1832.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

The Author cannot permit a second edition of this work to appear, without offering his unaffected acknowledgments for the manner in which it has been received by an indulgent public. He has only to add, that it has been carefully revised and corrected.

London, June 8, 1832.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK I.

" Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ !"
Lucret. lib. iii.

Prophecy is of prodigious extent. — It commenced from the fall of man, and reaches to the consummation of all things. — The declared purpose for which the Messiah, prefigured by so long a train of prophecy, came into the world, corresponds with all the rest of the representation,—it was to deliver a world from ruin, to abolish sin and death, to purify and immortalize human nature. We have no words to denote greater ideas than these; the mind of man cannot elevate itself to nobler conceptions.—*Hurd.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK I.

Apostrophe to the Divine Spirit—Creation, the offspring of Almighty love—Sketch of man's primal state and fall—The fathomless mystery of evil—The curse, and its attendant awfulness—Necessity of atonement—The Majesty of Christ's Redemption—He is the soul and centre of all Revelation and rites—Was present at the delivery of the law from Sinai—Picture of the camp of Israel in the wilderness—The gloom of death as it must have appeared to our first parents—Their retrospections—Birth of Eve's first child, and her triumphant exclamation—Abraham—Isaac—The offering of the latter, a type of that Heavenly Sacrifice hereafter to be offered up for the whole world—Beauty and simplicity of the patriarchal state—Balak—Prophecy—Grandeur of the prophetical character—The announcement of Messiah, a leading characteristic of the sacred predictions—Job, the doctrine derived from his sufferings—His sublime expression of faith in a Redeemer—David, his magnificent character as poet and prophet—Prophecies relative to Christ—Isaiah, his style, and predictions—Ezekiel, Daniel, and Malachi—Each considered as prophetical announcers of Christ and His kingdom—Reflections on the Saviour, as they may arise to a contemplative mind in solitude—The glory and felicity of spirits who worship, love, and obey him.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK I.

THE great REDEEMER and the glorious Cross,
I sing: O Thou! by whom the worlds were made,
Be with me in this high attempt, and theme
August of all-surpassing love divine;
That with no daring eye, or step profane,
The Muse may wander where the Saviour trod:
If e'er at morning, noon, or solemn night,
Thy shadow on my soul hath been, or prayer
Or praise, before Thy hymned throne prevail'd,
Almighty! sanction, and my song inspire.

Ere matter was, or Time his race began,
Himself was All!—the unapparent God.
But Life the symbol of His Love became;
He will'd a universe,—and, lo!—IT WAS!

With Nature in her young excess of bloom
Array'd, and with a living sense of joy

Abroad upon the verdant face of things,
How exquisite must Earth's primeval state
Have been, how tinted with the hues of heaven!
And when amid it, from unbreathing dust,
A living shape of godlike beauty rose,
Alas! that e'er on such transcendent scene
A shade of guilt could fall! that clouds advanced
In wrath and darkness o'er offending Earth,
No longer bright with angel steps, but sad
And stricken, trembling at her God!—

When Man, as monarch of the globe, was placed
Where lavish Eden waved and smiled, sublime
He stood, but to his Maker homage due
By test of one supreme command was tried:—
"Of every tree which in the garden grows
All freely eat, save THAT, wherein of Good
And Evil the forbidden knowledge lies;
Whereof the day thou eatest,—thou shalt die!" [1]
A Tempter came, the interdicted fruit
Man dared to eat, and from his high estate
Of glory, into disobedience fell!

In this dark hour when evil doom prevails,
Shall finite teach the INFINITE His ways,
Or shape the path Omnipotence should tread?—
Shall man, in dreams of wild presumption, dare

The universe condemn, or blindly call
His fate unjust? Shall fancy, in her flight
Insane, beyond the empyréan soar,
The God unthrone, His attributes affect,
And fashion worlds to prove his wisdom wrong?—
Let Nature hope, and while her blessings thrive,
To secret Heaven resign the vast unknown.[2]

The Mind was grander than the universe,
And, when corrupted, changed a world!—Then face
To face the creature and Creator met,
And Man, with sinking brow and shudd'ring frame,
Till reel'd the ground whereon the trembler trod,
Heard the deep judgment,—wither, toil, and die!

Pale in the gloom of that departed cloud,*
Whose shadow, like a lightning track, had scathed
The bowers of Paradise, when Adam stood
With eyes aghast, and view'd the blighted world,
Grow dark around him, while his fancy heard
The curse still rolling on the awe-struck wind?—
The dimness and the agony of doubt
How terribly his fallen soul endured!
For what forbade, but in the hour he sinn'd,
By one annihilating word consumed,

* The cloud of glory, which betokened the Divine Presence.

That earth should perish in the pangs of hell!—
Oh! ye, who in the choir of Cherubim
Divinely shaped, upon your sapphire thrones,
That in the palace of Jehovah blaze,
One anthem of seraphic bliss prolong;
Attune my lyre, triumphantly to sing,—
Who, sun-like, dawn'd upon the gloom of death,
The majesty of dreadful Justice saved,
And roll'd away God's thunders from the world!

But say, hath ever hymn by angel sung,
Hath thought divined, or human voice express'd,
This miracle of miracles profound,—
A world redeem'd, and Christ redemption's Lord?—
I've seen the sun, creation's paramount,
Rise o'er the waves, and lead the march of day;
Alone have mused, when tempest roof'd the heavens
With blackness, and the tragic main revered
Till every wave drew worship from my soul;
The dark sublimity of deepest night
Hath girdled, and the glories of her sky
O'erwhelm'd me: in humbleness and awe
Before the majesty of human worth
I've bow'd, and felt how lovely virtue is;*—
But poor and pow'rless, dim and undefined,

* How awful goodness is.—*Milton.*

The adoration born of scenes or hours
Below, to that which o'er the spirit comes,
When silent, LORD! it thinks alone of Thee.

In Christ all revelation lives! His voice
With man in Eden dread communion held,[3]
To teach him morning vow, or evening prayer,
Or sacrifice divine; the shadowy type,
The mystic law, and ceremonious powers,
To Him relate: and when thy desert rang,
O Sinai! with the battle-hymns of old,
While Judah's banners in victorious play
Spread glory on the wind!—the Lord o'erhung
The travell'd wilderness; the signal cloud
By day and night His awful guidance led:—
And Horeb heard Him! when, in lightning veil'd,
Her giant form beneath His thunders bow'd,
As high o'er all the dreadful trumpet clang'd
With heaven-toned music till the Desert shook!

That wilderness!—oh! when hath mind conceived
Magnificence beyond a midnight there,
When Israel camp'd, and o'er her tented host
The moonlight lay?—On yonder palmy mount,
Lo! sleeping myriads in the dewy hush
Of night repose; around, in squared array,
The camps are set; and in the midst, apart,

The curtain'd shrine, where mystically dwells
Jehovah's presence!—through the soundless air
A cloudy pillar, robed in burning light,
Appears:—concentred as one mighty heart,
A million* lie, in mutest slumber bound,
Or, panting like the Ocean, when a dream
Of storm awakes her; Heaven and Earth are still;
In radiant loveliness the stars pursue
Their pilgrimage, while moonlight's wizard hand
Throws beauty, like a spectre-light, on all.
At Judah's tent the lion-banner stands
Upfolded, and the pacing sentinels,—
What awe pervades them, when the dusky groves,
The rocks Titanian, by the moonshine made
Unearthly, on yon mountains vast,† they view!—
But soon as morning bids the sky exult,
As earth from nothing, so that countless host
From slumber and from silence will awake
To mighty being! while the forest-birds
Rush into song, the matin breezes play,
And streamlets flash where prying sunbeams fall:
Like clouds in lustre, banners will unroll,
The trumpet shout, the warlike tramp resound,
And hymns of valour from the marching tribes
Ascend, to gratulate the risen morn.

* Lamey's Account of the host and camps of Israel.
† Horeb and Sinai.

Though Mercy, when a malediction fell
On life and matter from the lips of God,
That Woman's seed should bruise the Serpent's head
Predicted,—still in ghastly vision came
The shadows of thy then unenter'd world,
O Death!—but time hath half thy gloom unveil'd:
Though yet invisible, no more thy realm
A desert seems, where nothing human dwells:
By ages peopled, 'tis the haunt of Dreams
Forsaking earth, to roam and muse awhile
With shapes of being, that did once imbibe
The vital breath; there prophet-spirits be,
Whose words were mightier than thunder-tones
When Nature trembles! there the good abide,
The glorious, gifted, and immortal are;
And who of death would all oblivious be,
When friends are tomb'd, and parents smile no more?—
In that eternity where they repose,
Our fancy wanders, and our feelings dwell!

Yet 'twas not thus when new-created Earth
From chaos rose, with sumptuous verdure clad:
Flower, fruit, and tree, in primal beauty waved;
No tint of death, no touch of sad decay,
To mar the freshness of the lovely scene,—
That dread announcement, "Perish! dust thou art,

And unto dust shalt thou again return,"
To Adam sounded like creation's knell!

Alone upon the wide and voiceless world,
The guilty wand'rers, whom fair Eden once
Embower'd, in fond remembrance often mourn'd
The bloom of Paradise, and pure estate
For ever lost!—The morning rose, and light
Around them in its warm luxuriance fell;
But ah! it could not through the spirit beam
As once, when day and Heaven together rose,
While quiring angels on the breezes sang:
And evening, with her tenderness of shade,
O'ercame them, like a cloud of solemn grief;
For then of Paradise and dewy calm
They thought, as there they watch'd the vesper hues
In beautiful consumption fade and die,
All innocently blest:—Thus pass'd the day
In wo; and dreams of sworded Cherubim
Glared on their slumber!—still a God was near;
And when the pangs which only mothers feel
Dejected Eve endured, and lo! a child
Was born, th' unclouded spring of hope began.
And who can fathom that deep hour of love
When first an infant on its mother smiled,
As in a burst of preternat'ral joy

Her babe she clasp'd, and to her Maker cried,—
"The promised Seed! JEHOVAH! lo, 'tis born!"

Thus dimly on the world's primeval state
Messiah dawn'd; till God himself declared
To holy Abraham, as the countless orbs
Of midnight glitter'd over Hebron's plain,—
That, like yon stars, a glorious race should rise
Unnumber'd, till the earth's Deliv'rer came,
To crown all nations blest.—Then Isaac rose,
The child of promise, the Redeemer's type,
Upon the altar by his parent laid!
The son, the only son, whom Abram loved,
Yet did not spare, when Heaven commanded—"slay!"

Ere the rich morning on the mountains flung
A robe of beauty, in that primest hour
When birds are darting from the dewy ground,
And Nature, soft as sleeping life, begins
To waken, and the spell of day to wear,—
Unseen, the patriarch and his cherish'd boy
Uprose, the sacrificial wood prepared,
And then, companion'd by his household youths,
They onward journey'd with the laden ass.—
Through piny glens and green acacia vales
The pilgrims wound their unreluctant way.
Oft as he went, upon his child beloved

The sire of future nations look'd, and thought;
And felt the father in his bosom rise,
As, bound and bloody, on the altar stretch'd,
He vision'd him!—the long-hoped, destin'd son,
Who fond and dutiful had ever been,
And guiltless of a parent's tear!—But faith
Triumphant in the power of Mercy proved.—
Twice had the sun around the pilgrims drawn
His evening veil, when o'er a distant mount,
Upon Moriah's steep and rocky clime,
A vision of the Lord reposed, and shone,—
A cloudy signal, shaped for Abram's eye
Alone to see, and there his altar raise:
The patriarch bow'd, and o'er the mountain path
Both child and parent took their solemn way,
But each was silent, for they thought of Heaven.—
So on they went, till at the mount ordain'd
Arriving, with enamour'd gaze they saw
The hills of glory capp'd with sunset hues,
And willow'd plains; and drank the balmy air,
And cool'd their foreheads in the breeze, that fell
Light as the tremor of an angel's wing;
So still the hour, so calm the scene, that God
Himself seem'd waiting there to welcome man!—
Then Isaac, when the stony altar-pile
Beneath the shadow of a mountain tree
Was founded, and the hallow'd fire prepared,

In words of unsuspecting sweetness cried,—
"My father!"—Abram answer'd, "Here, my son!"—
"The wood and fire behold! but where the lamb
Of sacrifice, to crown the flaming pile?"—
Then heaved his bosom with the love of years
Departed, and a tear paternal rose,
As gazed he fondly on that only child,
And far away a childless mother saw,
Whose heart had echoed every infant cry!—
But soon the strife, and soon the tear was o'er:
To Heaven he look'd, and thus to Isaac spake;
"My son! in *thee* a sacrifice the Lord
Hath found, and—thou art dedicate to God!" [4]
He answer'd not, but meekly knelt him down,
And on the altar lay, a willing lamb!
But God descended! and the hand, uplift
In glorious faith to sacrifice a child,
Was holden, while an angel voice proclaim'd,
"O Abram! spare thy son! thine only, spare,
And let him live, for thou art faithful found."—
With thrilling wonder and ecstatic awe,
Up look'd the patriarch, and behold! a ram
Beside him, in a woody thicket caught:
And while it bled, again the Voice sublime
Repeated, like the roll of many storms,—
"In blessing I will bless thee! and thy seed

The sand of ocean shall outnumber far,
And from it spring the Glory of the World!"

On Isaac, too, by shadowy promise, came
The Lord of Life: and, in symbolic dream,
To Jacob, as he fled the murd'rous foe,
His couch the earth, his canopy the skies.
When night had deepen'd, homeless, sad, and worn,
The wand'rer, pillow'd on a stone-built couch,
For slumber stretch'd him on the dreary plain:
Companionless he was: and forests, dark
With midnight umbrage, torn by wolfish winds,
And echoed by the frequent lion-roar,
Howl'd on the hills!—but God he ever felt,
And round his heart the parent blessing twined,
Till sleep came o'er him, like a smile from Heaven!
Rude was his couch, but oh! the vision grand
To see, who would not oft a ruder share?—
He dreamt, and lo! a ladder, based on earth,
And buried in the sky, before him rose;
Adown it shapes of awful beauty stole,
While others, robed in archangelic light,
Did solemnly from step to step ascend:
Above, a beaming Apparition shone,
Ineffable! from whom a voice divine,
In accent richer than the full-toned sea,
Proclaim'd—"Thy father's God! and thine, behold!

Wide o'er the world thy destined seed will spread,
And, numberless, empeople lands and isles,
Till ONE arise, and make all kingdoms blest!"
"How dreadful! 'tis the gate of heaven!" he cried:—
Amid the breathings of melodious air
Aloft then moved the hierarchal pomp;
And ere the lark to hymn the day began,
The exile rose, a rocky pillar raised,
Shed o'er its top the consecrating oil,
And then on wings of morning hied away!

"From Judah's hand the sceptre shall not fall,
Till Shiloh come;—to him shall empires bow!"—
So spake a patriarch from his couch of death;
And thus, through all the realm of holy writ,
Messiah is the Morning Star of Hope
For ever shining on the soul of truth!

But ere the organ of prophetic strain
In full magnificence of tone begin,
A vision of that unforgotten prime,
The patriarchal age, when Earth was young,
Awhile, oh! let it linger!—on the soul
It breaketh, like a lovely burst of spring
Upon the gaze of captives, when the clouds
Again are floating over freedom's head!—
Though Sin had wither'd with a charnel breath

Creation's morning bloom, there still remain'd
Elysian hues of that angelic scene,
When the Sun gloried o'er a sinless world,
And with each ray produced a flower!—From dells
Untrodden, hark! the breezy carol comes
Upwafted, with the chant of radiant birds.—
What meadows, bathed in greenest light, and woods
Gigantic, towering from the skiey hills,
And od'rous trees in prodigal array,
With all the elements divinely calm,—
Our fancy pictures on the infant globe!
And ah! how godlike, with imperial brow
Benignly grave, yon patriarchal forms
Tread the free earth, and eye the naked heavens:
In nature's stamp of unassisted grace
Each limb is moulded; simple as the mind
The vest they wear; and not a hand but works,
Or tills the ground with honourable toil:
By youth revered, their sons around them grow
And flourish; monarch of his past'ral tribe,
A patriarch's throne is each devoted heart!
And when he slumbers on the tented plain
Beneath the vigil stars, a living wall
Is round him, in the might of love's defence:
For he is worthy: sacrifice and song
By him are ruled; and oft at shut of flowers,
When queenly virgins in the sunset go

To carry water from the crystal wells,
In beautiful content,—beneath a tree,
Whose shadows hung o'er many a hallow'd sire,
He sits; recording how creation rose
From nothing, of the Word almighty born;
How Man had fallen, and where Eden boughs
Had waved their beauty on the breeze of morn;
Or, how the angels still at twilight love
To visit earth with errands from the sky.

But like a river that its course renews,
Again my song to its high theme returns.—
When Balak, frighted by the banner'd hosts
Of Israel, camping on unbounded plains,
For Balaam sent, upon his tranced eyes
A sudden vision from th' Almighty fell!—

There, when the monarch on the mountain stood,
Seven altars,[5] oxen, and seven rams prepared,
And sacrifice of mystic numbers paid,—
The seer his oracle of light unroll'd.
He look'd,—and lo! along the river'd vale
Where Arnon glitter'd, shone the myriad tents
Of Judah, whitening in the lust'rous air,
Like clouds that congregate on summer sky,
In ranks of infinite and fresh array:—
Then all the poet in his passion glow'd!

His curse was buried in the bliss to come,
While glory, blessing, and mysterious joy,
The tents of Jacob from the prophet drew,
Till ecstasy this higher strain began,
In—"I shall see HIM but not now! a Star
From Jacob, and from Israel shall arise
A Sceptre, in whose shadow will depart
Thy race and region, O deserted king!"

Thus prophecy from Heaven itself began,—
Oh, miracle! beyond all utt'rance deep;
Immeasurably vast: outmarching time,
Subduing space, and, with colossal might,
Erecting thrones, or crushing city walls
With curses,—like the winds, when desert-born,
Terrific, loud, with desolation wing'd! [6]

And ye, selected from the dust of earth,
Dread oracles! whose dooming words have blanch'd
The cheek of Empires, and the rock-built domes
Of princes shatter'd, when with stormy howl
The darker vision from your spirit rush'd!—
August and lonely, sad, yet all sublime,
Ye lived, in sackcloth robed, in deserts housed,
Or mountain cavern:—fated, and apart
From blinding shadows of terrestrial sway,

Ye dwelt, like portions of Almighty thought!
The gloom, the glory, and the vision came;
The Future render'd her weird secrets up,—
Like phantoms towering from eternity,
Dim Ages rose, and answer'd to your spell!

And he, whose sorrow was sublimely borne,
Whose grief was glory, for it made the soul
A witness how the EVERLASTING thinks,—
Behold him!—on the ashy ground reclined.
Seven days and nights have o'er his throbbing head
Departed, still in mutest wo he bows
With three beside him. Oft, when darkness rose,
A groan sank dreary on the midnight air;
But soon his agony again retired
Back in the gulph of unlamenting gloom!
Nor lip nor limb his inward strife reveal;
Despair in stone was not more dumb than he!
Prometheus, chain'd on Scythia's burning rock,
When lightning, tempest, and Tartarean ire,
And thund'ring earthquake, round his martyr'd frame,
The tragedy of Nature's wreck begun,
In full sublimity of god-like wo,—
Was less exalted than the silent Job!

And what a lesson of undying truth

The torture of the scene supplies! When came
A whirlwind, did the speaking God declare,
In bright apocalypse, one secret vast,
Unfold His counsels, or the mystic depth
Of His omnipotence unshroud, or trace?
No! sea and mountain, thunder-storm and cloud,
The glorious miracles of life and form
Which float the waters, or the earth command,
These are but types of His unutter'd power,—
Yet who the myst'ry of their being knows?
Lost in the blaze of His minutest light
If Reason wander, how could Thought embrace
The will or wisdom which the heavens assert?—
To question deeply what we darkly know,
Our boding fancies, in their raven flight,
Cross and re-cross a universe of gloom!
And yet, in *this* appall'd conviction ends,—
That God is good, and infinite, and wise,
But man,—immortal dust that dares to think,
And grasp the glories of Eternal Mind!

When nature in her awful doubt creates
Myst'ry and madness for the heart and brain
In all that life endures,—let mortals feel,
That man, the infant of eternity,
By wo is nursed, and strengthen'd for the skies;[7]
And a brave soul, though Earth and Hell combine

To scatter tempest round its blighted way,
Beholds a God in all things but despair!—
In hours of sadness, when Oppression rules,
And each pale sunburst of unwonted joy
Breaks o'er the spirit, like derisive beams
Of summer playing round a wintry realm,—
Let Grief remember how the patriarch cried
With voice that travell'd o'er the sea of time,—
" Oh! that the graven rock my words imprest,
And iron stamp'd them with eternal truth!
For though in dust my body be dissolved,
That my REDEEMER liveth, and shall stand
When time is ended, on this mortal earth,
I surely know!—on Him mine eye shall gaze,
And in my flesh shall I a God behold!"

Round Jesus all the prophets shed their rays:[8]
And thou! the Shepherd-King, of Jesse born,
Of Heaven beloved, similitude express
Of Christ, the Lord of everlasting worlds;
Whether on Zion hill thy holy strain
Be harp'd, or by the brook of Kedron hymn'd;
Or nightly warbled, when unnumber'd orbs
To thee their origin divine declared,—
Thy words are breathings by the soul attuned;
For aye thou seem'st a Spirit from above,
That chants the glory of remember'd skies!

Wouldst thou in meekest adoration bend,
Or mount the heavens, and with bright myriads swell
The chorus of eternity?—does Grief
Around thee blacken in her stormy ire,
Or sad dejection on thy eyelids weigh?—
The royal minstrel hath a mood for thee,
And in his heart an echo of thine own!
But when the frame of this majestic world
The mind o'erawes,—then, who like him appeals
To clouds and whirlwinds, with the thunder talks,
Partakes the tempest, and of ocean learns
Such mimicry sublime, that Fancy hears
The billows heaving in his roll of song!—
But Nature in her gentleness, alike
From David woos a sympathy divine.
The lull of night, the language of the stars,
And all that beautiful, serene, or blest
Is deem'd,—his harp melodiously inspires.

Bard of the Spirit! thine heroic song,—
Whose hallelujahs in Engeddi's cave,
Or wooded glens, and palmy grove, prevail'd
O'er every pang the exiled bosom felt,—
Hath tuned Religion's universal voice!
Canadian forests, or the parched wilds
Of Afric, ocean-rocks, and cavern-gloom,—

Wherever God descends or Man adores,
Thy melodies the yearning heart relieve.
And oh! what blessings have thy hymns evoked
From Heaven's vast treasury of light and love,
Since first they sounded on the shepherd's lyre!
For they are all Imagination dreams
Angelic lips may utter:—on the Cross
Of Calvary, ere the Son of Man dismiss'd
His martyr'd spirit, *thine* was *His* farewell!

But chief o'er all in David's glorious strain,
The homage wafted to the destined throne
Whereon would reign a Universal King,
From him descended:—in his darksome wo
Was symbolized the Martyr of the World;
And when exalted, his far-reaching eye,
By Heaven unscaled, in emblematic light
Foreshadow'd HIM, the Triumpher o'er Death,
And Victor of the Grave! Thus, vision-blest,
The prophet minstrel all divinely sung;
Thus rose from mortal to immortal themes,
Above his nature tower'd, and hail'd on high
The Monarch of Eternity, predoom'd
To visit earth, and reinstate mankind.

And how he imageth the Saviour God
Before us, when he mounteth on the wings

Of rapture, soaring through the heaven of heavens!—
" From Zion shall he wither in his wrath
Rebellious kings!—to me hath He declared,
My Son thou art! this day Jehovah hath
Begotten Thee; the heathen are Thine own,
And vanquish'd worlds beneath Thy sceptre bow!"—

But when the starry hush and pomp of night
O'erawed him, and the moon her Maker's hand
Confess'd, the spirit of prophetic truth
Again was vocal: thus the minstrel sang:—
" When I consider how the heavens, ordain'd
By Thee, Thine own almightiness portray,
Lord! what is man?—yet HIM hast thou encrown'd;
Upon the deep His vast dominion walks,
And subject earth His high command endures!

" Ever before me lives the Lord of Hosts!
His hand o'ershades me, and my heart exults;
Yea, Hope takes wing beyond the tomb,—for *there*
A Soul shall triumph, and thy Holy One
No dark corruption of the dead shall stain!"

" How beauteous Thou, above the sons of men!
Upon Thy lips what loveliness diffuse!
Array Thee in thy glory! gird Thy sword
Upon Thy thigh, majestically ride!—

Hark! Earth is quaking, her foundations rock,
Thine arrows thicken,—terrible Thy sway!—
For ever and for ever is thy throne
Almighty! righteously Thy sceptre rules,
And over all Thy God anoints Thee, great!

" Throughout all ages are Thy years unroll'd;
The earth was founded, and the heavens were arch'd
By Thee; Creation felt Thy forming hand;
But while they perish, Thou shalt aye endure:
When, like a vesture, they are changed and gone,
Still, Thou art One, th' ETERNAL and the TRUE!"

And thus did Zion's royal minstrel chant,
And through the cloud of unaccomplish'd time
His glance direct, to that transcendent reign
Of mercy when the veil would be uproll'd,
And brightly dawn the Saviour of the world!

Next in the train of these immortal seers
Another of the god-directed hail;
Who, like the clarion that shall rouse the dead,
Might quicken dust,—such glory fires his song!—
Amid a temple, bright as Syrian noon
Upon a throne unutterably high,
O'er which the six-wing'd Seraphim appear'd,
The LORD was seated; and the awful cry

Of " Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord!"
Melodious came from each seraphic lip:
Amid that vision did Isaiah stand.

Terrific bard, and mighty! in thy strain
A torrent of inspiring passion sounds:
Whether for cities by th' Almighty cursed
Thy wail arose; or on enormous crimes,
That darken'd heaven with supernat'ral gloom,
Thy flash of indignation fell,—alike
The feelings quiver when thy voice awakes!
Borne in the whirlwind of a dreadful song,
Our spirit travels round the destined globe,
While shadows, cast from solemn years to come,
Fall round us, and we feel a God is nigh!

But when a gladness from thy music flows,
Creation brightens!—glory paints the sky,
The Sun hath got an everlasting smile,
And earth is temper'd for immortal spring:
The lion smoothes his ruffled mane, the lamb
And wolf together feed, and by the den
Of serpents, see the rosy infant play!

There is a day—the darkness of whose scene
In visitings of dread can oft subdue
The brightness of the passing world—to come,

When the huge fabric of a stately globe
Shall bow with terror in the storm of doom!
Then, in that hour of chaos, while the Earth
And Heaven shall fade like elemental dreams,
Alone, Isaiah!—standing on some rock
Tremendous, should thy daring voice be heard
In bursts of wo magnificently wild,—
The last that lingers round a dying world!

But, Prince of Prophets! in thy page eterne,
How visibly the Son of God appears!
" Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear
A son; IMMANUEL shall his name be call'd."
Again—" For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given; and his name
Is, Wonderful, the Everlasting Prince
Of Peace! the Counsellor, and mighty God!

" A voice comes wafted through the wilderness!
Prepare the way, and be the desert smooth:
Arise, ye valleys! and ye mountains, sink
Before Him!—for the LORD JEHOVAH comes!

" Despised, rejected, and a Man with grief
Acquainted, surely He our woes hath borne,
And in His bosom all our sorrows ta'en!—
Our chastisement is on Him: we are heal'd,

But He is wounded! and on Him alone
The Lord hath laid th' iniquity of all!"

Nor, when captivity by Chebar dwelt,
And Israel wore the Babylonian chain
Beside the willow-shaded streams, was dumb
The voice prophetic: but where Belus rose
In her stupendous miracle of towers,
Ezekiel pour'd his passionate lament;
Or shaped for time the destinies he saw
From heaven prefigured:—what colossal shades,
As though reflected from the scenes immense
Around him, crowd upon his fated world!
But high o'er all the visionary pomp,
To us the CEDAR OF THE GOSPEL rears
Its allegoric boughs, beneath whose shade
Birds of all clime, and wing, and beauty, dwell!

So Daniel, when his midnight trance begun
Amid the bosom of th' unbounded deep,
Whose waters quiver'd in the tempest-grasp,
Beheld Him, coming with the clouds of heaven,
The SON of MAN!—then, throned in flaming pomp,
With myriads of angelic forms begirt,
Perpetual empire to the Son was given,
O'er land and language, kingdom, sea, and isle!

Thus on we trace, where'er prophetic rays
Have shone, the mystery of Christ unborn:
At last, with healing on His wings, arose
The SUN of Righteousness, to him* who cried,—
" Before the splendour of that dreadful day,
A Herald of the Lord, Elijah comes,
To turn thy heart, O guilty world! to ME,
Or thou shalt wither in My blast of ire!"

So Prophecy, with time begun, with time
Shall end; and when in some empyreal sphere
The mind expands to far sublimer powers
Than aught our faith or fancy can conceive,—
In proud fulfilment Prophecy will reign.
For, having grasp'd the glory of the world
Redeem'd, and taught us how millennium smiles,
Beyond the universe of sense it wings
An awful flight, and in mysterious depth
Of being unexplored, for man foredooms
A state unspeakably divine and pure,—
Eternity, O God! and shared with Thee!

Thou holy, heavenly, angel-worshipp'd Lord!
Far seated in Thine infinite excess
Of light seraphic, whose unwearied gaze

* Malachi.

Is ever fix'd upon the fallen world!
As oft in chamber dim, or lonesome walk
By leafy twilight arch'd, the Mind foreviews
Her own eternity, and dreams Thy form
To life again,—how wonderful, apart,
By time unsoil'd, by accident, or sin,
Thy being riseth in irradiant truth
Before us, purer than the light of light,[9]
Of all transcendencies the sum and soul!
For when did Earth Thine attribute display,—
One vast benevolence, that girt a world
Of hearts in its divine embrace of love?
All time and truth, all empires and all powers
That were, or would be, in the march of fate,
By Thee were compass'd for th' almighty plan!

As o'er the grandeur of unclouded heaven
Our vision travels with a free delight,
As though the boundless and the pure were made
For speculation; so the tow'ring mind,
By inward oracle inspired and taught,
The lofty and the excellent in mind adores.
Then, Saviour! what a paragon art Thou
Of all that Wisdom in her hope creates;
A model for the universe!—Though God
Be round us, by the shadow of his might
For aye reflected, and with plastic hand

Prints on the earth the character of things;
Yet He Himself,—how awfully retired
Depth within depth, unutterably deep!
His glory brighter than the brightest thought
Can picture, holier than our holiest awe[10]
Can worship,—imaged only in, I AM!

But Thou! apparell'd in a robe of true
Mortality; meek sharer of our low
Estate, in all except compliant sin;
To Thee a comprehending worship pays
Perennial sacrifice of life and soul,
By love enkindled: Thou hast lived, and breathed;
Our wants and woes partaken; all that charms
Or sanctifies, to Thine unspotted truth
May plead for sanction;[11] virtue but reflects
Thine image; wisdom is a voice attuned
To consonance with Thine; and all that yields
To thought a pureness, or to life a peace,
From Thee descends; whose spirit-ruling sway,
Invisible as thought, around us brings
A balm almighty for affliction's hour!
Once felt, in all the fulness of Thy grace
The living essence of the living soul,—
And there is faith! a firm-set, glorious faith,
Eternity cannot uproot, or change!
Oh! then the second birth of soul begins,

That purifies the base, the dark illumes,
And binds our being with a holy spell,
Whereby each function, faculty, and thought,
Surrenders meekly to the central guide [12]
Of hope and action, by a God empower'd.

Until the eyelids of the dead unclose,
Though THOU art vanish'd into viewless light,
Still happy, far beyond heroic state,
Or kingly triumph, is a Christian life
Securely founded on the rock of faith!
All the wide glories which the eye commands,
Or air and ocean, earth and heaven supply,
Of HIM report, whose potency begat
Them all!—the ground is hallow'd, for 'twas trod
By Thee; all earth is radiant with a sense
Ethereal, born of Thy remember'd sway:
Nor pang, nor trial, torture, grief, nor care,
Communion high and mystic interchange
With Thee destroys; in solitude alike,
As in the roaring capital, the mind
Can picture into holy form again
That living Saviour whom the Past perceived,
In light and shade of everlasting truth,
Without an atom of defiling self
To mar perfection with a stain of man!

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK II.

"The intellectual Power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way."—*Wordsworth.*

"Melior origo nos expectat, alius rerum status. Dies iste, quem tanquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis este."—*Seneca, Epist.* 102.

ANALYSIS OF BOOK II.

HAVING shewn that the gradual announcement of a Messiah was the primary object of the prophetic scheme, the Second Book is principally devoted to a consideration of the necessity and probability of a Revelation from God, by an argument drawn from the nature of the human mind and the destinies of man.

Natural and Revealed Religion—the total inadequacy of the former is endeavoured to be shewn by exhibiting a mind most exquisitely attuned to the glories and harmonies of the universe, yet averse to the truth and character of Christ's atonement; till, finally convinced, by the utter helplessness of human philosophy, it reposes in the faith which is from heaven—The probability of a Revelation from God, induced from the weakness, obscurity, and impotence of ancient systems, and the frequent longing of their founders for some certain Lawgiver from above—The doctrine of Pagan and Christian Philosophy—sublime superiority of the latter—its triumphant effects—this Revelation was gradually made, in analogy with the progressive tendencies of the human mind, and the divine arrangements from the commencement of the world—Belief by compulsion would violate the freedom of the will, and reduce the character of man to an irresponsible nature—Christ—Revelation extends through all ages—Apostrophe to England as a country gloriously distinguished by the ameliorating influence of Christianity—Her Sabbaths—Prayers for the diffusion of the Gospel—and our Country's efforts in this holy toil—Concluding thoughts, sentiments, and descriptive associations.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK II.

THERE is a God! the Universe exclaims:
There is a God! the heart of man replies:
And round the world that mighty answer rolls!—
And thus Creation, while the spirit throbs
In full response to her sublime appeal,
Can teach the mind imagination's creed,
Till all her splendours to the soul become
The faint reflections of a vast UNSEEN!

Yet vainly beautiful the god of Earth,
Whom Nature's worship for the soul creates:
Our homage is material; and the mind,
While in the light of elemental pomp
It lives and moves, may still its darkness keep,
Unvisited by that perpetual ray
Of hope divine, from revelation born.

There is a haunt whose quietude of scene

Accordeth well with hours of solemn hue,—
A church-yard, buried in a beauteous vale,
Besprinkled o'er with green and countless graves,
And mossy tombs of unambitious pomp
Decaying into dust again. No step
Of mirth, no laughter of unfeeling life
Amid the calm of death that spot profanes;
The skies o'er-arch it with serenest love;
The winds, when visiting the dark-bough'd elms,
An airy anthem sing; and birds and bees,
That, in their innocence of summer joy,
Exult and carol with commingling glee,
But add to Solitude the lull of sound:
There is an ocean,—but his unheard waves,
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;
Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone
Of waters, mellow'd into music, dies,
Like that which echoes from the world afar,
Or lingers round the path of perish'd years!

And here, companion'd by his soul alone,
A being, whose unfathom'd spirit fought
With loneliness, did wander oft and muse
His hours away; while dream-wove spells entwined
Their myst'ry round him:—if the tomb its dead
Surrender'd, well might he arise and speak,

How frail the creed which erring nature moulds
When darkness rushes on the doom of Man!

In vain the witchery of words would tell
How deeply with the universe he shar'd,
To all of which he seem'd enlink'd by love.
The hues and harmonies of blended things
Were beauty to the magic of his mind;
And all the thousand wheels of moving life
Made intellectual melodies, that roll'd
For ever to the charming of his soul!
Such warm imaginings, where'er he came,
A glittering falseness on the true and stern
Suffused; and through the light of feeling shone
The scene of Earth, and countenance of Heaven.
The young enchantment of angelic spring
Flow'd in his veins voluptuously deep.
The gentle being of a flower was dear
To him, nor would he tread its life away;
Nor wander in the soundless gloom of dell
Or grove, without a sympathetic hush.
And oh! to view him when the balmy night
Breathed o'er the quiet world, and from her throne,
The lustrous moon on tree and temple pour'd
The pallid radiance of her peaceful smile,—
In the full worship of his soul he seem'd
Dissolving in the loveliness around!

So lived, so felt he; making all without
Enchantment for electric thought within;
But that eternity which girdles time,
Majestic Faith, and everlasting Hope,
Commoved not him;—*hereafter* drown'd his soul
In seas of darkness, billowing with doubt
And fear!—That this divine, all-beauteous orb,
Whose faintest impulse, sent from breeze or star,
So thrillingly his heart confess'd, was framed,
Upheld, and circled through the void profound
By POWER apart, invisibly enthroned,—
An innate majesty of mind declared.
But such a God, of dreams and shadows born,
No bended knee, no voice or vow adored;
He WAS—a Spirit or pervading Sense,
A viewless Nature, an Almighty Self,
Articulated by the tones of Earth,
And gloriously by Nature's pomp reveal'd,—
So Fancy mused, and Feeling taught no more.
And hence did Pride and Passion, which imbue
Mortality with taints of sin or wo,
And colour all the atmosphere of life
With clouds of awful gloom,—work unrestrain'd,
And rule or sanction the decrees of thought:
Yet, many a sad and silent prayer of love
To him unknown,—for intellectual light,
At midnight rose, and pleaded in the skies.

At length, Affliction,—that behind our joys
A grinning spectre mask'd in savage gloom
Is seated,—frown'd upon his haughty way;
And one, the beatings of whose heart were his
Re-echo'd!—she who walk'd with angel step,
Her looks the living sunshine of his soul,
Her tones the music of his memory,
Whose printless foot made consecrated ground,
The hope and heaven of all!—lay still in death!
Then came that worldless, dread, eclipse of mind!
The agony that curdles soul and sense,
As though annihilation had begun,
And man were mould'ring into dust again!—
One beam of Heaven had brought salvation now;
But Darkness girt him with her deepest shroud,
Wherein he stood, nor wept, nor spoke, nor sigh'd,
But, mute and stone-like, turn'd to cold despair!

With tender rudeness to his couch they bore
The widow'd martyr; day by day, and hour
By hour, Affection with her heavenly eye
Attended, faintly smoothed his pallid brow,
Then touch'd his hand, and with a yearning gaze,
Did woo his spirit into speaking life,
Which came at last; and then, alone he nursed
His sorrow;—in the breathless noon of night,
All unperceived, the lovely dead he found;

There stood, and gazed, enamour'd of the grief
That, now unfrozen, from his spirit pour'd
Tears fast and free, in all the storm of wo!—
Upon that form, so exquisitely pale,
Where the lone night-watch flung a spectral gleam,
He look'd,—as though a life were in that look
Absorb'd, and felt, that never more would flash
From that still clay, revealings of the soul;—
The mystery of being was fulfill'd,
The seal of Nature set,—the vision gone,
Or vanish'd in a universe of gloom!—
And yet from dreams, a light immortal soothed
The mourner, when from out the grave he saw
An apparition, bright as golden air,
Ascend, assume her own appealing smile,
And point with waving hand to better worlds!

But life no longer seem'd the living sense
Of mortal nature, but a ghastly dream
Wherein he moved, by Destiny compell'd.
A dismal trance of dull satiety
This lone world grew; a dampness of despair,
The sullen winter of a broken heart,
Was all he felt,—was all he wish'd to feel!
A demon shadow, by his anguish bred,
O'er all things brooded:—in the light, no light
Appear'd, e'en melody no music brought,

And Earth emaciate as an orb of death
To him became; his thoughts alone did live;
And these, like pulses in a tortured brain,
Throbb'd in the spirit with eternal pang!

And now the poison of dejection work'd;
His cheeks were blighted; o'er his thin-worn hands
The veins meander'd with a dying hue;
The mournful hair that arch'd his manly brow
Droop'd like the locks of eld; his bright eye lost
The boldness of expressive thought, and grew
Unearthly, from its depth of lifeless gaze!
And oft did mothers heave maternal sighs,
And children cease their revel, when he pass'd
Unheedful by them, like a shape from tombs!

At length the unbeliever task'd the Night
To tell him secrets of eternity.
And then, how terrible th' immortal throes
And agonies of doubting nature ruled!—
Above him,—the majestic sea of heaven,
Where island-orbs of beauty sail'd and shone;
Around him,—dimness and the calm of death;
By nothing marr'd, but when a moving branch
Of cypress, like a dying billow, shed
A faint sound on the feeble wind,—how long
And deep, how passionate the gaze he sent

Far in the blue infinity of night!
Oh! let some spirit on the wings of love
Be wafted, and the burning doubt that preys
On nature, with permitted voice subdue,—
He listen'd!—on the air a faded leaf
Fell slowly, with a sad and ling'ring sound,
That did not seem of earth; but soon it still'd;
And then the blackness of diseaseful thought
Commenced;—eternity became a tomb!

An hour there came from Heaven at last, when Faith
Look'd up, and view'd her God!—As evening smiled
Upon the ocean brim, where molten waves
A restless glory of rich waters made,
A pensive wanderer, on the circling beach
He stood, communing with the glorious scene.
Where'er his glance of worship fell, there beam'd
A charm, that told Almightiness had touch'd
The world; and when the folding clouds embraced
The shining monarch of the heavens, and cool
And calm the unimpassioned twilight rose,
A purity of second childhood came,
Whose tenderness is truth.—In that soft hour
When darkness from the soul dissolves away,
With gentle step, and gentler mien, approach'd
A hoary sage, by hallow'd wisdom blest.

The balmy light, the beauty and romance
Of scene, well harmonized with heavenly thought.
And hence, the solemn teacher on his soul
The dews of immortality distill'd:—
Not hiding mercy in dogmatic gloom,
Or, led by light presumingly inspired,
Outventuring on the mystic waves that roll
Between us and the shore of worlds unseen;
But, meekly firm, of everlasting Love,
Creative power, and providential Truth,
The Christian spake; and, leaf by leaf, the book
Of Man's redemption from primeval wo
Unroll'd, and challenged wide creation's law
To prove, how Nature visioneth the plan[2]
That God himself descended to reveal.—
With soften'd eye, and brow intently sad,
This theme of glory did the sceptic hear,
Yet answer'd not; but look'd to Heaven, and
sigh'd.
Now twilight into solemn gloom retired;
The pomp of clouds was o'er, and ocean lay
In floating darkness round the rock-hewn beach;
But here and there prevailing starlight gleam'd
On some excited billow: deep the hour,
And holier the scene, as each, immersed
In contemplation, track'd his homeward way,
Unvoiced their feelings, and their thoughts unknown.

But Heaven had watch'd them, and ere midnight's veil
Had shrouded earth,—the unbeliever *pray'd!*—
When years had vanish'd, and all-glorious truth
Lived in the light of Deity, and knew
The depths of her Redeemer's love,—how look'd
The infidel on what his heart had been?
Go! ask the martyr of a dungeon gloom,
How fresh the light, how beautiful the airs
Of Heaven, that visit his reviving frame,
And he shall tell thee, how the mourner felt
When broke the clouds from his benighted soul,
And Morn, eternal Morn, began to smile!

So weak is all unaided Nature lends
To educate the restless soul of man,
Or solace wo, or subjugate the sense
To ruling powers of majesty within.
Became it not, then, that Almighty Love,
From whom did emanate the wondrous world,
To roll the darkness from His radiant throne,
That mortals might draw near Him, and adore?—
Could He, to whom the universe of life
From wave and wind a hymn of worship sends,
Let Man alone be ignorantly dumb,
Or mock by Superstition's jarring creed,
The awful meaning of a God confess'd?—

And did not Man himself of old secure,
By feign'd communion with celestial pow'rs,
Profound dominion for the sacred rites
That reach us from the past?—In wood or grove,
And cave oracular, Dependence knew
Herself, and long'd for Deity enthroned
By Truth, and by unerring faith adored.
Thus Plato,[3] in his pure ambition, nursed
A glorious longing for supremer Mind,
To tune the soul, and teach him perfect law.

The past survey,—and what hath Reason done?
Passion and Doubt her waning light withstood:
And stubborn ages, as they swept along,
But mock'd her impotence with blind misrule,
Of creed or crime begot.[4] Man look'd abroad,
And on his spirit rush'd one vast belief!
From life and matter, from the sun and moon
And the deep waters did a power appeal,
Attesting God, and teaching His domain;
But how to worship, how His law obey,
In vain would philosophic Reason find,
In pensive shade, or Academic bower.—
The world was deified! terrestrial gods
In all that apprehending sense believed,
A mystic reign for adoration held.
Thus, Neptune on his ocean car appear'd,

Apollo gloried in the realm of light,
And Dian, with her starry nymphs begirt,
The virgin moon inspired.—There breathed no wind,
There waved no grove, no fountain-music play'd,
No river in his march of waters joy'd,—
But Superstition lent a listening ear
To hail her fancied god; each city claim'd
Presiding deities, and built her fanes
For monsters imaged out of monstrous thought,
Where dark Pollution fed her secret fires.
At length, Idolatry the mind subdued,
From tombs evoked the undeserving dead,
Or, round the statues of her living great
In sycophantic homage knelt, and pray'd!

Religion thus in clouds of error lost,
Morality no sacred power assumed,
To harmonize the wheels of social life;
The world without, to that far mightier world
Within, a secondary station held,
And action was alone the source of law;
While thought and impulse, those creative springs
On which the conduct of our being turns,
In secret wildness kept unholy sway.
Men learned to live, but were not taught to die;
Each hour proclaim'd its own peculiar heaven;
The heart might covet what the hand revered;

And in the soul, a thousand years of sin
Lie floating, in a sea of fancy toss'd,
And be unblamed!—No inward law prevail'd,
Like that which ever to the Christian speaks;
Prejudging thought, ere yet it grows to deed,
And throning conscience in the heart of man.

Then who can wonder that a darkness hung
Round heathen ages, by no hand unveil'd?—
Magnificent and mighty was the past,
In learning, prowess, and devoted arts;
Yet ne'er was hero, in his sun-bright car,
With all his panoply of gorgeous hue,
And shouting thunders from a nation's lip
To tell his conquest,—so sublimely great,
As dying Stephen, when his spirit quench'd
In glorious faith the agonies of death,
Beheld the sky, and for his murd'rers pray'd!—

Bright as the morning of primeval day
Burst on the waters of chaotic gloom,
Came revelation on the darksome world!*—
Then error vanish'd in celestial truth,
Hush'd were the oracles, and quench'd the fires
That savage bigotry for ages fed:

* In Europe alone, at the early periods of Christianity, the number of idols known to be worshipped amounted to thirty thousand.

New light, new order, new existence rose!
The pangs of wo, the wrongs of patient worth,
Were now no more, as once their truth had been:
Eternity would pay the debt of time,
The soul redeem, and justify her God.

Yet was not this transcendent scheme of love
To earth unfolded, till maturing age
Had nerved the spirit for its high display.
But just as nature, by apparent means
And fine gradations of effective power,
The miracle of life and form achieves,—
So Mind, in her advance to heavenly things,
Progressively to full redemption came.
In the calm innocence of youthful time
When earth undeluged lay, eternal God
By deep communion did himself impart
To his frail creature, Man: or, spirits bright,
Or archangelic Presences, declared
To Nature, how her God might be adored.
When, darkly sunk in Amoritish guilt,
The patriarchal purity was o'er;—
Religion hallow'd with Mosaic law,
And special covenant, and ritual pomp
Of ark, and fane, and sacrificial blood,
The chosen people;[5] thus began
Sublime THEOCRACY; and when it sunk

To kingly sway, prophetic bards reveal'd
The One Jehovah, and the promised Seed:
Thus moved the destinies of earth along
In light and darkness, as career the waves
Through sun and tempest,—till Messiah rose!

There are who deem no revelation true,
That doth not, by divine compulsion, awe
The universal mind to one belief.
But, where the freedom of inviolate will,
If truth descend with overpow'ring blaze?—
The lines of human character are lost,
No principle can act, no feeling sway,
No passion on the altar of pure faith
Can nobly die, in sacrifice to Heaven:
As heave the waters to a reinless wind,
So, led by impulse, would the spirit yield
To Fate's high will, without one virtue blest.
For what is virtue, but a vice withstood,
Or sanctity, but daring sin o'ercome?
Life is a warfare, which the soul confronts,
While good and evil, truth and error clash,
Or rally round it in confused array;
And he who conquers, wins the crown of Light
Which Heaven has woven for her warrior saints.

A God with all his glory laid aside,

Behold Him bleeding!—on his awful brow
The mingled sorrows of a world repose:
" 'Tis FINISH'D!"—at those words creation throbs;
Round Hell's dark universe the echo rolls;
All nature is unthroned; and mountains quake
Like human being when the death-pang comes;
The sun has wither'd from the frighted air.
And with a tomb-burst, hark! the dead arise
And gaze upon the living, as they glide
With soundless motion through the city's gloom,
Most awfully!—the world's REDEEMER dies!

That hour of blood, that scene of death, is past,
And quench'd the savage eyes that mock'd and smiled
On Calv'ry, when the direful Cross upbore
A martyr'd Saviour: but there comes a mood,
When Fancy wanders to that fated hill,
And from His pleading face, to heaven upturn'd
In godlike pity for the murd'rous Jew,
A look celestial for the soul derives,
When faints it oft in penitential gloom!—

And thou, my Country! foremost in the van
Of Glory found, no empire that bedecks
The globe, exalted mercies can record
Like those that crown'd and still encircle thee!

From the foul darkness of engulphing sin
A power almighty bade thy Spirit rise,
And live, like angels, in the cloudless heaven.
Omnipotence hath aye o'ershadow'd thine
Estate; and though not spotless be thy truth,—
Religion from thy thousand temples calls
Aloud on Deity, and walks unseen
The paths of goodness, musing holy joy.

But ah! that day of spiritual delight,
Revered of old, and by our fathers blest,—
The Sabbath! England, is thy halcyon morn
Of holiness, when Heaven remembers thee
With more pervading love, and sheds abroad
A balm that beautifies the face of things:
Redemption brought the day; and long may sounds
(From steeple towers of venerable gloom,
Or minsters brown that deck the hawthorn vales,)
Of Sabbath music on the breezy wings
Of matin rise, and soft emotions crowd
The soul that listens to their tender chime.
And thus, while unpolluted altars stand
O'er time secure, and Christian ardour keep
The virtues of our glorious land alive,—
JEHOVAH! still for us Thine arm will rule;
And Ocean, faithful to her island-born,
Preserve the clime whose sceptre bows to Thee.

And may the glories of Thy Gospel shine
From zone to zone, till earth one temple prove;
And the sole prayer that angels waft on high
Be that which laudeth a Redeemer's love!
For THOU hast promised,—and Thy word *shall* reign!
Let earth be riven, sun and system die,
Or nature into nothing be recall'd,
Ere *this* be doubted,—the decree of God!
Oft in the gloom of unpartaken hours,
When Nature travels on the wings of thought
Far into chaos, greets the dawning world,
And age by age from out the deep of time
Ascendeth, till the living moments sound,
And fancy is no more,—I glow to trace
Eternal wisdom and almighty power.
E'en now, as here in solitary mood
My spirit wanders down the tide of song,
What destinies are weaving for the race
Of Man! what energies of heart and soul,
In mingled yet harmonious play, complete
For time the doom Eternity had plann'd!—

And, if our winged aspirations dare
The hour outfly, and future glory meet,
My brother man!—wherever doom'd thou art,
In dark isles, bosom'd on the dusky main,
A savage found, magnificently free;

Or, in the icy wilderness unknown,
On thee, on thee, may revelation smile,
And let thy spirit recognise its God!

That prayer is heard! for with it mingling rose
A thousand echoes from my Country's heart;
Behold, her Genius! on some native cliff;
To rocky isles, and dreadful island-wastes
That spot the billows, her dejected eye
Is turn'd—and what a vision of despair
The savage dwellers on the sea create!
That round their dying captive dance and howl;
Or, prostrate at some tow'ring idol's car,
In bloody rapture limb and life destroy.
She looks to Heaven,—and lo! a sudden burst
Of morning brightness o'er the midnight scene;
For woods of horror, laughing corn-fields wave;
For cavern'd homes, and huts of wildest gloom,
What sylvan cots and glitt'ring mansions rise,
What sun-clad spires in every woodland gleam!—
And ships are riding in securest bays
Of commerce, where of old untravell'd sea
Lay grimly hush'd, or loud with tempest-war.
All things have gilded into beauteous change;[6]
And Man, at whose creation God rejoiced,
No more in darkness of the spirit dwells,
But with a bright recover'd soul, appears,

In mind and form, the perfect mould of heaven.
The Genius of my Country!—on her brow
What apostolic smiles of love and light
Begin!—for her the vision hath unroll'd
Its promise, and to her hath God appeal'd
For Earth, and bade from his divinest source
The spirit of immortal truth proceed
In heavenly conquest, till th' archangel's trump
Be sounded, and the dream of Nature o'er!—

And here awhile, on this majestic hope
Of brighter ages doom'd to be, the Muse
Reposeth, ere a vaster theme unfolds.
But pardon, ye who feel how Nature makes
Her worship vocal, if in fond delay
Of love, I gaze upon the gorgeous eve,
And watch the shadows of a waning sky.

A sunset!—what a host of shapes and hues
In cloudy lustre multiplied and flash'd,
And flung their beauty in reflected tints
On dimpling waters, musically calm:
And then, concentred in one pomp of light,
Like that which girdles an Almighty throne!*
But ere the sun behind yon sea withdrew,

* Vide the Apocalypse.

A thunder-gloom with silent threat advanced,
And the loud hiss of the exulting rain
Was heard, till universal freshness beam'd;
The meadow sparkled, and the sun retired,
On waves of glory, like an ocean-god:—
From out the billows beam'd a rainbow form,
That died in azure o'er the distant hills;
The sea-gull flutter'd on his foam-like wing,
And, like some fairy of the minute born,
A wind exulted over trees and flowers.

An hour with nature is an hour with heav'n,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views:
And thus, O twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness what the day denies.
Now Mem'ry too, divinest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till years of verdant joy
Revive, and bloom around the heart once more.
Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved!
Maternal tones, and features, of whose smile
In blissful rivalry our own was born,
And voices, echo'd in our dreams of heaven,
Around us throng, until th' unliving past
Our being enters, and is life again!

Of no false weakness is the inward sigh
Of mem'ry, for the days of spring-warm truth

Departed; beautiful regret is there!
To love the past but makes the present dear;
The mournful wisdom of our discontent
Can then unteach what young delusion taught
Alone;—for who that lives, and living, thinks,
But adds another to an endless train
Of sad confessors since the world began?—
A life of glory is a dream fulfill'd,
That fades in acting, as a gorgeous cloud,
E'en as it dazzles, is but dying air![7]

If I too, ere autumnal age my brow
Hath wrinkled, or the twilight of my days
Begun, the barrenness of earth perceive,
And feel mortality's most fev'rish wear
For ever on the soul; if all that bloom'd
Like Eden once, hath grown a desert now
Of dying hope, and faded joy; if life be lone,
And sad, and bleak, while aspirations droop
Unwatch'd within me, and delightless earth
More tomb-like grows, as death's absorbing dream
Doth haunt the spirit wheresoe'er it fly
For refuge,—may I not our being mourn?
No! let me fall, and worship at the Fount
Of promise; life is Heaven's surpassing gift,
And what his Maker wills, let man revere!

To cover earth with shades of hell, accuse
The sun of darkness, and the world blaspheme,
Deny all hope, disdain co-equal man,
And mar the heavenliness of human joy,—
Betrays a tempest of unholy thought,
Rais'd by the demon of our darker hours!
But, nobly true, inexplicably deep,
That mournfulness our better nature feels,
When solitude is silent poetry,
Read by the soul, interpreted within!—
Like a mute pilgrim, on some distant shore
At twilight shaping in the skiey air
The towers and temples of his native land,
While on his ear the sounds of home renew
The sweetness of their social melody,—
So, oft in solitude, existence feels
As though mortality an exile were,—
Saw visions of a former Heaven, and heard
Instinctive voices of the parent clime,
Like a faint language from departed worlds!
And oh! how oft beneath the bluest sky
That summer arches over lake or wood,
When round and round, with antic motion, sport
The insect populace of beams and flowers;
When herb is bright, and breeze is gay, the mind
A mystic shadow of dejection feels.
Sorrow and dimness, shade and mournful fear
Hang round about us, like a haunting spell:

For ever on the solemn verge we seem
Of gloom unknown, or glory unreveal'd;
And who shall say, that life does not preserve
A faint reflection of some vanish'd state—
By Earth forgot, as oft the sea retains
A dim resemblance of departed storm?

'Tis night; the holy, deep, delicious night!
Oh! pardon me, mild Elements, whose wand
Of loveliness doth so becalm the world,
If Fancy hath awhile your scene forgot;
Again a worshipper, my spirit bows
Before ye, panting for a mightier voice
Than Ecstasy, though all divinely toned.
Thou blue eternity of space! adorn'd
With radiant solitudes, how many eyes
Of spirits, who have ceased to walk the globe,
Imaginings from thee have caught, and gazed,
Until the soul amid yon azure wild
Seem'd wand'ring, as on seraph-music borne!

Mysterious hour! when most self-knowledge reigns,
And minutes are soft teachers, whom the heart
Obeys;—and art thou not more deeply fill'd
With inspiration from thy Maker sent,
O Earth! than in the day's tyrannic roar?
And if there be, as noblest minds allow,[8]

A god-like moment, when pure spirits walk
This lower world, where man is doom'd to strive—
Tranquillity enshrines their presence now!—
In pale omnipotence of light the moon
Presides, too brilliantly for meeker stars
To venture forth,—save one bright watcher, seen
O'er yon lone hill to let his beauty smile:
The clouds are dead; and scarce a breeze profanes
The blissful calm, save when some rebel dares
On fitful wing to wander into life
Awhile, and make unwilling branches wave,
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath;
Then earth is soundless; and the solemn trees
In leafy slumber frown their giant length
Before them;—Night and Stillness are enthroned.

Then let the spirit on sublimest wing
Expatiate, soaring through unearthly spheres!
And haply, hover round some truth unknown.
And be the earth all reverently trod,
Since out of it did human dust proceed;—
Let all we look upon religion make
For inmost thought, or meditative love:
Upon the winds aye let there float a voice
Of God; and Ocean in his billowy song
Eternal anthems to Jehovah sing!

Oh! THOU whose blood redeemingly was shed,
The King of Terrors, but for Thee, appears
In ghastly triumph on his dreadful throne!
The future languishes, the fainting world
Departs, and lost in nothingless we lie,
Forgotten dreams of ever-faded men,—
Till THOU art felt! then o'er the barren grave
The flowers of immortality begin[9]
To blossom; glory dwells beyond the tomb!
Though earth be darkened with the frown of Death;
Though hues autumnal, falling leaves, and flow'rs
Proclaim him; and his shadow mar our dreams.
There is that daunts him, when the trial comes!
And what an ecstasy! when first the gates
Of light unfold! the melodies divine
Commence, we hear the hallelujahs sound,
Then, turn to glory, as we gaze and live
Before the throne of Deity unveil'd!
And oh! may I, when restless life is o'er,
When mute the tongue, and motionless the hand,
Each pang forgot, each pulse for ever still,
A glorious voice of some bright angel learn,
To sing thy love in far sublimer strain,
Immortal Saviour! where thy presence smiles,
Till heaven complete what failing earth began.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK III.

Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the echoing vales reply.
POPE.

A venerable and sacred tradition relates, that by the rising of a certain uncommon star was foretold, not diseases or death, but the descent of an adorable God for the salvation of the human race, and the melioration of human affairs; which star, they say, was observed by the Chaldeans, who came to present their offerings to the new-born God.—*From* CHALCIDIUS, *an ancient Commentator on the Timæus of Plato.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK III.

THE fulness of time—Probable sympathy of distant and unknown worlds—Despair of the Evil One—State of the world—Gabriel commanded to earth—The Annunciation—Mary's holy raptures—Her visit to her cousin at Hebron—Her journey described—The subject naturally suggests an allusion to the hallowed associations which the beauty and scenery of Palestine awake—The Virgin's arrival—Congratulations—Cæsar's order for a general census—Birth of the Messiah—Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds in Bethlehem Vale—Their hymn—Visit of the Shepherds to the cradle of Jesus—Reflections on the humility of Christ's entrance into this world—How contrary to the sublunary ideas of the Jews—Their doubt, rejection of Christ, and consequent dispersion, when compared with their former high estate, kindle our deepest thoughts of fear and faith—Their future restoration—Return to the order of the Gospel—Day of circumcision—Presentation of the Divine Babe in the Temple—Simeon's ecstasy—Return of the Holy Family to the Vale of Nazareth—Arrival of the Magi—The craft and cruelty of Herod—Massacre of the Innocents—Childhood of Jesus—His appearance among the Rabbies at twelve years of age in the Temple—Second return to Nazareth—The meditations of the Saviour as he contemplated the Redemption of Man, amid the seclusion and silence of His lowly lot—John the Baptist—His dwelling in the desert—Obeys the Holy Spirit—Announces the coming of Christ—Preaches repentance, which is true wisdom—The book ends with a view of the consolation of the Scriptures, and the beauty of the outward universe, when enjoyed in connexion with the Divine Creator.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK III.

Now was the fulness of predestined time
Complete, wherein th' eternal purpose, (told
To fallen Nature, when the ireful voice
Of Heav'n through Eden sent a with'ring sound,)
In Christ embodied, should at length appear;
And not ungreeted did redemption's hour
Arrive: before the throne new radiance burn'd;
And emanations of intenser bliss
Than that which kindled o'er creation's birth,
Angelic myriads felt, as roll'd their hymns
Of awful wonder!—yea, in worlds of life,
From whence no sound or shape to earth has come,
Round these, perchance, a sympathetic thrill
Of glory ran, when first Salvation smiled![1]

And thou! the demon King of Darkness, throned
In thine eternity of tort'ring fires,
Thou dread apostate! who didst shake the skies

For vict'ry; vanquish'd, but rebellious still;
On thee the dawning of Messiah's reign
Shone terrible: within thy dark abyss
When ruin'd angels to the summons throng'd,
With dreadful beauty, like a dying sun
Amid the tempest sinking, each adorn'd!—
No triumph on thy thunder-blasted brow,
But deeper vengeance, more despairing wo
Than yet the realms of agony endured,
Was visible; that hour, so long foredoom'd,
Is coming! when a world shall be unbound
From chains infernal, and the Powers of Hell
Disarm'd for ever on their crumbling thrones!

Meanwhile, on Earth mute Expectation sat
And listen'd; for a rumour, echoed down
From dateless time, of two surpassing kings
Fore-destined on the globe to rule, prevail'd;
Whose powers, though blended in Virgilian song,
Sublimely differ'd.[2]—In Augustan peace
The world reposed; and grateful Rome beheld
Her Janus shut,[3] her crimson banners furl'd.
No more Dodona, from the oaken shade,
Or Delphi, from exhaling cavern, sent
Vain oracles in mystic verse enweaved:
The temples mourn'd, Idolatry was dumb,
Or mutter'd faintly from her glimmering shrines;

While Art and Science, in their palmy state,
Triumphantly advanced.—Thus, all matured
And apt to question with profoundest thought,
Each creed or doctrine of diviner tone,
The Earth awaited her Messiah's dawn;
From realm to realm commingling voices spake
Of sybil words, that sang the coming God;
While many a heart, prophetically deep,
Mused in the silence of majestic hope,
Or, heaven-inspired, the world's Redeemer hail'd.

Thus all below; when Gabriel heard a voice
Of Thunder from the Throne proceed, which bade
To Galilee a winged flight convey
His presence, where in rocky Naz'reth dwelt
A maiden pure, to Joseph then betroth'd.
And lo! an Angel brighten'd into view
Before her, like a lovely burst of morn!
And while she trembled, dazzled into dread,
A salutation of entrancing sound
Fell on her ear:—"Divinely favoured thou!
Of women blest! The Lord is with thee, hail!
A Son, behold, thy virgin womb shall bear;
Son of the Highest! JESUS let His name
Be called; upon the throne of David fix'd,
O'er Jacob's house for ever shall he reign,
And endless will his glorious kingdom prove."

"But how?" cried Mary, "since I know not man."
Again the Angel: "Overshadowing thee
The Holy Spirit will in power descend,
And That thou bearest, Son of God be called."
Then answer'd she—"Behold thy handmaid, Lord!
And be thy word fulfill'd," as brightly fled
The glowing Angel to his native skies.

Let silence think, for *how* can words reveal
The full devotion of ecstatic thought,
When Mary ponder'd on the promised child?
Let mothers tell!—to whose enchanted ears
Earth brings no music like the helpless cry
Of new-born life from lips that know not guile.—
Oh! maid select! with more than gladness wing'd,
In the young beauty of thy spousal bloom,
To Hebron didst thou o'er the mountains pass,
And visit one, by Heav'n's bright herald warn'd.

Beneath the opening eyelids of the sun
The pilgrim started, when a breeze was up,
And, like a wing, invisibly career'd
O'er woods and waters; from the grey ravines
The oak and olive sent a leafy sound,
And with her crimson multitude of flow'rs
The blooming Sharon glitter'd from afar;
Or, gazing from some terraced rock or hill,

The herding goats from villages and vales,
And wild onàgras,* free as desert wind,
Her eye discern'd; while veil'd Arabians sought
A distant well, like Midian girls of old;
And others to empurpled vineyards hied,
Amid the radiance of unshrouding morn.

Secure in heav'n, o'er lone and lofty heights
She glided on; and trod with eager foot
Each verdant slope, each rocky change of scene,
Where olive waved, or cypress shadow fell.
But oft she paused, and bless'd the vital breeze
From lake upborne; or, when some hill or plain
Of green magnificence, or glorious view
Of Nature's wonders, to her eye appeal'd,—
How beautiful! to hear the Maiden chant
A hymn of David, while her soul recall'd
The hallow'd memories which ever cling
To ground immortal as great Palestine!—

Oh, tell me not of trophied Greece, and groves
Where Plato wander'd, or poetic streams
That shine in Homer's page, or Pindar's song,
For Palestine by God himself was loved,

* The wild-ass, or pard.—"He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountain is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing."—*Job*, xxxix. 7, 8.

Inhabited, and blest! His spirit *there*
Hath walk'd, the shadow of His form hath been!
His miracles prevail'd; the mountains blazed
With His descending glory! all her vales,
Her fountains, rivers, and delicious plains,
Of patriarchs and prophets speak; beneath the shade
Of her ancestral trees have angels sat,
And holy Abram smiled;—her meanest spot
Is mighty, and her dust a sacred charm,
For in it sleep the world's primeval sires!

Unbounded Fancy! on whose fairy wings
The spirit voyageth o'er realms and isles,
Oh, waft me now to Tabor's solemn height,
Where Barak and his heaven-arm'd thousands hid,
And there the drama of the world renew!
Let Eden rise, her boughs and branches wave,
And shapes aerial from the clouds descend,
To view her lovely bowers.—The flood react,—
Earth, sea, and sky in billowy chaos lost!—
Call up the patriarchs; mark their rev'rent forms,
Or hear the prophets when the people rage:—
Or, wouldst thou from the sacred past retire
To scenes that live,—from haunted Tabor view
The pomp and glory of a hundred plains!
Lo! vast Esdraelon, like a verdant sea,
By dew-famed Hermon bound; there Endor lies,

Where dwelt the night-hag in unholy gloom,
And Saul was wither'd as the spectre rose,
Wrapp'd in a mantle, out of Hades call'd!
But northward, lock'd in azure calm of noon,
The lake Tiberias!—on that blue extent
Of shining waters oft the Saviour look'd;
And, near yon mountain, iced with dazzling snow,
The sacred hill whereon He sat, and taught
The wisdom of eternity to man.

But, see! o'er Judah's aromatic clime
The sun is west'ring:—long ere twilight rose,
With dewy welcome to her second night
Of mountain pilgrimage, the Virgin stood
Beneath the shelter of a rustic cot,
In Hebron, and her holy cousin hail'd,
Enraptured!—what a brightness clad
Each feature, what a glory fill'd her eyes,
And swell'd her form, when that saluting voice
Was heard, as thrilling with celestial truth
Elizabeth on Mary gazed, and cried,—
"Of women blest! divinely blest, art thou!"
While leapt the babe within her womb, for joy.
And thus did Mary in her chant reply,
"My soul doth magnify the gracious Lord!
The proud He scatters, but the meek regards;
For thus to Abram and our fathers spake

The God of Israel—glorious be His name!
For me, his lowly handmaid, ever-blest
Shall ages deem, and generations call!"

But now from Cæsar came a high command,
That each of Judah born his birth enroll'd.
Then Joseph,—by angelic dream forewarn'd,
How vestal Mary had from God conceived,
To Bethlehem went,—and there the infant Christ
His virgin mother in a manger laid:
All pure and holy, as the promise spake,—
Incarnate myst'ry, deep as undefiled!
And say! what hour so fervently divine,
So fill'd, so fated with sublimest awe,
As when the child-god met the placid gaze
Of his unspotted mother!—what enshrined
A scene, where Deity the mortal shape [4]
Of feeble infant took, and rudely wrapt,
In new-born meekness smiling forth the God,
Deliver'd earth, and thrill'd the Heavens with joy!

That night were shepherds at their watches due
Around unfolded sheep, in that soft vale
Whose fountain warbled to the dreaming ear
Of David, when he sought Adullam's cave.
A calm, so deep that silence seem'd a soul,
Pervaded all things; dew-light on the ground

Was glist'ring, and the vigil shepherds watch'd
Contentedly their breathing charge recline
On pasture, where the morning flock had fed.*
No cloud the heaven defiled; but, far and high,
In beauty, world on world came sparkling out!—
'Twas then, while Nature mute as dreaming air
Reposed, a melody in wafted flow
Advanced; and when it reach'd the starry plain,
An earthless Form, seraphically robed,
Outburst, and glitter'd like a noontide sea!

Awe-smote, and blinded with excessive blaze
Of archangelic lustre, on the ground
Each shepherd sank, nor dared with lifted eye
The glory face, till words of music came:—
"Ye pious watchers! tremble not; behold
The tidings of eternal joy I bring,—
This night the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD is born!
Within a manger, lo! the babe is found!"
He said; and as the sound of breezy waves,
When summer winds melodiously awake,
The rushing of unnumber'd radiant wings
Of thronging spirits fill'd the air around!
And, robed with brightness, thus the legion sang:

* Vide the Abbé Fleury's account of the agriculture &c. &c. of the ancient Jews.

"Thou Lord of Lords, and Light of Light!
Who, with empyreal glory bright,
Art seated on th' Eternal Throne
Invisibly, the vast Alone!
Ten thousand worlds around Thee blaze,
Ten thousand harps repeat Thy praise,
Yet hymn, nor harp, nor song divine,
Nor myriad orbs created Thine,
This measureless display of love
To earth below, and heaven above,
By their immingled power could tell,—
That ends the Curse, and conquers Hell!
For lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice:
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!

"Hail, Virgin-born! transcendent Child
Of mortal semblance, undefiled,
By ages vision'd, doom'd to be
The Star of Immortality!
Hail! Prince of Peace, and Lord of Light!
Around thy path the world is bright;
Where'er Thou tread'st an Eden blooms,
And earth forgets her myriad tombs!
Thy voice is heard—and anguish dies,
The dead awake and greet the skies!

Lo! blindness melts in healing rays,
And mute lips ope in hymns of praise;
The famish'd on Thy bounty feed,
While myriads at Thy summons speed,
To live upon Salvation's strain,
And see the lost restored again!
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!

"Awake, awake, thou ransom'd Earth!
And, smiling with a second birth,
In loveliness awake and shine,
Thy King is come, Salvation thine!
The winds are rock'd in holy rest,
The waves asleep on ocean's breast,
And beautiful the boundless calm,
O'er nature spread, like midnight balm,—
For lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice;
The Promised, since the world began,
To live and die for guilty man.

"Again, again, the anthem swell!
For Heaven shall burst the gates of Hell!
A vision of uncounted years,
That travel on through toil and tears,

Is all unroll'd in wild extent,
Like ocean's heaving element!—
But soon the demon shade hath pass'd,
Messiah rules in light at last!
The sunbeams of a sabbath-day
Around adoring myriads play;
From north to south, from east to west,
All pangs are hush'd, all hearts at rest!
Pacific homes, Atlantic isles,
Where earth extends, or ocean smiles;
The rudest spot which man can own,
Shall hail Messiah on His throne;
And human life, by land and sea,
One altar build, O God! to Thee;
While men and angels round it throng
To chant the sempiternal song,—
Peace on earth! to Man good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!"

The song is hush'd, the shining train ascends,
And swift commingles in one pomp of light
From heaven advancing, like a golden sea;
While, all entranced, th' adoring shepherds kneel:
But when the bright ascent was o'er, up rose
They all in ravishment! to Bethlehem sped,

And there the Child-God, wrapp'd in swaddling-clothes,
They found, and sang with reverential joy
A hymn of worship to the Babe Divine;
While Mary, meekly silent, heard the tale
Of wonder, musing with prophetic soul.

O world! and was it thus thy Saviour came?—
Rich as the chorus of creation's morn
From every region should thy lips have pour'd
A loud Hosannah, to proclaim the Lord!
The skies have bent, the mountains clapp'd their hands,
The cedars waved on every hallow'd hill,
And sun and moon, and each melodious star,
And ocean, with his jubilee sublime,
Have thrill'd the universe with natal joy!—
But all was silent, unobserv'd and still;
No empire sung, when Man's Redeemer came;
The peasant mother in her Alpine cot,
At dreadful midnight, no desertion feels,
Like the rude manger where the Virgin lay,
And scarce a solitary taper shone!

Is this the WONDERFUL? the Prince of Light,
The King of kings, the Lord of countless worlds?
Oh! language hath no loftiness to reach

That height of glory which her fancy view'd
When Judah, o'er the world enthroned, conceived
Dominion boundless as her Maker's smile!—

Empires have sunk, and kingdoms pass'd away;
But still, apart, sublime in mis'ry stands
The wreck of Israel!—Christ hath come, and bled,
And miracles and ages round the Cross
A holy splendour of undying truth
Preserve; yet still their pining spirit looks
For that unrisen sun which Prophets hail'd!
Where once the temple, bathed in morning hues,
Immensely glorious with her matchless spires,
On mount Moriah stood, a race exist
In darkness, still to Zion turn, and weep![5]
And when I view him in the garb of wo,
A wand'ring outcast, by the world disown'd.—
The haggard, lost, and long-oppressed Jew!
"HIS BLOOD BE ON US!" through my spirit rolls
In fearful echo, from a nation's lip.

Remember'd Zion! still for thee awaits
A future, teeming with triumphal sounds
And shapes of glory! still a remnant lives,
Who once again thy banner shall unroll,
And plant it on thine everlasting walls!
The cities huge that overawed the world

Rot in a gloom, irrevocably seal'd,
Of desolation; time shall never rear
The towers, nor crowd their weed-grown walks again!
But Judah's offspring,—like a stony wreck,
Which age nor elemental wrath subdues,
In mournful grandeur that outlives decay;
There as it lies on yon deserted plain,
Shall yet endure,—till Restoration's voice
Convene them back to Salem's widow'd clime. [6]

Exult, O Zion! for thy God is king,
And lift thy banner on the mountain tops;
From Egypt, Pathros, and Assyria call'd,
From Shinar, Hamath, and the sea-born isles,
From the vast regions of the utmost orb,
Returning Israel from dominion comes!
A voice of weeping—it is heard no more;
The timbrels sound, her glad-eyed maidens dance,
Her young men shout, the aged meekly smile,
Rememb'ring all the pleasant things of old!—
The lea of Sharon, and the pastured glen
Of Achre, beautiful in verdure shine;
While planted vineyards, with a costly bloom,
Wave on her hills, and court the rip'ning sun.—
The lamb, the lion, and the infant play
Together; Righteousness thy gate adorns,

And Peace within thy walls, eternal Peace,
Recover'd Salem! with Jehovah dwells.

As when a mother for an absent child
Laments, till beauty on her cheek decays,
Yet haply in declining loveliness
More exquisite than in her glowing prime
Appeareth,—so doth thine afflicted land
Touch the deep spirit with diviner thought
Now in thy wo, than when a fertile pomp
Bedeck'd thee;—for the homeless race afar
Thou yearnest with a soft maternal grief;
To hill and mountain the devouring curse
Hath clung; and rivers down unpeopled vales
Like mournful pilgrims glide; while fruit nor tree
Bear to the tyrant what thy children took
From thy fond bosom; yet, a latent power
Of life and glory in thy wither'd soil
Is buried,—it will rise when Judah comes;
Like music sleeping in a haughty lyre,
Whose muteness only to the master-touch
Breaks into sound that ravishes a world!

Now o'er the infant God a day decreed
For circumcision rose, in wonted light,
And JESUS,—let the heavens and earth revere
That sound almighty!—was the name He bore.

And then, each light of due lustration done,
The lowly Virgin to the temple brings
The young Redeemer; thus had God ordain'd;*
No lamb had she; but in her meekness brought
Two turtle-doves of pure and spotless wing,
And solemnly within the outer court
Awaited, while a priest the Lord approach'd;
And haply, on the Temple's wondrous mass
Of golden beauty and effulgent pomp
Oft gazed, and gloried in her country's dream,
That there the God of Israel loved to dwell!—
But when th' oblation of unspotted doves
Was paid, an inner court's wide precincts ope,
And Mary enters with her bosom'd child;
Then silently, with glance of tend'rest love,
For presentation yields her holy babe.

But who is he, with beard of flowing white,
That enters 'mid the ceremonious pomp?
Led by the Spirit, lo! a bending form
Approaches, kindles as with sudden youth,
The babe enclasps, and to his Maker cries,
"In peace, O Lord! now let Thy servant go;
These eyes have seen, these wither'd arms embrace
Thy promised ONE, a child of glory, sent

* See Exod. xiii. 2. Levit. xii. 6. Also, Lightfoot on the Temple Service.

To lighten Israel, and the world restore!"
Yes, morning, noon, and night, in dream or prayer,
In temple-worship, and mysterious hours,
For this he long'd—to see Messiah born!—
The Saviour came, and Simeon died in joy.

Each rite complete, the Holy Family sought
In Bethlehem vale their consecrated home;
There, scarce arrived, when lo! as Magi bow'd
In nightly worship to unnumber'd worlds
Of starry name, an orbed meteor shone
With mystic loveliness, superbly bright!
But well they knew, those star-adoring seers,
That revelation high, and sped on wings
Of holy speed to Zion's stately haunt;
There wond'ringly around Jerusalem's walls
Exclaim'd—" The new-born great! Judean King,
His dwelling say, for Him would we adore!"—
And souls there lived, which drank, as thirsty ground
Drinks in the summer rain, refreshing hope,
When eastern sages of a mighty birth
For Israel spake; for Judah long had pined,
And on the willows hung her captive harp!—
But he, whom Mariamne's murder'd form
For ever haunted, like a dream of hell,
The guilty, pamper'd, pale Herodian king!
Heard this, and trembled!—but in bloody calm

His purpose lay, and thus the king address'd
Those eastern sages:—" Swift to Bethlehem, haste!
The infant find, around his cradle kneel,
And tell, where I may come and worship too?"—
They went; and lo! the beauteous star,
In loveliness beyond all loveliest worlds
Which decorate the night, a guidance lent,
Till o'er the roof where lay infantine Christ
It paused, and quiver'd with exceeding light;
There sped the Magi, earth's Redeemer found
Encradled; there with bending awe they kneel,
His form adore, and solemn worship pay,
With myrrh and frankincense; while Mary stands
In wonder! with her eye to heaven upturn'd,
Her bosom swelling with a silent praise,
And in her soul, a more than mother's joy!

Their homage done, and Earth's Messiah seen,
By God forewarn'd, the orient pilgrims wend
Afar from Herod, to their destined home.
That night, in visionary trance, appear'd
The shape angelic Joseph once beheld:—
" Arise! to Egypt with the Virgin speed,
And holy Infant; Him would Herod slay!"
To that high word obedient, ere the blush
Of morning redden'd over Horeb's brow,
Or Jordan's waters in the sunshine wound,

Alone, yet compass'd with Almighty arms,
To Egypt went he, till the monarch died:
" For out of Egypt have I call'd my Son!"
So spake the seer, whose word our God fulfill'd.

Then passion, like a kindled hurricane,
Burst from the tyrant with terrific sway!
And then was havoc, dark as hell desired;
Oh! then were shrieks maternal, sounds that came
From riven souls; then childless Rachel wept,
In Rama was the voice of mourning heard,
And red with blood the streams of Israel ran!
'Twas Murder's banquet on a thousand babes!—
Sweet flowers of life, whose fragile beauty made
The living Eden of parental hearts:
Asleep in cradled stillness, with the light
Of infant slumber on their lovely cheeks,
Or prattling gaily at the cottage door,
Did slaughter come, and mock with murd'rous yell
The cry of mothers, shrieking for their God!—
That cry was answer'd, when the monster king,
By pain corrupted, turn'd a loathsome mass,
And died!—then, heralded by Gabriel's wings,
The young Redeemer into Naz'reth came;
For Archelaus o'er Judah's empire ruled,
And, Herod-like, had bathed his throne in blood.

Mysterious time! o'er many realms and lands
Thy shadow broods, which man cannot dispel,
Or brighten; but o'er that most hallow'd scene
Where dwelt unknown, in human meekness veil'd,
The Son of Glory, lies thy thickest gloom.
For ever hidden, by no voice reveal'd,
How lived, and where, the Galilean blest;
Yet, wafted back on no irreverent wing,
Imagination oft her eye would fix
On that green vale, where first our Morning Star
With mildest beauty rose!—By earth unfelt,
Celestial watchers! did ye not descend
And hover round, while grew the wondrous Child
In the fond light of Mary's pensive gaze?—
Maiden and mother! all divinely pure,
When lock'd in slumber the Redeemer lay,
How on his features would thy fancy dwell!

But years departed, and Messiah grew,
Strong in the spirit, wisdom, grace, and power,[7]
Then, oft at eve, when sultry day was o'er,
The holy Infant, by his parent's knee,
The Book of Life with tender awe perused,
And question'd; while in love's delightful dream
Each parent wander'd;—calling back the shapes
Angelic, or the vision Bethlehem saw;
Or, sounding all the dim and mighty depths

Of prophecy, where solemn meanings lay.
And ah, how beautiful! in cradled sleep
While slept her child, to mark the wedded maid
On his pure brow a gentle kiss implant,
And then to Joseph, with a speaking look
Of fondness, say,—" How wonderful is Heaven,
If there the Hope of fallen Israel lies!"

When twelve years thus the Son of God had spent
To celebrate a high and solemn feast,—
Begun when over Egypt's first-born flew
The direful angel on his wings of death,—
All came; and with glad myriads went
Christ's holy parents up to Salem's walls,
As true adorers. When the seventh day saw
Each rite concluded, back to Naz'reth vale
They speed—but where is He, the sacred Boy?
With friends beloved, or in Jerusalem lost?—
There hasten'd they, and sorrowingly roam'd
The virgin mother, garden, grove, and field;
And as she hurried through the thronging paths,
Her eye's fond question moved each passing face
With feeling!—such as thoughts untold betray
When look is language, and that language read
By hearts that sympathize with pangs unknown.
And thus she sought Him with unwearied step,
Till tears had gather'd, and her gaze was dim,

Yet found Him not;—when hark! a burst of joy
Maternal!—in the temple, lo! He stands,
With priest and sage, and vested rabbis mix'd,
The lost One lingers;—on His brow the light
Of Godhead! from His lips a stream of words
Is flowing, fraught with unresisted power,
That shook all hearts, the ear of age entranced,
And through the spirit pour'd celestial rays
Which had not shone before! Each look'd on each
Astounded; wisdom seem'd a thing unwise
By man announced—Divinity was *there!*
But, garb'd in lowliness, the peasant child
The temple left, His mother's smile renew'd,
And gently her inquiring wonder check'd
With words unfathom'd—yet in Mary's heart
How treasured they, how buried deep in love!
Then homeward once again the pilgrims haste
United; murm'ring of the festal pomp,
And crowded worship, such as Salem loved.
And long before the pallid star of eve
Had heralded the shady twilight hour,
A cot was round them, in their quiet vale.

By Nazareth are green and silent dells,
Secluded paths, and solemn shades profound;
And here Messiah dwelt:—those eighteen years
Of fameless calm, wherein the Prince of Light

Reposed, and mingled, like a child of clay,
By sin except, with human toil and tears,—
With what a sense, impenetrably deep,
They sink upon the silent heart of man!
Whether on thee, O Virgin blest! we muse,
Thy soul by reverence and awe subdued
To something holier than mother's love;
Or that all-glorious, all-majestic Form,
In whom was centred man's eternal hope,
Survey, amid the still and solemn vale,—
Our thoughts are thrilling as the tears that rise
When angels warble round a soul forgiven!—
That wondrous Being, in whose presence lived
The light immaculate perfection feels,
As lone he wander'd in the mountain dells,
Redemption! how magnificently vast
Thy truth and glory must have made His dreams!
On this He ponder'd, this the mind perceived;
From Cana's miracle, to Calv'ry's mount,—
The crown and cross, the agony of death
He view'd! nor dash'd the bitter cup away
The curse had fill'd, and man was doom'd to drink,
Had Christ not come, and drank the cup, and died!

But now the hour, by Heaven's decree declared,
For Jesus to unfold th' Almighty will,
Approach'd. Tiberius over sceptred Rome

Was reigning; and in subject Judah ruled
The savage Pilate; when the Word of God
To John amid the wilderness was sent;
For thus the prophet in his prescient song,—
" A voice comes wafted through the wilderness!
From Him who crieth, ' Let the mountains sink,
The valleys rise, and be the deserts smooth!
A God approaches!—be His way prepared!' "

The great precursor, whose proclaiming voice,
" Repent ye!" travell'd on the desert wind,
Was robed in hairy sackcloth; round his loins
A leathern girdle wound; the mountain spring,
That bubbled through the vale, his drink supplied;
His meat was honey and the locust wild.—
Alone, but angel-watch'd, the orphan grew
To manhood; nursed amid the elements,
A son of Nature,—where the desert waved
Her wildest bough, or flung her blackest gloom,
The cavern'd eremite with God communed,
In storm or stillness, when the thunder voiced
His anger, or the sunshine brought His smile!
One awful loneliness his life became,
In thought and prayer mysteriously it pass'd;
And oft sublime!—as when at sunset hour,
A red magnificence of dying hues
Came o'er the desert, and each rocky crest

Of mountains with volcanic lustre blazed,
While slept the sultry air,—the prophet knelt;
And the wild glory of his dreaming eye
To heaven was turn'd, in meditative awe!
The hush of woods, the hymn of waters faint,
And a blue prospect of the midland sea
Beyond the desert, glimmering and vast,
And dying cadence of some distant bird,
Whose song was fading like a silver cloud,—
While thus around Creation charm'd, and look'd,
Earth had no grander scene, than when the hour
Of Syrian twilight heard the Baptist pray!

Beside the waters of th' unliving sea,
Where buried cities lift their ghastly wreck
In tomb-like waste,[8] the prophet chanced to muse,
And dream of dark Gomorrah, and the loud
Despair of millions, when the thunder knell'd,
And rapidly a burning deluge came!—
An airy stillness, solitude sublime
Was there; no bird upon enchanted wing,
No murmur, but the reedy moan of banks
Of sickly herbage; or the creeping sound
Of Jordan, dragging his sepulchral way;
Sea, sky, and air in one unearthly calm
Reposed! In such a scene of lifeless gloom,
While mused the Baptist on the guilt of Man,
A mighty impulse, an imbreathing power

Of inspiration on his spirit came!
He felt the God! and, fill'd with sacred fire,
To Jordan hasten'd;—soon the region round
" Repent ye!" heard each hill and vale repeat.
Where ran the holiest of holy streams
That wind and glitter through green Palestine,
His cry awoke; from hence a warning rung,
How terribly!—before it, passions fled
Like waves before the wind! from Judah's realm
To Alexandria's clime, his solemn threat
Was echoed, till around the Baptist throng'd
All sects and nations, to repent and live,
By laving waters of Baptismal power.—
There stood the Sadducee! with eye unscaled,
To see the darkness of the grave illumed
By words immortal; there the glozing tribe
Of Pharisees, with frighted soul appeal'd
For mercy! cow'ring as the prophet cried,
" Ye vipers! who hath warn'd you from the wrath
To come!—Repentance! let thy fruits appear;
The axe is laid, and every fruitless tree
Shall wither!—lo! the fire of vengeance falls!"

Divine Repentance! in thy sacred tear
Alone is wisdom for the erring heart.
That infancy of soul, that stainless hour
When all the chaos of our spirit sleeps

In passionless repose,—how oft it woos
Our feelings back to purity and Heaven!
Alas! that in our solitude we soar
To perfect goodness, but in life descend
To dust again!—our aspirations quench'd,
And all that purer moments wisely taught,
Denied, degraded, or forgot!—Thus glide
Our years along, in melancholy dreams
Of what they dare, and what they cannot be!

Yet all we think on, fancy, feel, or view,
Hath something for the soul's mysterious chords
Attuned, to thrill them with religious tone:
But far above each sight or sound of earth,
Or mind of man, that heaven-revealing book,
Along whose page of everlasting truth
The Spirit of th' Almighty lives and moves!
Oh! there be visions of transcendent blaze,
And heralds bright, embassadors divine,
And voices from the Throne and Seat of bliss
Deep utter'd by the God-adoring choir;
And Great Jehovah! with his thunder girt,
And radiance,—speaking like the ocean vast:
And you, ye Oracles, whose words relate
The story of redemption, so sublime!
With what a simple rectitude severe
Your page immortal moves from change to change,

Nor turn'd, nor daunted, whatsoe'er the gloom
Or brightness of the awful scene it paints:
So rolls a river through a wide domain;
Whate'er the colour which the clouds reflect,
Or bank, or verdure, on its beauty flings,
It travels onward with the stately course
Of sound and motion, to the fated sea!

By this alone, can mortal life unweave
Her web of mystic lines, and many hues,
And man's eternity before him rise,
In dreams of light, or shadows of despair.—
At evening once, beside a circling shore
Of sandy wildness, where the billows loved
Their foaming solitude, my fancy stray'd:
Dark crags, and summits, fit for tempest thrones,
Hung near: but mid-way, on a lofty mount,
By the green splendour of tumultuous grass
Made beautiful, there sat a wither'd shape,
By sorrow featured: on his wasted cheek
Lived pale decline; but still the quenchless eye
Was glorious,—there a burning spirit shone!
A book, an ancient book of faded leaves,
Was open'd, which, with bended brow, he read
Intently:—nearer still my footstep crept,
And by the breeze from his pale lip was brought
The melody of some almighty speech:

Then, quaking with excess of thought divine,
Down on the herb adoringly he sank,
And fix'd his eyes upon the awful heavens,
As though enthroned, there God himself appear'd!
And then, when rolling tears ran bright and large,
Exultingly his gasping spirit cried,
" For ever and for ever is Thy Throne
Transcendent, Lord, and everlasting King!"

True adoration, what a voice is thine!
From earth it wanders through the Heaven of Heavens,
There from the Mercy-seat itself evokes
An answer, thrilling the seraphic host
With added glory of celestial song!*—
For prayer is man's omnipotence below,
A soul's companionship with Christ and God,
Communion with Eternity begun!

Oh, love creative! earth itself is heaven,
Would man profane it not, by savage tread
And sordid gaze. E'en now, the sun appears
A king of glory, and the breathing world,
Like some vast instrument of solemn sound,
A thousand melodies of life awakes!
The sky is covered with her isles of cloud,

* There is joy in Heaven, &c.—*Matthew's Gospel.*

That flash or float as sun and wind command,
The air is balm, her breeze a living joy;
My heart is dumb with an exceeding bliss
Of light and beauty, pouring in from day's
Enchantment; while beneath yon vernal hill,
In shadowy sport reflecting cloud and sky,
Poetic murmurs from the distant sea
In lulling falls come faintly on the mind.

But now the conscious elements prepare
For slumber; modulated breezes swell;
The sky, with ocean-mimicry adorn'd,
Grows pale and paler; soon will stars advance
And seem to palpitate, as there they shine,
With living beauty!—Thus will night begin,
And earth lie cradled in a dim repose,
Till the pure heaven comes down upon the soul
And all is hush'd within her holy spell!
So ends a sabbath; so may sabbaths end
Devoutly sacred; till the wings of Time
Be folded, and ETERNAL SABBATH reigns!
For all Thy ministries begin and end
In Love,—that glorious synonyme of Thee,
Whose palace fills th' interminable Heavens;
From the first tear that roll'd down Adam's cheek,
To the last pang of living bosoms now,
In light and darkness,—still our God is Love!

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK IV.

"Oh, Goodness Infinite! Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness!"—*Paradise Lost*, book xii.

"Muse upon His pregnant words—imagine the awful serenity of His tones—stand by while He calls the dead from the bier—behold Him stilling the winds—hear Him remit sins—follow Him to the mount of death—thus walking side by side with Jesus."—*The Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK IV.

THE glorious manifestation of Truth in the appeal of the Baptist—Approach of Christ to be baptized—Jesus led by the Spirit into the Wilderness—The temptation described—Angels sent to console Him—Thus proved, He commences his Ministry as the Redeemer of the world—Purity and majesty of His Life and Doctrines—First Miracle—The Marriage in Cana—Jesus goes to Jerusalem—The modern state of Jerusalem, compared with her ancient glories — The Passover described, at the Celebration of which Christ arrived—His entrance to the Temple—Miraculous expulsion of its defilers—Nicodemus, his character, and visit to the Saviour by night—Jesus, on the death of the Baptist, hastens to Galilee, to avoid the Jews—His Journey through Samaria—Scenery—Well of Sychem—Interview with the Woman of Samaria—He travels to Cana—The Nobleman's Son healed by a word of Christ—His appearance in the Synagogue—is expelled from thence by His offended Countrymen—Led to the brow of a hill—Delivers Himself from instant destruction—Capernaum—Lake of Tiberias, described—Miraculous Draught of Fishes—Confession of Peter—Exultation of the Crowd who witnessed the Miracle—to this was added an innumerable number of divine deeds and mercies—Doctrine adduced from Miracles—The power they exhibited cannot be fathomed; but the principle which they inculcate is to be imitated—for it teaches boundless Love to the whole family of Man.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK IV.

Say, who can measure the exalted might
Of truth, deliver'd by a daring soul,
Till conscience trembled, like the world's great sire,
At that "Where art thou?" earth's Creator spake!—
A brow irradiate with divinest thought,
An eye majestic, and a voice like Heaven's,
Were his, who usher'd in th' expected God!
From cot to palace rose his high reproof;
Wherever wander'd in the realm of vice
The heart of man,—"Repent ye!" sounded there.

What marvel, then, Messiah's self appear'd
In John embodied, till the people cried,
With loud impatience,—"Art thou Christ, the true?"
"With water I indeed baptize and bless;
But One shall come, transcendently sublime
O'er me, the very latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unbind!—with fire,

And with the Holy Ghost shall He baptize;
Behold, the fan is in His fearful hands!
The wheat He gathers, but the wicked chaff
Ungarner'd, burneth with a quenchless flame!"—
Thus answer'd he; and shadow'd Israel's heart
With wonder, dreaming on the dark unknown.

While thus by Jordan's hallow'd wave, the rite
Of waters, sanctioned by mysterious sway,
The Baptist to repenting souls perform'd,—
The LORD OF LIFE, in human weakness veil'd,
Himself presented. Round His beauteous head
No glory play'd, no godlike effluence shone,
As on He came; yet, sacredly o'erpower'd
By some deep impulse, vast and undefined,
The crowd stood parted; and a solemn hush,
Like stillness o'er a forest, when the winds
Lie dreaming in a dead or sullen calm,—
The murm'ring host subdued: but from thy face,
Great harbinger! what recognition flash'd!
Then spirit-bright thy gladden'd mien became;
For He, whom prescient Heaven and Earth foretold,
Before Thee stood,—Salvation's Prince appear'd:
And this, thy greeting: "Lo! at length He comes!
Behold the LAMB OF GOD!—Oh! pure above
All Beings pure, from me this rite forego,
For I have need of Thy baptizing grace,

And comest thou to mine?"—"Refuse me not;
Since thus all righteousness must be fulfill'd:"
So speaking, down the bank Messiah moved,
Stood in the waters, there the rite received,
And thence ascended, dumb with secret prayer.
When lo! the heavens miraculously oped,
The dazzling concave God Himself reveal'd
Descending! lustrous, with ethereal light:
Then, dove-like hover'd o'er the Saviour's head
Th' Eternal Spirit, while a Voice declared
Like sea and thunder when their music blends,
"Adore Him!—This is my beloved SON!"

And now came on temptation's demon hour
To crush the Saviour!—By the Holy Ghost
Compell'd, within a desert's trackless wild
Alone He wander'd, unperceived by eyes
Of mortal; there to fathom time and fate,
Redemption, and the vast design of Love.
A noontide o'er his contemplation sped
Away, and still the awful Thinker roved
With foot unwearied: sunset, fierce and red,
Succeeded:—never hung a savage glare
Upon the wilderness, like that which tinged
This fated hour;—the trees and herbless rock
Wore angry lustre, and the dying sun
Sank downward like a deity of wrath,

Behind him leaving clouds of burning wreck!
And then rose twilight; not with tender hues,
Or choral breezes, but with shade as dim
And cold, as death on youthful spirit throws:
Sad grew the air, and soon th' affrighted leaves
And branches from the crouching forest sent
A wizard moaning, till the wild-bird shriek'd,
Or flutter'd, and in dens of deepest gloom
The lion shook, and dreadful monsters glared.

Tremendous are ye, ever-potent storms,
In wild magnificence of sound and scene!
Watch'd on the mountains, in convulsive play,
Or from the ocean-margin, when the sea
With her Creator wrestles!—and we hear
The fancied winds of everlasting Power
In wrath and gloom fly sweeping o'er the world!
But when hath tempest, since a deluge roar'd,
The pale earth shaken, like that stormy rage
That tore the desert, while Messiah mused?
Then God to hands infernal seem'd to trust
The helm of Nature, while a chaos drove
The elements to combat!—night and storm,
And rain and whirlwind, in their frenzied wrath
Triumphant, while aloft unnat'ral clouds
Hung o'er the sky the imag'ry of Hell!—
Not hence alone tempestuous horror sprung:

To aid the Tempter, shapes of ghastly light,
With phantoms, grim beyond a maniac's dream,
To thunder, darkness, and dread midnight gave
A power unearthly:—round thy sleepless head,
Adored Redeemer! did the voices chant,
Or wildly mutter their unhallow'd spell;
Yet all serene Thy godlike virtue stood,—
Unshaken, though the universe might fall!

Thus forty days of dire temptation leagued
Their might hell-born, with hunger, thirst, and pain.
Meanwhile, in thankless calm the world reposed.
Life went her rounds, and busy hearts maintain'd
Their wonted purpose: still uprose the parent orb,
And all the dewy ravishment of flowers
Enkindled; Day and Ocean mingled smiles
And then, meek Night with starr'd enchantment rose,
While moonlight wander'd o'er the palmy hills
Of green-hair'd Palestine: and thus unmark'd
By aught portentous, save demonian wiles,
His fasting period in the desert gloom
Messiah braved. At length, by hunger rack'd,
And drooping, deaden'd by the scorching thirst
Of deep exhaustion,—round him nothing stood
But rocky bleakness, mountains dusk and huge,
Or riven crags, that seem'd the wreck of worlds.
And there, amid a vale's profoundest calm,

Where hung no leaf, nor lived one cheering tone
Of waters, with an unappalled soul
The Saviour paused, while arid stillness reign'd,
And the dead air,—how dismally intense
It hung and thicken'd o'er the lifeless dale!
When lo! from out the earth's unfathom'd deep,
The semblance of a mighty cloud arose;
From whence a shape of awful stature moved,—
A vast, a dim, a melancholy Form;
Upon his brow the gloom of thunder sat,
And in the darkness of his dreadful eye
Lay the sheath'd lightnings of immortal ire!—
As king of dark eternity, he faced
The Godhead; cent'ring in that one still glance
The hate of Heaven, the agony of Hell,
Defiance and despair!—and then, with voice
Sepulchral, deep as when a tempest dies,
Him thus address'd: "If Son of God Thou be,
These stones,—command them into living bread!"
"'Tis written," answer'd our undaunted Christ,
"Not bread alone, but every word of God,
Is life!"—Scarce utter'd that sublime reply,
When each ascended, and on noiseless wings
Invisibly both God and Demon soar'd
Together, rapid as th' almighty glance
Which roams infinity! On Herod's towers,—
From whose dread altitude the very sky

Seems nearer, while below a hush'd abyss
Extendeth, dark with supernat'ral depth,—
They soon alighted; where with impious wile
Again the Tempter thus the Godhead tried:
"If Son of God Thou be, Thyself cast down!
'Tis written, 'Thee protecting angels watch
For ever, lest a stone thy feet may dash.'"
"The Lord thy God thou shalt not tempt!"—replied
The Saviour: awed by such divine repulse,
The baffled Demon for his last design
Prepared; and swiftly by an airy flight,
To Quarantania's unascended top
That crowns the wilderness with savage pomp,[2]
Messiah next he bore; from thence, a world
In visionary light lay all reveal'd
With luring splendour!—regions, thrones, and climes
Of bloom and fragrance, meadows, lakes, and groves:
And there lay cities, capp'd with haughty towers,
With piles, and palaces of marble sheen,
And domes colossal, with exulting flags
Of royal conquest on their gilded spires:
And there were armies, thick as trooping clouds,
On plains assembled,—chariot, smoke, and steed,
The pomp of death, and thunder-gloom of war:
Nor absent, fleets within the silver bay
Reposed, or riding o'er a gallant sea:
All this, the world's inspirer thus evoked,—

One vast enchantment, one enormous scene
Of splendour, deluging the dazzled eye
With mingled radiance, till the fancy reel'd!
And then, outstretching with imperial sway
A shadowy hand, Hell's crafty monarch spake,—
"This pomp and glory, this surpassing World
Is Thine!—if Thou wilt kneel and worship me!"
Then bright as Deity, with truth erect,
Victoriously Messiah thus rebuked
The Prince of Hell. "Behind me, Satan, get!
'Tis written, thou shalt worship God alone;"
And thus responding, rays of awful truth
His eye emitted;—from whose dreaded glance
The Devil shrunk, and wither'd into air!—
When, light as breezes, lovely as the morn
Descended, blooming with celestial grace,
Angelic creatures, in whose hands upborne,
By man unseen, the wafted Jesus sank
To earth again; and there, a squadron bright
Of minist'ring spirits round Him knelt, and sang.

His trial o'er, by men and angels proved
Consummate Lord; by John again confess'd
Amid the Sanhedrim, as Christ foretold
Since time began,—by five disciples found
And follow'd, Jesus on His glorious task
Now enters; fallen earth shall be restored!

Do kings array Him? Doth the palace ope
Its gorgeous portals to admit His train?
Alas! the bird his nest, the beast his lair
Inhabits, but the homeless Son of Man
Forsaken, hath not where to lay His head!
And He, whose fiat was the birth of things,
Whose frown had made the universe no more,
The pangs and woes of meanest want endured;
For others wept, or bade his might outblaze,
But stood Himself, unaided and alone,—
A God that suffer'd, while he saved His world!

And who shall paint Him?—let the sweetest tone
That ever trembled on the Harps of Heaven,
Be discord; let the chanting seraphim,
Whose anthem is eternity, be dumb;
For praise and wonder, adoration,—all
Melt into muteness, ere they soar to Thee,
Thou sole PERFECTION!—Theme of countless worlds!
Be mine, with solemn step and rev'rent gaze
From miracle to miracle to roam,
Through paths of glory, tracks of peaceful light;
And on the way, devout accession cull
Of thought or meaning, from the book divine
Translated:—pleased beyond ambition's joy,
If thus companion'd by consenting mind,

My theme advances, till on Calv'ry's mount
Arriving, Faith behold her Saviour die.

Thy miracles in mercy, Lord began.
To Cana, peering o'er a woody crest
Of green ascent, beside Capernaum raised,
Messiah with his virgin mother went;
And there, by one fond deed of love confirm'd
A holy sanction of connubial bliss.
Unknown the bride, or whom the wedding throng
A bridegroom hail'd; but Nature has not seal'd
That fountain up, from whence all feeling flows,—
The heart, whose current is by time unchanged.
And thus in garlanded array behold
Two happy creatures, 'mid rejoicing friends,
In white apparel gemm'd by nuptial flowers.
What beautiful emotion, born of dreams
Which make a future paradise, abounds!
Yet, in thy gaze a gleam of vanish'd years
Shines pensive, maid! around whose virgin brow
A bridal wreath consenting parents wove.
The home of love, the haunts where infant feet
Have roam'd,—the mingled and o'ermast'ring sense
Of truth and tenderness the past awakes,
Upon thee like returning childhood comes!
A cloud melts o'er thy summer noon of joy,
Serenely dark, and exquisitely sad:

For haply, on the old familiar walls,
And chamber, where thy lisped vows began,
Thine eye hath look'd farewell!—or, down the paths
Of garden loveliness, where tiny hands
So often labour'd with delightful toil,
How mutely hast thou wander'd!—blessing flowers
Whose fairy magic woo'd thy frequent touch,
When dew and sunshine call'd thy fancy forth
To drink their beauty with absorbing gaze;
And that green haunt by fragrant trellis hung,
Yes! there thy soul hath dream'd of days no more,
When twilight redden'd o'er thy girlish bowers.

But now the banquet: such as lowly roof
Demanded, and which simple manners claim'd.
O'er milk and honey, rice and kneaded flour,
And water, cool as mountain-well contain'd,
When consecrating prayer arose, for Heaven's
High blessing—then the marriage-feast began.
But soon to Jesus, Mary's asking eye
Was turn'd, and meekly for the aidless want
Of friends beloved, a miracle she hoped;
But thus was answer'd: "Woman!—unarrived
My dawn of glory! what have I to do
With thee?"—Oh! think not from That sinless mouth
Annihilating words of harshness came;

The pity, not the anger, of rebuke
Was there!—Six stony water-pots antique,
For pure lavation, such as holy rite
Demanded, in the nuptial chamber stood;
And each, obedient to Messiah's voice,
With gushing water to the brim was fill'd;
When lo! the element, by power subdued,
Blush'd into wine, and glow'd beneath its God!
And when the ruler of the rustic feast
Admiring drank this new-created wine,
A miracle stood forth!—as shines a star
Clear, round, and large, the only one in heaven:
Each heart beat louder; on the lifted brow
Of mute-struck guests, divine amazement sat;
And from the eyes of new disciples flash'd
The fire of faith! that eloquence of soul,
While ecstacy is dumb. And when at night,
By torch and timbrel home the vested train
Return'd, amid the hymeneal song
Of sweetest rapture, while each bridal robe
Like snow in moonlight glitteringly shone,
The holy mildness of thy deep-toned voice,
Redeemer! still in hearts its echo rang.
Though vaster miracles Thy name enthrone,
In this, omnipotently tender shine
The rays of love; concenter'd, calm, and bright,—
They dazzle not, but still Thy power declare.

With fame before Him, now for Judah's feast
Of sacrifice, to Zion's city-queen
The Saviour went.—In moods of high romance
'Tis pleasant down the depth of ages past
To venture, re-erect huge capitals,
And hear the noise of cities now no more!
But Egypt, with her pyramids august,
Titanian Thebes, or Athens, temple-famed,
Or Rome, the miracle of mighty arms,
And whatsoe'er gigantic fancy builds
In visions of the vast and gone,—dissolve
To shadows, when Remembrance pictures thee,
Jerusalem!—alas! the wailing harp
All truly mourn'd. a throneless captive thou
In dust thy robes of beautiful array
Have wither'd; tears are on thy faded cheek,
And nothing, save a glorious past, is thine!—
Those mountains, branded by th' almighty curse,
Ascend, and look down yon sepulchral vales,
Where silence by the tramp of desert steeds
Alone is echo'd: paths of lifeless length,
Dim walls, and dusky fanes, barbaric homes,
And Arab huts,—how eloquently sad
The ruin, how sublime the tale it tells!—
Jerusalem! the clank of heathen chains
In iron wrath hath sounded o'er thy doom
For ages: sword and savage on thy blood

Have feasted; fatal martyrdom was thine
From Roman, Frank, and fiery Mameluke:
E'en now, thy wreck is made Pollution's prey;
And minarets their flashing spires uplift,
Where once the palace of Jehovah blazed!

But round thy desolation lives a dream
Of what thou wert, when Heaven o'ershadow'd thee.
Religion, fame, and glory—all endow'd
With mingled light thy once celestial home.
There 'tween thy cherubim, th' Eternal dwelt!
From out the Cloud His utter'd meaning came;
The hymn of David, and the voice of seers
By vision raptured, through thy streets have roll'd;
And He who spake as never mortal did,
In temple, dome, and synagogue proclaim'd
His awful mission:—well might warriors pause,
The poet chant, and pure apostles bend
Before thee, casting down their sacred wreaths,
Queen of the desert! once by angels walk'd,
And still where murmurs of Jehovah's lip
In dreams of melody thy vales entrance!

To such high city came Salvation's Prince,
When all was loud, on that religious eve
That marks a feast, by whose unblemish'd lamb
Was typified the Lamb of God eterne.—

But, hark! the clang of trumpets on the wind!
Down hill and mountain, red with lustrous sky
The banner'd tribes of shouting Israel come!
And how magnificently full and deep
The blended anthem!—reaching from the heart
Through Heaven's infinity, where angels list,
And waft its echo round the throne of God!
Beneath them, beautiful, and bright, and vast,
Jerusalem with all her dazzling towers
Reposing; Zion the beloved is there!
And midmost, pinnacled in golden pomp,
O'er all uplift, the gorgeous Temple stands,
And glitters, like the sheen of Alpine snow.*
While downward, jubilant with holy glee,
Enamour'd thousands to the city rush:—
Each window, roof, and balcony, alive
With gazers, scattering o'er the marching tribes
A spring of flowers, and wreaths of rosy bloom.†

While thus, from every region which the heavens
O'er-canopy, the host of Israel came
In troop and tribe, as though the archangel's trump
Had sounded, Jesus to the Temple pass'd.
Nine gates enormous, folding back like clouds
Of splendour, when the prince of morning comes,

* Vide Josephus' Description of the Temple.

† See Lightfoot and the ancient Commentators.

Round Herod's temple blazed: without were courts;
And one, the Gentile's, circling with a range
Of gleaming columns of colossal height
The rest within; and here alone, the Jew
To proselytes an entrance gave; nor deem'd
That where a Gentile vow'd, Jehovah was!
And thus, with unconcern, and loud contempt
Of holiness, convened a merchant throng
Of money-changers, in that outer court,
Whose tongue and tread the House of God defiled.
Then rose He!—like an hierarch array'd
With might celestial, or a fervid seer
In the wild tempest of prophetic ire
On realms and vices warring,—the unknown
Redeemer; driving with a corded scourge
The vile profaners, whom His visage awed
With sudden brightness of appalling power!
"'Tis written," cried a soul-commanding voice,
"My House the solemn House of prayer shall be;
But ye profane it like a den of thieves!"
While fled the crowd, a mutt'ring wonder rose,
Till the Jew, reading with an eye of wrath
The face of Christ, thus haughtily inquired:
"For this high daring, what miraculous sign,
Or what omnipotence from Heaven hast Thou?"
"This temple scatter, and ere three days end,
Command it rise again!"—Then spake the Jew,

While o'er the vastness of Jehovah's pile
His eye-glance roll'd, and thence with flashing pride
On Jesus fell:—"Through six-and-forty years
This Temple rose, and widen'd!—canst Thou crush
Its glory, and in three days bid it rise?"
But Christ of His corporeal temple spake
For resurrection doom'd. Yet words that rung
A knell of ruin o'er the noblest fane
Which earth had borne, or gazing awe beheld,—
Such fatal warning *could* not be forgiven,
E'en in that hour of agony divine
When shook the World, as pass'd her God away!

Eternity!—there is a sound and sense
Of terror, dwelling in thy dim abyss
Of meaning, whether by the spirit named
When lips are whitening in the gasp of death,
Or utter'd by the pensive voice of life.
In vain immunity and calm we seek,
Dark intimations of thy state *will* rise,
Though time be mock'd, and tombs unheeded stand.—
There was a man whom meditation charm'd
And counsell'd, by the Sanhedrim beloved
For wisdom; hiving in his inmost heart
Prophetic truths, and hopes of regal pride
For Judah destined, when her King appear'd.
All gloomy, lone, and melancholy things

To him were genial: on the face of death
His eye would fasten a devouring gaze,
For some confession! down the wizard paths
Of midnight, when the fainting moon retired,
Or planets sicken'd—by sepulchral caves
Where prince and prophet slumber'd, he would stray
And ponder, dreaming of immortal doom.
No spot or scene, where past religion shed
A glory, but to him intrancement gave.
On Horeb he had mused, and heard the choir
Of Sinai's thunders, heralding their God!
On dewy Hermon, loved by David's lyre,
And Carmel's oaken top, where trembling stood
Elijah, when the cloudy answer came,
He wander'd; and the eagle-haunted heights
Of cedar'd Lebanon by him were trod,—
That mountain chill'd by everlasting snow,
When all the firmament lies bathed in fire!

For high revealings of immortal truth
His soul was thus attun'd; and when the light
Of miracles, by Jesus' hand perform'd,
His heart illumined,—as the risen day
Doth suddenly with living splendour cheer
The gloom and hollow of deserted vales,—
Omnipotence at once his soul perceived;
Goodness and glory, such as make a God,

In Christ had met,—but where the throne of thrones,
The pomp and princedom, ancient seers announced?
And thus, through ebbing moods of doubt and faith,
The pharisee was borne, till Mercy smiled!—
'Twas on a night of meditative calm,
Devoutly while his musing spirit read
The story of creation, sin and fall,
And second Eden, by atoning grace
Procured,—that impulses of sacred power,
Led Nicodemus to consult the Lord.
And what an interview that night reveals
'Tween sinful Earth and condescending Heaven.
Go! read it, where Eternal Life is found:
The second birth of renovated souls
Commenced; the HOLY SPIRIT,—how He comes
The world to sanctify, unseen departs,
And worketh like an unbeholden wind,—
The Lord explain'd; till Nicodemus bow'd
In wonder,—doubted, trembled, and believed!
Since light was born, and condemnation found
For deeds of evil, that in darkness lurk
And blacken, hating light that brings a God.
Then ask not, how the doubter home return'd,
Or how his dream to slumber's paradise
That night was wafted on melodious wing:
From this deep hour his heaven of faith began.
A Saviour living and a Saviour dead,—

For both he pleaded, when the bravest shook,
And they who loved Him were the first to flee!

When John was prison'd, from the hating Jews
Whom miracles confounded, Jesus fled
To Galilee;—that haunt supremely loved!
Where sprung apostles, where His childhood grew,
And where He hasten'd, when from death unbound,—
Through dells of beauty, hush'd and shaded haunts,
Or meadows, whiten'd by the olive boughs
That waved and flashed amid the breezy swell,
Through each and all, as Nature's fancy tinged
And character'd her glowing realm, He pass'd,
Till day advanced, and burning, breathless noon,
When earth was heated to her inmost core,
And light and languishment the brain oppress'd,—
At Sichem[3] glitter'd round the Saviour's form.

Alone, beside a patriarchal well
He rested, wearied by the fiery toil
Of travel; while his fond disciples sought
The city, bosom'd in Gerizim's vale.
Majestic calm, and mournfulness divine,
Around Him incommunicably reign'd,—
The quiet breathed from His eternity!
So 'tranced the air, that each minutest sound
By wing, or breeze, or basking insect made,

Was audible, and seem'd profanely loud:
At that deep moment Nature knew her God,
And bade the silent elements adore!

While thus, immersed in some immortal dream
Of bright salvation, man's Redeemer sat,
There came a woman to that haunted well
Where holy Jacob, in the dawn of time,
Cool'd his hot thirst beneath a zenith sun.
A Jew!—of that abhorrent nation sprung,
That ever since on Dan and Bethel stood
Samaria's idol, bade her miscreant race
Of heaven despair, and scorn'd her rival fane,—
How spake He aught, to one of Sichem born!
With touching beauty, and with tender grace,
Messiah answer'd,—Had she known the gift
Of God, and WHO he was, that fain would drink,
A living water had divinely flow'd!—
His heaven-like mien, and voice augustly toned
With spirit-searching power, the woman awed,
And nearer still, with eye intently raised,
She wond'ring stole, and mortal-like replied;
That from the well,—o'erhung by solemn boughs
Whose shadows oft on patriarchal heads
Had play'd,—He had not now wherewith to draw,
And was He greater than their primal Sire?
Alas! the dimness which our being shrouds,
To keep us mortal in immortal hours!—

Of water springing with eternal life,
Whose fountain is the ever-during soul,
Our WISDOM spake; but when the letter still,
And not the spirit of His words, prevail'd,
Out-flash'd the prophet!—rolling back the clouds
Which on her guilty past concealment spread,
And bare before him laid her life of sin!
Then, Conscience! like a voice from other worlds,
Sudden and piercing, did thy power appeal
To yon frail woman! in her cheeks' array
Of paleness, in her eyes' dissolving shame,
It witness'd! and her loudly-beating heart
By every throb a pang to mem'ry paid!
Then, pointing to Samaria's mountain fane,
Whose massy pomp of pinnacles and towers
Rose black and solemn in the cloudless air,—
She call'd Him, Prophet! and in meekness ask'd
Where heaven from earth the purest incense
hail'd?
From Zion hill, or where her fathers knelt,
Gerizim?—whence of old, from Joshua's lip,
The full-voiced blessing by a myriad tongues
Was echoed, while from Ebal's blanched height
A curse came down, like thunder from the skies![4]

Oh! ye who narrow to the dungeon walls
Of bigotry, the limitless design of Heaven,
Approach and tremble!—God a spirit is!

And they who worship, must in spirit bend
His throne before! The universal Heart
Of man by revelation's light redeem'd,
Jehovah! *there* Thy purest temple reigns.
So heard the woman; and a hope confess'd
Of coming Glory, in whose morning beam
The night of error would dissolve away.
But when Messiah, "I who speak am HE!"
Responded,—mute, and statue-like, she stood,
Embodied wonder!—till disciples came,
And marvell'd that their own Redeemer spake
With one so branded, that her blood was crime!
But awe withheld them; and on raptur'd wings
Of speed, to Sychar back the woman rush'd,
And, like a prophetess, when new-inspir'd
To holy madness, gloryingly cried,
Through street and dwelling,—"Lo! Messiah comes!
A Man who told me all I ever did—
The SAVIOUR—by the well of Jacob sits!"
At once, to see the heaven-descended Christ,
Up the green valley, troop ecstatic throngs,
Till thick and fast the mingling shadows fell
From young Samaritans, on herb and flowers,
As on they sprang, like birds, to meet the morn!
While slow behind, the hoary-headed forms
Of age were gliding, pale with wordless joy.
"The harvest, say ye not, four months will bring?

Behold! the meadows are already white,
And he who gathers, reaps immortal fruit!"
Thus spake the Saviour, and His welcome high
The crowd attracted; dumb with deepest awe,
They linger'd;—not a heart but quaked with bliss
Divine, or thought its immortality begun!
Then, lovingly, that simple-hearted race
The mighty Stranger to their dwellings brought,
And fell before Him, in sublime belief
Exclaiming,—" Thou alone art Christ the Lord!"

From Sychar, hence to Cana Christ advanced,
And there again shone forth, incarnate God!
A nobleman, around whose only child
The shades of death were deep'ning, at His feet,
With all the father mirror'd in his eyes,
Sunk prostrate; and, in tones that tore the heart
With dreadful truth, His healing power besought,
To soothe the madness of parental wo,
And back to life a dying son recall!
" Thy son is living!"—so the Godhead spake,
And he who trusted found his faith's reward!
And thus for ever His unwearied arm
Is present; wheeling forth the worlds of night,
Or waved in mercy round the fate of man!

But His it was, though all divinely meek

Each virtue shone, to drink the bitter cup!
As in the synagogue, when call'd, as wont,
From out th' assembly, to unroll and read
The haphtoroth,[5] a deaden'd language rose
To life upon His lips!—there all in vain
The fulness of angelic wisdom spake,
By Him commanded, and the Christ declared;—
Their eyes were dark, they saw but Joseph's son!
But when of miracles for Gentiles work'd
Alone, while famish'd Israel droop'd in dust,
And on the heavens immitigably seal'd,
From dawn to midnight turn'd her mournful gaze!
When such he mention'd, to convict the soul,—
The living frame of that assembly shook
With passion! not an eye but glared revenge!
And, fell as tigers, savagely they sprung,
And bore Him upward to the rocky hill
Where hung their city; down whose awful depth
To atoms they had hurl'd the Saviour God!
But, in a moment, by its dizzy brink
Each eye was dazzled, and a Pow'r unknown
Invisibly the human chaos quell'd;—
In the full whirlwind of their fiercest ire,
They soften'd to a breezelike calm, that died
To utter stillness, when the crowd beheld
Their Victim, passing through the parted throng

Unhurt; as he who faced a fiery death,
And walk'd the furnace with the Son of Man!

To thee, Capernaum! by Messiah bless'd
And haunted, turn we now our solemn gaze.
There mead and hamlet, mountain, shore, and plain,
His presence felt, His mighty works enjoy'd;
While Nature to each theme of glory lent
Her own sweet magic, imag'ry, and power.
And seest thou, girdled in by barren wilds,
Yon blue expanse?—Gennesareth is there!
Quiescent now as meditation's hour,
Yon lake of beauty in the noontide gleams;
But when a hurricane with Syrian roar
Descends the mountain, and her calm defies,
Then, Chinnereth! thy sleeping might awakes;
And the deep billows with disastrous swell
In thund'ring harmony the winds rebuke!

By the bright waters, on the lovely beach
Of famed Tiberias, where a wondering crowd
Around Him panted for immortal truth,
Was Jesus standing; while the fisher wash'd
His net, and dried it on the pebbled shore.
Two silent vessels on the lake reposed;
The one He enter'd, and the people taught;
But ere the music of His mighty words

Was still'd,—"Launch forth! and let your nets descend,"
The Christ commanded: worn by fruitless toil,
All doubtingly did Peter's hand obey:
But when at once, with its enormous load
The net uprose! till e'en the laden ship
Beneath her living burden sank, and reel'd,
Each sound departed! tongueless air was hush'd,
As though Creation wonder'd!—then, a cry
The multitude from off the shore produced,
That scatter'd silence like a broken dream!
While Peter, quiv'ring with unearthly dread,
Fell in amazement at Messiah's feet,
And utter'd,—"Leave me, Lord! for I am vile!"
That moment his apostleship began
For ever! death and darkness, time and wo,—
From faith's high throne he overlook'd them all!
Then James and John at once that Christ revered
To whom the Elements their laws resign'd,
And laid their sceptres down. Of old prevail'd
The prayer of prophets, for the sick and dead
Arising; but a word that ruled the waves
And travell'd ocean with creative might,
Had ne'er till now a lip of clay inspired!

To this high deed, an unrecorded mass
Of miracles in one successive blaze

Was added: when the sun's expiring gleam
Flash'd o'er Capernaum, round Messiah's door
Disease assembled all her ghastly troop
Of martyrs:—in an instant, ere a sound
Could perish, health's untainted blood return'd!
The lame and sightless, palsied, deaf, and dumb,
Recover'd,—fleet as resurrection's change!
And thus, by deed embodying all Isaiah sung,
Through town and village the Redeemer went,
And rested never from His glorious toil;
Except when God th' incarnate Son adored,
As oft He did, in melancholy wilds,
Where, all unseen, the Man of Sorrows knelt,
And moved the heavens with magnifying prayer!

And must we sink, in lifeless wonder lost,
Amid the glory of transcendent deeds?—
The power, but not the principle sublime,
Is hidden, whence Creation's ruling Lord
Each miracle derived;—and that is love,
Which link by link connects a thousand worlds,
And chains them all to *one* almighty Throne!
This earth,—what is it, but a glorious mass
Of might and terror, visibly array'd?
Behold the sun, eternity's first-born,
In flaming stillness how he travels on
Dominions vast beyond extent to name!

The mountains, cover'd with mysterious calm,
Like thrones of immortality; or view
The lordly hills that rise from earth to heaven,
And take our spirit with them!—moon and star,
When night has marshall'd her majestic worlds,—
Or, when the Storm's ejaculations rise,
And thunder bellows from his cloudy lair,
Go, wander by the antiquated sea,
That rolls her music through the soul of man
In living echo to her Maker's voice!
And what, if thus when all are seen and felt,
Thy mortal nothingness with terror prove,
How far from Infinite the finite stands!—
So might it be, if POWER alone subdued
Our comprehension: but behind the veil
We enter! lo, the HIGH and LOFTY ONE!
And Love and Light His attributes reveal.

Then shall the elements, with louder voice
And loftier meaning, nature's worship teach,
Than miracles by Jesu's word perform'd?—
For true example, not inactive awe,
Messiah lived; and he who soars to Him,
Mounts the pure region of exalted mind,
That shines abroad in mediatorial love,
Which hue nor language, creed nor climate bounds,
But sunlike falls on universal Man!

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK V.

. . . . . "All the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea."—*Milton.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK V.

SOLITUDE—how exaltedly employed when devoted to a contemplation of the glorious plan of Redemption—The Sermon on the Mount—Scenery—A summary of its doctrines—The measureless good they have effected in the world since first promulgated—Christ at Capernaum—A leper cleansed—Escapes from the multitude who would force Him to be their king—Passage over the lake—Storm—Peril and affright of the disciples—Jesus rebukes the elements to perfect calm—The demoniac—A description of his horrid sufferings—the demons are expelled, and their victim cured—How utterly impossible for human pen to paint or express the divine loveliness of the Redeemer's actions and character—The daughter of Jairus—Her youth, education, sickness, and death—The father's despair—Arrival of the Saviour—His miraculous display of power in recalling the spirit to life—From hence Messiah goes to Galilee, passes a night in prayer, and on the morrow elects His disciples—Then pass in retrospective view their triumphs and toils, as they are recalled by the associations and scenes of Nazareth—Jesus goes to Nain—Calls to life the widow's son—Description of the miracle—Reflections on the tenderness of Christ in his conduct to women—The Magdalene—Christ again at Jerusalem—Cures a man at the pool of Siloam—The Jews' mock observance of the Sabbath—Observed best by imitation of Christ—Messiah enters the desert of Bethsaida—Feeds a multitude—Reflections on this surpassing miracle—Our strange neglect of the wonderful love daily exhibited by God to man—The disciples embark on the lake—Storm—Appearance of Christ walking on the waters—Peter's faith and despair—Lesson taught by his presumption—The Transfiguration—Pride still the dominant principle in the disciples' souls—Christ blesses little children, and proposes them as examples of what his followers should be—The woman taken in adultery—Her accusers how appalled and subdued by conscience—The feast of lights—Raising of Lazarus—Christ's triumphant entry through Jericho to Jerusalem—The widow's mite—The Saviour's last farewell of the Holy City—His prediction of its terrible fate—A vision of its fall.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK V.

How beautiful the soul's religious calm
When thought is heav'nward, and the chainless mind,
Like soaring Enoch, to her God ascends?
And, oh! how glorious, by some vision led,
To travel back six thousand years, and view
When first the generated world began,
And moulded all beneath her Maker's eye.
The new-born winds, the ocean's young delight,
Heard in a rhapsody of rolling waves;
With every tint and motion, gleam or glance
Of life and matter,—from the lyric host
Of stars, with quiring gratulation loud,
To fairy insect and minutest flower,—
Of each and all Imagination dreams,
When Earth lay basking in Jehovah's smile!

But what is this, or all th' amazing stream
Of glories, terrors, and supernal acts

Of truth and judgment, down the mighty page
Devolved, to thine all-wond'rous plan,
Redemption?—vast beyond the vastest dream
That circles round the comprehending soul,
Thy power extendeth!—nature's utmost bounds,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to higher worlds,
And higher still, till gasping wonder fails;
Immensity, and all Eternal Mind
Created, fills, or may hereafter frame,—
Redeemer, Thou wilt reign as Lord of all!

But lo! the mount, whereon Messiah sat
And taught; while multitudes with lifted gaze,
And soul that listen'd with suspended breath,
Beneath Him swarm'd, to drink eternal life,
Whose fountain issued from the throne of God.
The spring was forth; young loveliness and bloom
Her reign attested; trees and meadows flash'd
With verdant lustre, while the shaken flowers
Their scent and beauty to the breeze resign'd
With playful murmur.—From its sacred top
A bright extent of ever-changing view*
The beatific mount o'ergazed: from thence,
Gilboa, where, amid the chariot rush
Of Philistines, the dying Saul despair'd,

* *Vide* Wilson's Travels; and Maundrell's Journey, p. 155, *eighth edition.*

Was seen to lift her Pyrenean crags
And cloudlike spires; Gennesareth's azure mass
Of waters, and the snow-clad Hermon's height,
Conspicuous beam'd; and all which gave
To hallow'd words an instantaneous glow
Of life and feeling, full before him lay.
Bethulia glitter'd in a thousand eyes,
When Jesus of the hill-throned city spake;
The lily-flowers, which neither toil nor spin,
Yet, beautiful beyond arrayed Solomon!
In golden freshness on the meadows waved;
And when on providential care alone
He bade terrestrial want repose, and cried,
"Behold the fowls your heavenly Father feeds!"—
Their wings exulted on the air around,
And fired a precept with example's force.

Oh! what a scene of heart-affecting power
Was there beheld!—the consecrated mount,
On whose green summit sat the SON OF MAN;
The words He utter'd: deep and awful tones,
Yet tender in their might, as moonlight sounds
From Ocean's lip; with all unclouded spring
Of fresh and fair commandeth; and the crowds
Which hung like bees upon the mountain side,
As thick and numberless; yet hush'd and chain'd
To utter calm, as though their living mass

Together breathed but one absorbing soul!—
Religion! thou wert throned in godlike pomp
Amid a scene transcendently endow'd
Like this with attributes of holy might,
Beyond the Temple in its costliest hour.

And what a doctrine of almighty depth
Messiah founded, when His truth declared,
In meekness lies the majesty of man!—
At once the wisdom of the world was dumb,
And Fortune blasted on her throne of bliss!
The ways of pleasantness, the paths of peace,
Are dim and narrow, tracks of noiseless gloom,
Which glory flies, and grandeur seldom walks:
The poor in spirit, and the meek in heart,
Who thirst and hunger for Thy righteous Word,—
Oh! these are blest, for Thine unerring voice
Hath call'd them so, and crown'd their lowly lot,
And sanctified the unrebellious tear:
To them divinely was the blessing given;
And while in shed or cottage, swamp or wild,
The sacred pangs of poverty endure,
There Goodness and her Lord may constant meet,
And Charity, with soft and silent foot,
Move like an angel to a deed of heaven!

And vaster truths, unspeakably divine,

Which live before the Throne, and light effuse
O'er all who worship their immortal Source,—
Did Christ reveal:—of uncomplaining love,
Forgiving as it hopes to be forgiven;
Of sanctity, within the spirit shrined;
Of passion rooted from terrestrial ties,
And trampled, as the soul's unhallow'd weed;
Of alms in secret,—temples in the mind,
Where God in dedicated moments comes
To earth unknown;[1] and needs no trumpet-voice
To tell the world a conscious sinner prays;
Of providence, life's angel, ever nigh,
That feeds the bird, and robes the meadow flower;
Of lofty hope, and meditative peace;
And feeling, touch'd with man's infirmity,
O'ercoming wrong with mercy's tender gaze,—
That looks aside when human error falls,
But loves a virtue in its frailest hour!
Of these He spake, and taught believing man
A worship, which eternal Wisdom loves:
He, whom the universal choir of worlds
Doth chant, *our* falt'ring tongues may Father call!—
Glory of glories!—can archangels boast
A voice, or language of mysterious love,
Surpassing this?—that bids "OUR FATHER!" sound
From lip of mortals, when a soul renews
Her solemn intercourse with Christ and Thee!

Give ear, O Heaven! thou wond'ring Earth, be still,
For here is love, so measureless and deep,
That feeling staggers, and expression fails,
Or ventures only,—let Thy will be done!
Oh! long as man upon creation moves,
In solemn aisles of monumental gloom
Ascending with a loud melodious swell;
In rustic fane, or tranquil home beloved,
By hoary age, or lisping childhood breathed;
From cave or desert, dungeon, rock, or sea,
That mighty prayer upon the mountain taught,
To Heaven and Jesus may it ever rise,
And win the mercy it was framed to woo!

His task is o'er, the sacred Teacher gone,
And the last murmur of descending feet
Dies on the hill; where now a breeze awakes
The spring-born flowers. till livingly they stir,
And tremble into low sweet song again.
But all the host who heard Immortal Truth
Upon the beatific mount declared,
Are vanished, like the dew of yesterday!
And thrones and states and Babylonian piles
Have wither'd; dust has claim'd its dead
For ever, quenching in sepulchral sleep
The earth's unquiet generations gone;
Yet, pure as perfect, Christ's majestic law

High o'er the wreck of men and things endures!
And will,—till heaven and earth dissolve away!

What toils and agonies, what glorious tears
And blessed pangs by penitence sublimed,
The earth has known, though unrecorded left!—
O Hist'ry! thou hast done the world a wrong
Immense and mournful; on the alpine height
Of human greatness, thine enamour'd gaze
Has linger'd; mindless in that partial mood
Of silent virtue in the vale below!—
And robed thy themes of darkness with a veil
Of bright attraction, as the thunder wraps
His ruin oft in clouds of glorious spell:
Yet better far, had thy pervading glance
From earthly pomp to scenes of heavenly truth
Descended; marking how the Saviour's word
Had triumph'd, how it lived in lonely hearts
And aching bosoms, weeded daily life
Of sin and wo, and dried the widow's tear.
Sublime of sermons! atheistic tongues
Have bless'd thee, and the worldling's rocky soul
Gush'd into tears beneath thy tender sway!
When life is gladness, or when sorrow flings
A sudden autumn o'er the leaves of joy,
The purest oracle of peace and love
Which Time has utter'd since the world began!

But thou, Capernaum! once again the arm
Almighty bares itself for thee, and thine,
Oh, misbelieving land! to heaven upraised
And hell cast down.—A grim and ghastly wreck,
Upon his face beneath Messiah's feet
A leper falls, there lifts his bloodshot gaze,
And with a voice of choked and dying tone
His help implores:—From Egypt's fiery realm
The dread corruption came, when burning noon
Flamed o'er the limbs of Pharaoh's toil-worn slaves;
And now, a victim of its direst rage
The Son of Man beheld. Each sign accursed
Disease had printed on his mould'ring form;
Till fruit had wither'd in the hot embrace
Of each infected hand!—let fancy shrink,
But still a martyrdom of Nature see,
Then, picture how the LORD OF BEING look'd!
When graciously his godlike hand approach'd,
The leper touch'd, and with a word divine
Commanded,—"Be thou clean!"—and lo! he sprang
To earth again, a free and perfect man,
And pure as childhood in its glowing prime;
For health with instantaneous gush o'erflow'd
His being,—like the world's untainted Sire
He stood in glory, eyeing earth and heaven,
As though his spirit would encircle all!

And well might gratitude obedience quench;
On wings, that seem'd round every limb to play,
O'er mount and vale the ecstatic creature fled,
A living miracle! and cried aloud,
" A God! a God! His mighty cure behold!"
Roused into motion, like autumnal leaves
By wind invoked, a rushing host that cry
Re-echoed; onward with exulting speed
To fall in worship round the wondrous God
They came:—but not in Him, the loud uproar
Of shouting numbers, nor the false delight
Of glory flashing over envious eyes,
Nor crown, nor throne upon the dying breath
Of sudden wonder raised,—acceptance found.
The shady desert, and the dark-bough'd wild
Again He haunted; there, amid the calm
Of Nature, hush'd to an instinctive awe,
Alone THE EVERLASTING pray'd, and thought.
But, vain seclusion! through the verdant depth
Of solemn woods the rush of thronging feet
Advanced; and voices, with a sea-like roar
Confused and clashing, round the Saviour roll'd:
'Twas then, escaping from the countless herd,
Upon the lake His prompt disciples launch'd
Their bark, and bore the great Redeemer on.
Far o'er the blue and glossy waters sail'd
The boat,—serene as yonder twilight cloud

It moved, whose haven was the ruddy west.
In pillow'd slumber on the silent deck
The Son of Man reposed: sublimely calm
His features in the light of evening shone;
And oft entranced some fond disciples stood
To gaze upon His holy sleep, and draw
Transcendent meaning from a face divine!

But ere the twilight, with her fairy crowd
Of splendours, melted in the dark embrace
Of night, with soul intent the seamen heard
The incantation of a storm begin!—
The air was toned with sadness, like a sigh
Of broken hearts, or moan of guilty dreams
When midnight is confessor! O'er the lake
There ran a sudden and a breezy life,
Till ripples flash'd and bubbling foam began
To whiten o'er the waters: in the sky
No mercy dawns!—for all is scowling there,
And savage clouds are in funereal march,
Benighting heaven with one enormous gloom!—
But hark! with ominous array it comes,
Creation's tyrant!—list the tempest howls!
The south-east sends her hurricane, and back
The Jordan with affrighted motion rolls!
The lake upheaves her dark and dreadful might,
Till billows writhe in agonizing play

Along the surface!—loud and living shapes
Of water, battling with the winds they seem,
And make a thunder wheresoe'er they move!—
In that wild hour, when star nor moon reveal'd
A solace, and the only light that gleam'd,
Shone when the lightning with a wizard flash
Call'd the dun mountains into dreary form
And station!—then the pale disciples ran
And cried,—" We perish! save us, Lord! arise!"
He heard; He rose; and while the vessel creak'd,
And cordage rattled in the roaring gale
Like wither'd branches in a forest-wind,
Till o'er the deck the climbing billows rush'd,
And darken'd round her with devouring yell!
His hand he waved, the rolling storm rebuked,—
The Tempest knew her God,—and still'd!
Then o'er Tiberias, calm as cradled sleep,
The moon uprose; and in her mellow sway
Each cloud dissolved, as angry feeling dies
By music overcome; and once again
The doubting crew their winged bark beheld,
With stars above, and star-lit waves beneath,
Serenely gliding on to Gadarene:
Oh! then, amid that elemental trance,
The meek reproach of their forgiving Lord
Was felt!—Each gazed on each with holy fear;
The calm of Nature grew a fearful charm;

For sea and air with more than language cried,
"The waters hear Him and the winds obey!"

The shore is reach'd; but what unearthly shape,
What thing accurst, in human semblance clothed,
Foaming and wild, with eye-balls sternly fix'd,
Glares on them!—like a cavern'd brute aroused
By errant footsteps, when her whelps are nigh?—
O Prince of Darkness! and ye Powers of Air,
By Heaven permitted, from the fiery doom
Of hell's abyss, to roam the peopled earth
Awhile, and enter in the breathing frame
Of mortals, maddening with demonian rage
Both blood and spirit,—there *your* victim stands!
Thou dreaded martyr! words and feelings fly
Aghast, or shudder round thy gloomy pangs!
Thy limbs are bare, and down their wither'd length
The blood has track'd the lacerating stone,
Tormented Madness from the hills hath wrung
To glut her agony!—among the tombs
Thy dwelling is; from human sound apart,
The dead around thee in sepulchral caves
Of rocky darkness,*—there thy spirit moans,
Or mutters, till the very mountains seem
Appall'd to echo with thy blasphemy!

* See Maundrell's Account of the Ancient Tombs, &c. &c.

But, dreader far, when night's dominion came
To hear thy howlings!—e'en the desert beast
Hath trembled when the horrid echoes rang;
While, pillow'd on a sleeping mother's breast,
The infant shook to think thy shadow nigh!

Thus stood the maniac, and in silence flash'd
The terror of his demon-haunted eyes
Through each disciple soul!—but ere a limb
Could move, that dreadless VOICE, which made
The roaring tempest mute, and never spake
But Heaven was raptured, and profoundest Hell
With agonies of coming doom convulsed,
Or shaken,—like omnipotence arose:
" Come forth, defiler!"—and the spirit fell
In kneeling torture at Messiah's feet!
There,—" By the living God!" dark LEGION cried,
" Thou Jesus! Son of the Most High! adjured,
Before our time, torment us not! nor plunge
Our spirits in th' infernal deep again,
But let us enter in yon mountain prey."
When thus permitted,—like a gentle dawn
His soul emerged, and spread each vital hue
Of nature o'er the freed demoniac's frame:
And when the crowding Gadarenes advanced
In gazing terror round Messiah's form,—
No bleeding maniac from the rocky tombs

They witness'd, but a man renew'd and mild,
From Hell deliver'd, at the feet of Christ
Reposing, with his native vesture clad:
There as he sat, how superhuman seem'd
The great Restorer!—thanks in wonder died;
But what a language in his lifted eye,
Whose words were tears,—the eloquence of joy!

Divine perfection of embodied Love!
Supremely fair, insufferably bright,
By Thee, the Muse, how dazzled!—all is deep,
August, and holy, where Thy presence rules;
The bigot tamed, the hypocrite unmask'd,
The law illumined, and blinded Israel taught
The darkness of exclusive faith was o'er,[2]
That Light approach'd, and from immortal depths
Began to play along th' unbounded world!—
Him, Son of Alpheus! though the luring world
Had long enchain'd thee; thou didst not refuse,
When,—" Follow me!" fell sudden on thine ear,
And thou wert His! by solemn faith redeem'd.

But what awaits us?—let maternal hearts,
Whose every beat is love, approach and tell,
Oh life! how beautiful thy maiden bloom
In that bright morn, when youth's unfolded years,
Like rising veils before enchantment spread,

Recede, and down a fairy vista roams
The glancing joy of Expectation's eye!
Then day by day, as some meek violet rear'd
By fondling sunshine, grows the virgin mind
In home's retreat, till childhood melts away,
And dawning womanhood her smile begins.
Then all is fair; affection's graceful smile
From out a purity of spirit plays;
And life and motions, inspirations are
To tone the voice or teach the step delight;
The frown of sorrow, though it shade the cheek,
Can never dim the soul, whose placid tears
Melt as they rise, the tender dew of wo!
Romance is true, reality a dream;
And cares,—oh! what are they, but minute clouds
That speck the ether of the calmest life!

And canst thou, Death! congenial dungeons quit,
Where thou art woo'd by dark and wretched men;
To come where youth and loveliness unite
Their magic, and the breath of life is joy?—
Alas! the knells, that with diurnal grief
The wind intone; alas! the frequent pall,
The church-yard tales, on tomb and stone rehearsed,
The blinded chamber, or the weeping home
Where round some coffin drooping parents bend,

Like marble shapes of monumental wo,—
Thy victims tell, thy savage choice reveal!

Then think, if in bereavement's blackest hour,
When flooding agonies the brain o'erwhelm,
And a *last* gaze seems looking life away,
The parted spirit of the dead return'd!—
For such a scene hath Revelation drawn.
On Jairus Heaven an only child bestow'd;
A lovely scion, round whose being twined
The clinging fondness of parental fear:
For beautiful as Syria's lonely flowers,
That wave and murmur on the shady top
Of wooded Lebanon,—her form had grown
From infancy, till now, revealing time
Had written woman on her virgin cheek.

Born in that land where summer's pregnant beam
Was brightest, where the fruits of Eden hung,
And the rich mulberry spread a snowy bloom,
While grapes empurpled ev'ry terraced hill,—
Her shape and spirit magic influence caught
From Syria's clime of glory;—nature's grace,
By power of exquisite attraction, seem'd
Reflected from it! light and beauty fill'd
Her soul, and flash'd from those irradiate eyes;
And walk'd she not, as Israel's daughter would,

The mighty scenes where patriarchal feet
Had trodden, where the God of Zion spake!—
Lake, fount, and river, and the mountains three
Which camp'd her warriors, and that still o'erlook
Esdraelon's plain, where tented Arabs dwell,
Around whose home, when dewy nightfall comes,
The gambling flocks to reedy murmurs play.*
From each and all pure inspiration sprung,
And told how beautiful religion look'd
By youth entempled in a spotless heart!

And yet on her, so delicately young,
Infection breathed, and poison'd blood and brain,
Till all the bloom of animation died!
Her form was blighted, and her faded cheek
The pallid certainty of coming doom
Betray'd:—oh, hear it, Heaven!—a father's prayer
Ascends the sky, to claim a brighter hope:
Away! with agonizing speed he flies,
Nor treads the ground, nor hears the city-roar,
Nor feels the motion of his moving limbs!—
Condensed and darken'd into wild despair
His soul became, till Nature's functions fail'd,
And earth was reeling from his dazzled gaze!
When full amid the pharisaic throng

* See Malte Brun on Palestine.

He rush'd, and prostrate with a burst of wo,
Unloosed the spirit from her horrid trance!—
" My daughter, Lord! her dying pangs approach,
But hasten! touch her with Thy healing hand,
And yet my child shall live;"—Ere Jesus came,
Her spirit vanish'd, like a lovely sound!

The house of mourning:—hark! the funeral dirge,
The doleful flutes, and dying melodies
Of instrumental tone, or wailing yells
Of frantic grief and mercenary wo.*
But, enter!—there in yon sepulchral room,
Alone a childless mother comes to seal
The lids of death, and on the marble lip
Imprint a long and last—the parting kiss.
And shall the worm of putrefaction feed
On that young form, of beauty's finest mould?
The light and life of twelve enchanted years,
All sunk and shaded in remorseless dust!—
Oh agony! could thawing tears the soul
Dissolve, let suff'ring nature shed them now.
While o'er thy cheek, so eloquently pale,
Once full of rosy life, her bending eye
With dreadful speculation broods,—beloved,
And blessed! all thy winning ways and smiles,

* Abbé Fleury's Account of Jewish Ceremonies, &c. &c.

Thy look and laugh, in one sweet throng, return
Upon her, till thy warm and living breath
Again is playing round affection's heart!
But ah! her martyr'd frame's convulsive heave,—
As if in that chaotic gloom of mind,
When feeling is our only faith, the soul
Would rive the body, and at once be free,—
Betokens thou art death, and she despair!

Believe, and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!
There as she stood, delirious, rack'd, and wild,
The Saviour enter'd, and his soothing glance
Fell on the mother's torn and troubled heart,
As moonlight on the ocean's haggard scene!
The wailing minstrel, and the dirge of death,
He bade them cease;—" The maiden is not dead,
But sleepeth!" Then around her vestal couch
The mourning parents, with His chosen Three,
Advanced, and in the midst, divinely calm,
The Son of Man!—In lifeless beauty laid,
A loveliness, and not the gloom of death,
The virgin wore; and on her placid cheek
The light of dreams reposed: oh! ne'er could dust
A purer sacrifice from death receive!
But when He stoop'd, and held her icy hand,

And utter'd, "Maid, arise!" the beating heart
Of wonder, doubt, delight, and awful fear,
Was hush'd!—for, swift as echo to the voice
Replies, the spirit of the dead awoke
At His high summons! whether from the arms
Of angels, lock'd in some oblivious trance;
Or from the bloom and breath of Paradise,
Amid beatitude,—to earth recall'd,
To us unknown; enough for man to know,
That when the Lord of resurrection spake,
The soul return'd!—and mark its coming glow;
Soft o'er each deaden'd cheek the rosy light
Of cherub slumber steals; the eyes unfold,
And lift their veiny lids, as matin flowers,
When dew and sunshine fascinate their gaze;
In red and smiling play the lips relax,
And, delicate as music's dying fall,
The throb of life begins!—she moves! she breathes!
The dead hath risen, and a living child
Sinks on the bosom of maternal love!

From hence, to Galilee, the Prince of Life
Again retreated; there His own beloved
Receiv'd Him not, but savagely repell'd
The Nazarene; alas! they little dreamt
What shrouded glory lived in Mary's Son!
But from the vain, whom pomp alone allured,

To multitudes of meek and aidless men,
Who, faint and scatter'd, for instruction pined,
And tractable,—the mild Redeemer turn'd.
Upon the mountain, when a night of prayer
Had passed, and awful Invocation knelt,
The Twelve were chosen,—gifted, arm'd, inspired;
And yet, how poor!—a Galilean tribe
By man untaught, to wisdom's ranks unknown;
But not as ours are Thine unfathom'd ways,
Jehovah! in the mean Thy might display'd
Its vastness; on the low Thy lofty truth
Descended; out of weakness wisdom sprung;
So light from darkness, worlds from nothing, came!

And these were living oracles, whose voice
Was power,—whose doctrine, an eternal life!
To them was portion'd this almighty task:—
"Advance! though Hell's dark legions rise, advance!
And preach the kingdom of approaching Heaven.
Nor gold, nor silver, raiment, staff, nor scrip,
Provide, but enter ye the city gates;
The lame restore, the dead recal, the blind
Illumine, cleanse the leper, heal the sick,
And hurl the demon from the haunted soul!
Be wise as serpents, innocent as doves;
Beware of all, but flatter none;—for thrones
Shall tremble, and the cheek of kings

Look blasted, and your words of lightning cleave
The spirits that appal ye,—when the lash
Is loudest, and the blood of trial flows,
Advance, and fear not!—for your very hairs
Are number'd; Heaven is round about your path,
And he who offers to the parched lip
A cup of water, him will God repay!"

And did they not?—unveil, immortal heavens!
Your host reveal, and answer!—let the world
Reply; or bid the Past her solemn pall
Uplift, and there, along the boundless scene
Of time departed, shines the glorious track
Of true apostles!—On their heads the curse
Was wreak'd, and fires of persecution rain'd!
Their limbs were torn, around them dungeons gaped,
And yet they ceased not; still the cry was heard,
"Redemption! on the Cross a Saviour hung;
Repent, believe, and be for ever blest!"

Transcendent martyrs! round your awful brows
Seraphic wreaths are twined, and ye adore,
In throned array, the Co-ETERNAL THREE!
But with your presence, not your power sublime
Departed still around us in their might,
Recorded, mercies, miracles, and truths
Divine, are breathing:—by whose vital sway

Are sanction'd all that daily life enjoys
Of charity, protection, faith, and peace;
The light of laws, the liberty of home,
Content, and all that makes a country dear.

From what high armory, celestial band!
Were your bright weapons taken? Was your creed
A pliant courtier, bending to the will
Tyrannic?—culling from each varied clime,
Or doctrine, some accordant hue to please
A passion, flatter doubt, or soothe despair;
Or did ye with the mind's undaunted truth
Condemn the vices of corrupted man?
Against the passions, wheresoe'er they ruled,
Ye march'd; and fought them in their fiercest shape
Of lust and pride, and dark ambition's dreams,
And hopes which make eternity a lie,
By moulding heaven to each infirm desire![3]

O trav'ller! far from England's elmy dales
To Syria wafted, in the trance of noon,
When thou art seated on some rocky cliff
Of Nazareth, and think'st that there, unknown,
In meek subjection, lived the Son of Man,
Till came the hour, when, like a buried stream
Of glory bursting into sudden day,
The mighty doctrine which embraced a world

Rose into light and ran its vast career,—
What visions o'er thy brain and spirit roll?[4]
The flood of cent'ries, in their fancied roar
Thou hear'st them sweeping!—but amid the tide
Of desolation over king and kingdom pour'd,
The Rock of Ages—based on earth, indeed,
But tow'ring to the skies—unshaken stands,—
A monument to Immortality!

But now, from everlasting triumph fresh
And ardent, met the apostolic band
Once more around Him; then to lovely Nain,
By Hermon shaded, o'er whose dazzling snow
A mid-noon burn'd, the godlike Jesus went.
Whoe'er thou art, a scene of touching might
And tender beauty waits thy spirit there.
And yet, how simple!—such as link mankind
Together by unbroken ties of soul,
The glories of the gospel!—*from* the heart
They spring, and *to* the heart alone appeal
With eloquence divine.

Behold, as Noon
Was calming from her hot meridian rage,
And Tabor o'er Esdraelon's verdure threw
A longer shade, where cooling Kishon ran
His midway course, the Lord of mercy reach'd

The mountain-dell, where Nain of Hermon stands.
But ere He enter'd, came a mournful troop
In dark procession from the city gates:
The air was wrung with anguish; and the dirge
Fell sad and frequent on Messiah's ear!
While midmost, on a mantled bier upborne,
A youth was carried to an early grave—
An only child, the star of widow'd home,
In whose fond ray a mother's spirit smiled!
With what a sense of beautiful delight
Her ear drank in the father's fancied voice,
Still in her son triumphant o'er the tomb!
How tenderly her soul's creative eye
Gazed on the meanings of his manly face,
And made each feature all the sire restore
In proud resemblance!—while a sacred hope
Survived, that when her widow'd race was done,
His hand would smoothe, his gentle voice attend
Her dying bed; and tears of filial truth
Fall on the flowers that graced a mother's tomb!
But Heaven had frown'd,—her living star was set,—
In the bright morning of its beauty gone
For ever!—Pity! thine are barren tears,
And unrefreshing as the thunder-drops
On burning sands, to wo intense as this!
For life and feeling in the grave descend,
And sounds of comfort, like the clam'rous waves,

In heedless revel o'er the ocean dead,
Awake no echoes in her spirit now!

But on they come, the sad funereal crowd,
And deep o'er all the blended tones of grief
A heart-wrung widow's lamentations rise,
Distinctive of the mother!—Not a gaze
That is not dew'd, or dim; the young men weep,
As fancy pictures, on yon cover'd bier,
Their pale companion, from whose mirthful brow
So many a gleam of young enjoyment flash'd,
Like daily sunshine over kindred hours:
The aged bow their heads, to dreams of death
Surrender'd; parents muse on buried hopes,
Or clasp the living with a fearful joy!
And e'en the children, as the mourning train
Advances, from unthinking revel cease,
And sadden down the innocence of glee.
'Twas then the Lord of Life and Death approach'd
The long procession—then a widow's tear
Was mighty, for it moved the Saviour's soul!
At once, majestic, through the yielding crowd,
Beside the corse He came, the bier He touch'd,—
Then, moveless as the dead, that living host
Stood silent!—every throbbing breeze grew loud,
And motions of the human heart were heard
In the deep hush of this portentous hour!

The awful coming of some dread display
Each soul awaited: then was heard—"ARISE!"
The spirit answer'd, and the youth arose!
And to his mother took Messiah's hand
Her only child!

Oh! ask not, what excess
Of rapture, what ecstatic shriek of joy,
What thrilling fires of new affection rose,
When heart to heart the beat of life return'd,
As there they stood, unutterably blest,
Each twined round each, affection's holy pair!
The mountain top, though daring clouds retreat
Below it, oft victorious feet ascend;
And down the ocean have undaunted eyes
Descended; but the height and depth of love
Maternal,—who shall meet its boundless sway?
But rather witness how one eager gaze,
From the vast multitude's concentred awe,
Is bent on Jesus!—dreadful light enrobes
His form, divinity His features wear,
And as He moves, in loud hosannahs rise,—
"Our God hath visited His people NOW!"

And thus, whene'er the tears of woman fall,
Compassion! in the LORD of pity view
Thy godlike semblance; never from His lip

The unfeeling language of a loud rebuke
Descended, when the soul of woman cried!
And was not this example? Ere the tongue
Can utter, or the eye a wo reveal,
Her smile is round us, like a guardian spell
Which nothing scatters, save the tyrant gloom
Of death; and *then*, whose unforsaking glance,
Till the last hue of being fade, from dawn
To midnight keeps angelic watch beside
The ebbing spirit,—lighting it to heaven?
'Tis action makes the world of man; but life
Is feeling, such as gentler woman bears;
The fairy people of her inward world
Are true affections; when the blight hath touch'd
Or wrong'd their beauty, darkly cold this earth
Becomes, the elements of being fade,
And silence is the sepulchre of thought,
Wherein the anguish of her spirit dwells!

But should there yet some icy soul remain
That never melted at a woman's tear,
Let such advance, and meet THE SAVIOUR'S eye!
Behold a chamber; round a simple board,
On circling couches, with unsandal'd feet
Reclined, a pharisaic throng convened;
Amid them, the Redeemer; as He lay,
Behind him crept a penitential form

Of faded beauty; years had fiercely traced,
And chronicled with Time's disastrous pen,
The countless agonies of guilty wo
On her palse visage! from whose haggard eyes
The tears gush'd big and bright, while down her neck,
In fine luxuriance, fell unheeded locks
Of blackest lustre:—in her hand appear'd
An alabaster box of rich perfume.
But when her flood of anguish on the feet
Of Christ intruded, with her flowing hair
The tears she dried, and costly unction pour'd:—
Divinely humbled, *That* mysterious head
She would not dare profane! but, sin abash'd,
Upon his feet alone an ointment due
She pour'd,—the sad and silent Magdalene!

On her, as some mute parent's pensive gaze
The home-returning child of error greets,
Messiah look'd; but from the scorner's eye
A scornful flash of indignation broke,
To think a vile corruption, frail as she,
Might touch a prophet, or communion hold
With mortal sanctity!—yet ere contempt
Grew vocal, He, whose comprehensive glance
Both heaven and earth, and time and space commands,
And from the dungeon of the darkest soul
The craven thought with sudden light expels,—

The brooding rancour of self-righteous man,
Perceived, and thus the hidden soul unmask'd:
"Two debtors once a creditor forgave;
Five hundred one, the other fifty pence.
Which loved him most?"—"The one forgiven most,"
The cow'ring Pharisee at once replied,
With curling lip, and brow that blacker grew!
"Behold yon woman!—she hath loved the most,
And is the most forgiven!"—Deadly rage
At those high words, which to JEHOVAH's lip
Belong'd, and character'd almighty power,—
How fiercely did that proud assembly feel!
They spake not; but the blood's resentful ire
Flow'd on each visage with a fiery rush
Of inward passion! while derisive tones
Around the table murmuringly ran,—
That He, a throneless heir of mortal clay,
The sanction of tremendous God assumed,
And pardon'd one by pharisaic creed
Accurs'd, whose presence was defiling breath,
Than whom, for their celestial robe to touch,
To hug the pestilence were purer far!—
In deep soliloquy of hate and dread
So mutter'd each dark soul; but, mildly firm,
IMMANUEL then to weeping Mary cried—
"By faith forgiven, in thy peace depart!"

Again Jerusalem's Mosaic feast
Return'd, and Christ within her hoary walls
Hath enter'd, and beside Bethesda's pool,
Unknown amid the lazar-crowd, appears,
Beneath the porches lying. Round the bath
A pillar'd shade five tow'ring clusters threw,
Where each with ravenous impatience eyed
The blood-stain'd waters! panting for the hour
Medicinal, when some high Angel stirr'd
The healing pool:—as oft a summer lake
Convulsively a thrilling breeze attests,
Bethesda rippled into mystic life
Beneath the wave of his unshadow'd wings!

Amid the martyrs, pale o'er all the rest,
And ghastly, bearing on his palsied frame
The loathsome curse of eight-and-thirty years'
Dread malady!—an aidless victim met
Divine compassion, when his Lord approach'd.
"Wilt thou be whole?" the GREAT PHYSICIAN cried:—
"My limbs are moveless!—lo, the crowd advance
Down in the waters ere my weakness come."
As man to man, the pining creature spake;
But when, "Arise! thy bed uplift, and walk!"
Commanded Jesus,—limb and life renew'd
Their freshness! free as Sampson in his hour

Of glory, with his couch the man uprose,
While magic blood, like streaming rapture, ran
From vein to vein,—how exquisitely felt!
He walk'd, but not unenvied; savage frowns
Were seen, and stern the loud resentment rose:—
"A broken Sabbath! did it not condemn
The cure? that burden! was it not profane?"
The rebel heart of Jewish envy cried.
Thou hypocrite! let days and seasons quench
Thy soul, and narrow down the lofty creed
Of true religion; vital worth ascends
Beyond them; Goodness is a godlike power,
And active; she doth lead an angel life,
But keeps a holy calendar in heaven!

O mighty Founder of immortal faith,
Unblemish'd JESU! Thy denouncing words
Have been fulfill'd: the race, who mock'd Thy deeds,
And darken'd all Thy bright perfection did
Of good and wondrous for afflicted man,
Have drench'd the cup of wrath, and are become
The scoff and vileness of the peopled globe!
But have *we* not Thy sacred Word defiled,
Thy law profaned, the light of truth repell'd,
And often crucified Thee o'er again,
Lamb of the World!—Descend, O Lord! descend
And lighten, as Thou didst the Jews of old,

The dimness of our nature!—still remain
The curse of sect, the bigotry of creed,
And doctrine impious, whose exclusive rage
Would limit God, and shut the gates of heaven!
The pure and open, the unbounded scheme
Of earth's redemption, let not man presume
To shape, or alter, but submissive faith
The grand relationship of human souls
Confess; and while external sense reveres
Each hallow'd rite, let inward love abound,
And centre all its paradise in Thee;
So will Religion spread, and Time record
The days of Eden, Sabbaths of the mind,
When dream and doctrine, hope and faith, unite
To make the heart anticipated heaven!

Where Jordan mingled his melodious wave
With the blue waters of that famous sea,
Which often mirror'd the Redeemer's form,
The grassy desert of Bethsaida lay.
To this deep wild the PRINCE OF GLORY went,
Dejected,—for the murder'd Baptist's fate
A veiling sadness o'er His spirit threw.
But such a blaze of sanctity enwrapt
His person; wisdom so surpassing flow'd
From those pure lips,—that, sooner might the sun
At flaming noontide from the eye recede,

Than Christ in unregarded might remain!
And lo! around Him, like a wilder'd flock
Of mountain-sheep, unshepherded and lone,
The poor have gather'd;—and their pleading eyes
Were answer'd when the LORD OF BEING spake
Of time and nature, man's undying soul,
And blood mysterious, that would cleanse the world:—
Till soft enchantment on each spirit came,
Serene as starlight o'er a dusky lake
Of troubled water!—hunger, want, and toil,
Were unremember'd in th' absorbing bliss
Of deep instruction; on the bread of life
They feasted, mindless of all other food!—
But day was dying, and the mellow light
Of evening slanted through the desert-boughs,
Whose leafy motion, like a refluent tide
The pebbles chafing, made a restless sound.
And when Messiah, in the pallid gleam
Of western sunlight, mark'd the wearied host
Before Him, and a thousand faces turn'd
Full on His gaze! all famish'd, feeble, worn,—
Compassion for their uncomplaining want
Awoke; at once a miracle sublime
His soul conceived, His mighty hand perform'd!

Among the multitude a lad was found;

Five barley loaves and two small fishes made
His poor possession;—but the scanty meal
Became abundance to creative power!
By fifties rank'd, along the verdant ground
The people sat, with expectation dumb,
And trembling with delightful awe!—Then took
The bread, and lifted His majestic eyes
To Heaven, the Saviour,—blessing, as He gazed,
The food, from whence a miracle would rise
Magnificent, beyond our dreams of God
To picture, when they paint Him most divine!
Oh! when His eye immensity o'ercame,
And travell'd through the infinite expanse
Of worlds on worlds, His own almighty seat
It witness'd!—there, pavilion'd round about
With clouds and waters,* in array'd excess
Of unimagined glory, He beheld
Jehovah!—then the mortal bread He brake,
And bade disciples to the awe-struck crowd
The food bestow, till that enormous host
Were fill'd! and fragments of abundance lay
Around them scatter'd from the glorious feast.
As though a seed of earth's minutest growth
Rose from the ground, and like a forest spread!
From that mean food miraculously sprung

* 18th Psalm.

The glory of a great increase, that grew
And multiplied beneath Messiah's hand,
Till famish'd thousands were profusely fed!

Was ever banquet so sublime as this?
No canopy of regal pomp was there,
But the bright vastness of unclouded heaven;
The turf, a table, and the meanest food
A mountain-peasant knows, the sole supply,—
But God to serve, a miracle, the meal!
The hour of beauty; Syria's matchless sky
Of floating crimson; lake Genes'reth stretch'd
In molten slumber, and her distant flash
Of waters, gleaming through the forest boughs,
And the deep moral of the mighty scene,—
How pants the spirit to have witness'd all!

But he who fed five thousand, feeds a world,
And makes all earth a miracle of love!
Creation's undiminish'd banquet, spread
For ever by the elemental laws
And seasons, ministrant to growth and good,
How mindless we, by whose stupendous gift
It aids the universe to move and live!—
Enjoyment makes the world's ingratitude;
Above, around, beneath, th' almighty Hand
Itself avows; at morn, conducting forth

The LORD OF BRIGHTNESS, and when day concludes,
And dews descend, the fairies of the night,
Arraying yonder firmamental arch
With moon and planet, and uncounted orbs,
Too beautiful for sullied earth to name!—
But constant good proves mercy unadored;
And while all the glories of creation give
Their daily witness, man alone is dumb![6]

But night commenceth: hark! a shouting cry,
A multitude's delighted spirit speaks,
And woods are shaken with exulting sound!
Like mingling torrents, loud and far ascend
Their many voices, blending into one,
That hails Him Monarch! who had blest the poor.
Then Jesus to Bethsaida bade depart
His own disciples, from the crowd withdrew,
And sought His mountain solitude again.

Meanwhile, obedient to a high command,
Beloved disciples, in their boat embark'd,
Upon the lake are rocking: Darkness weaves
Her veil, and, like a tempest-demon, howls
The horrid wind, and tears the rising sea
To billowy madness, o'er whose heave and swell
Th' affrighted vessel, like a weary bird,
Advances, hung with flakes of plumy foam.

At starless midnight, on the yelling deep,
The mariners with death and gloom contend,
Till in the sound of each remorseless wave
Each heart has heard a fun'ral anthem howl'd!
But ere the redness of reviving dawn
Approach'd, when nature wore that spectral hue
In which the shadows of her dead arise,—
A living SHAPE along the billows stalk'd!—
GOD OF THE WATERS, on the waves He moved
Sublimely firm! behind Him, like a cloud,
His garments floated on the gloomy air,
And where He trod, the conscious billow sank!
At that dim sight each pale disciple cower'd
And trembled, holding in the gasping breath,
Yet gazing, till the icy blood congeal'd,
Each limb was marble, and the palsied heart
Throbb'd loud and quick with supernat'ral play!—
A spectre from the unapparent world
He seem'd! or Spirit, of the tempest born,
Who walk'd the waters, terribly divine!
But when, in answer to a shriek of dread
Heard o'er the billows, all distinctly wild,
Upon the winds in solemn murmur roll'd—
"'Tis I!"—the frenzy of affright was calm'd,
And he, whose fondness human faith surpass'd,
Entreated, like a God, to tread the deep!—
"Then come!" the Saviour, like a God, replied.

And he descended; on the deep he walk'd,
O'eraw'd, in dreadful wonder!—wave on wave,
And wind on wind, in elemental roar
Like chaos,—how can mortal faith defy?
His soul hath doubted, and th' apostle sinks,
Till, " Save me, Lord!" the drowning Peter cries,
And him the affable Redeemer caught
From out the billows, in their fierce array,
Rebuking thus—" O thou of little faith!"—
His fond disciple: when the toiling bark
They both had enter'd, on the waves He look'd,—
The lake was silent, and the tempest gone!

Appalling grandeur!—sea and midnight, God
And man, angelic faith and mortal fear,
All imaging, with allegoric truth,
A storm of trial on the world's great sea!
Thus Heaven is round us in the dreadest hour!
Her radiant mercies, like the mystic stars,
Through darkness, glitter on the trembling soul.
And from that shriek, from out the billows sent
By human frailness, let Presumption learn
How Nature falters when she feels sublime!
Oh! could our actions overtake our will,
That oft in solitude so highly soars
To lovely regions of imagined good,
What noble vengeance would the spirit wreak

On baser qualities, which clog the soul!
Alas! perfection is our moral dream,
And error, nature's true reality!
We *would* be angels, but we *must* be men!

Yet marvel not that frail delusion hung
And hover'd o'er his apostolic mind
Who loved the Saviour with impassion'd truth,
But oft out-soar'd himself, when feeling dared
To mount where Faith alone her flight commands!
To him, and all, Messiah's kingdom seem'd
Dominion sceptred with terrestrial might;
The spell of earth was on them, and they rear'd
On words, whose meaning look'd beyond the world,
Imperial thrones, whereon The Twelve would sit
Holding the keys of heaven! But Jesus tore
The veil of darkness; as rejected Christ,
A malefactor's death foredoom'd to die,
Himself described; and when the earthy mind
Of Peter started with rebellious doubt,
How quiver'd it at that august rebuke!—
"Avaunt thee, Satan! not the things of God,
But those of men, thy blinded heart adores."

And then at once from out the gloom of earth
To heaven, and heaven's unutterable scene,
Where, throned in glory, the Redeemer comes,

He led the spirit, and of judgment spake!
A shout of angels, and a trumpet-voice,
Hark! how it thunders round the orbed world,
Till space becomes a universal sound!
The tombs awaken, and the rocking Sea
Unsepulchres her dead!—then all is still,
And every eye beholds the JUDGE OF DOOM!

Ere the dim shadow of this dreaded hour,
Predicted, from the mind had been dispell'd,
His three disciples holy Jesus took
From out the plain, to where the soundless calm
Of aromatic Tabor breathed. Aloft
Arriving, there, on its aërial top,
While Christ paternal Deity adored,
A languor, like a cloud of music, wrapt
The yielding sense, till, wearily o'ercome,
Their eyelids closed in slumber's soft eclipse,
And slept the mortal three.—While such repose
Entranced them, into awful glory grew
The form of Jesus! dazzlingly His face
That lustrous mien which Seraphim behold
With eyes wing-veil'd! assumed; His raiment shone
Like robes that whiten in immortal beams
Emitted from the throned ETERNAL!—bright
Beyond imagined brightness, he became
Transfigured; God of God, and Light of Light

Apparent!—round Him earth's surpassing two—
In type of law and prophecy fulfill'd
By Jesus—Moses and Elias, knelt,
Communing; like the talk of thunder-clouds,
The rolling of each voice the air intoned
With terror;—deep, unearthly, distant sound,
That woke the sleepers, whose awe-stricken eyes
Reel'd in the blaze, as though in heaven unclosed!—
The Cross, and Resurrection of the Dead,
Appallingly distinct they heard reveal'd:
And Peter, burning with sublime dismay,
" Three tabernacles let us rear!" exclaim'd;
" For Thee, for Moses, and Elias, one!"
But while he spake, an overshadowing cloud
Descended, such as o'er the golden wings
Of Cherubim the Ark's shechinah made;
And from its depth a vocal PRESENCE cried,
" My Son of Glory! hear His voice! adore!"
Like riven trees th' affrighted mortals fell
Beneath the sound Almighty! till, "Arise!"
Messiah utter'd;—they arose, and view'd
Nor cloud nor vision, but the lovely green
Of Tabor, Jesus in his wonted shape
Of meekness, and the soft luxurious sky,
With azure canopy o'erarching all!

The passion that confounded heaven, unthroned

Archangels, and the spotless earth defiled,
Not Christ himself could overawe! In vain
Of agony and blood Messiah spake,
To be His direful portion: still prevail'd
In each frail mind ambition's royal dream
Of thrones to come; and whose imperial rank
Were most exalted, each with rival hope
Disputed. Fathoming their inmost heart,
Amid them all the mild Redeemer placed
A little child; then, gently with His arm
Encompassing the infant, thus began:—
"Except man be converted, and become
As little children, humbled, meek, and pure,
My kingdom he cannot partake, nor feel;
For childlike is the greatest there!"—How quail'd
The pride, how shook the domineering thoughts
Of that assembly! when they thus beheld
Expressive meekness in the mighty soul
Of Christ perfected; and an artless child
The type of man's eternal glory made!—
Thou happy mother! at whose nursing breast
That infant fed; still happier child wert thou,
Whose eyelids fell beneath the Saviour's gaze,
Whose brow was hung with innocent alarm,
Amid the holy presence!—Fairy things!
Ye living poetry of human life,
Of air-like motion, glitt'ring wild or gay,

Oh, teach us,—as around ye sport and smile,
Nor heed the clouds, nor hear the mutt'ring wind,
That heralds what to-morrow's doom may be,—
Like you, content, in uncomplaining hope
To rest resign'd, and innocently wear
The smile which Universal Love bestows.

Pride blasted Eden, and the world has bow'd
Beneath her sceptre, which to break in dust
The God incarnate every meekness wore!
Yet, what are we, that our Titanic dreams
Assault the skies with their incessant aim?
Oh, could we read Creation's book aright,
Our nothingness on each vast page would shine
Convicted!—atoms mock our deepest ken,
The winds, invisible as angel-wings,
Attend our path, and tell not whence they come;
The dust derides us!—from the floating orbs
Of Night's dim world, an overwhelming ray
Of myst'ry pierces the distracted mind;
And Ocean laugheth with resounding scorn,
When monarchs dare him, and his fleets, like foam,
From wave to wave are darted!—Gaze within,
And what is there?—a tempest in repose
Of passions wild, dark energies, and powers
That storm and madden at a demon's call!

But evil is eternal war with Heaven;
And Pride, how dauntless!—e'en that hallow'd fane
Where the dim shadow of Jehovah dwells,
She enters, balancing with haughty brow
The merits which opinion, rank, or sect,
Assumes, before the Throne of that Supreme
From whose dread gaze the universe recoils!—
When Jesus, from the triple-crested mount,*
Where midnight heard His orison arise,
At morn descended,—as the rosy flush
Of daylight slanted over Kedron's vale,
And pilgrim waters,—in the temple throng'd
A pharisaic crowd, whose sleepless ire
With blood-hound fury track'd His glorious way!
Before Him now, as there the people stood,
And drank His words, like inspiration's breath,
A poor adulteress they rudely dragg'd
For judgment; should He dare condemn
Her frailty, Rome would see rebellion rise,
And dungeon him for slaughter; should he blot
Her guilt, upon His soul her crime devolv'd!—
But Christ their black attempt at once unveil'd,
And answer'd not, but, bending to the ground
In mute abstraction, with His finger wrote;
Till once again His awful soul they tried

* Olivet.

For judgment; then, with look divinely stern,
He rose! and in a voice of withering tone,
" Let him among you who is sinless, cast
A stone the first!"—the Son of Man replied.
Then, Conscience! thou that in the deadly night
Dost wring the soul, and mar the murderer's sleep,
Or people solitude with shapes of hell!—
The vile accusers Thy terrific power
O'eraw'd; till, one by one, as though unseen
A hand compell'd their motion,—dumb like death,
And slow, each follow'd each, till all were gone!
But on the hush of that deserted hall
A sigh, as though some heart had heaved, and broke,
Distinctly fell;—the Saviour's solemn eye
Was lifted, and beheld a guilty shape,—
A woman! on whose burning cheek the blood
Confess'd her spirit, and the crime that drew
These tear-drops, running like a liquid fire
From agony within! Her downcast head was hung
With locks dishevell'd, wild as her despair;
Her lips were moveless, but the buried pang
Which heaved her bosom with convulsive throes,
And frequent shudder of her bending frame,
Were language!—all that Penitence employ'd
To tell a sinner's shame!—" Hath none condemn'd
Thee, woman? Where are thine accusers?" "None,"

She answer'd:—"Neither, then," the Saviour cried,
"Do I condemn thee;—go, and sin no more!"

The Feast of Lights, when dedicated lamps
Flash o'er the walls of Israel's echoing homes,
December brings: Jerusalem is loud
With chanted song, and melodies from harp
And timbrel, dulcimer and tabret pour'd;
From tow'ring altars an unwearied blaze
Ascendeth, rolling up with spiral glee
And gladness, crimsoning the sultry air.
The hearths are heap'd, and silver-headed Age
Delightedly to Youth's enamour'd ear
The festival unfolds;[7] while maidens twine
The holy dance, or tune the patriot lyre
To measures, floating like the silky clouds
The west along,—so meltingly they die!
The street-ways, dappled with reflected gleams
From many a lattice, like a forest-sound
When ev'ry leaf is motion!—But apart,
Beneath the shadow of the temple-porch,
Messiah walk'd; till thence the scowling Jew
Compell'd Him, thirsting for His righteous blood,
To seek a shelter where Baptizing John
Had lived, when first by Jordan's laving stream
He heralded Redemption. There he taught
Believing thousands, till from Mary came

A sudden messenger of wo, who said,
That Laz'rus, whom Messiah loved, was sick.
But from that sickness sprang a glorious power
The sisters dream'd not!—Both did Jesus love;
Yet still he rested, till the night of death
Advanced, and Laz'rus in the tomb reclined!
Then bravely went, to where in mourning gloom
The fond and brotherless, with mingled tears,
His presence waited!—Ere the olive trees
Of Bethany o'erhung His meadow'd way,
Rush'd Martha forth, to meet her mighty Lord.
" Hadst *Thou* been here, my brother had not died!"
Was her sad greeting. " He shall rise again!"
Responded Jesus;—" When the dead awake,
And time is ended,"—sadly she replied.
" I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!
And whoso liveth, and in Me believes,
Shall never die!"—" The Son of God Thou art
The Christ to come, the Everlasting Lord!"
In one deep burst of lofty faith she cried,
And then withdrew, to where her sister mourn'd,—
To Mary, she who chose the better part!
At once she rose, the distant meadow sought,
And prostrate at the feet of Jesus fell;
" Hadst THOU been here, my brother had not died!"
She utter'd;—tears alone the rest could tell,
And not a lid was dry!—Around He gazed,

Their tears beheld, their voiceless anguish view'd,
Then, meekly bowing His majestic head,
He sigh'd, and groan'd in spirit—Jesus wept!

A mournful beauty, a sepulchral grace
Doth hallow nature, when the dead are tomb'd
In garden quiet, 'mid the wave of boughs
That often murmur in our living ears,
Like tones ancestral, by the heart revived!
Beneath the twilight of o'erhanging trees
A cave was hollow'd, in whose rocky depth
Affection to the arms of Earth resign'd
Her dead; in mute companionship there lay
The babe and mother, sister, son, and sire,
A household, though in dust!—A sad delight,
More exquisite than loud-tongued pleasure feels,
Serened the spirit of surviving love,
Whene'er it rambled in the pensive gloom
Of such a garden. If the summer air
Breathed gladness, heaven was flaked with fleecy clouds,
And playsome leaves hung prattling to the wind,—
If hue and sound made life immortal seem,
A shade of sadness mellow'd, not destroy'd,
The mirth and beauty of surrounding day.[8]
Oft would the eye of some fond mourner rest
On the green rock, whose cavern'd silence made

The home of death, where generations slept!
And haply, as the wild flowers meekly grew
From the dim verdure of sepulchral stone,—
Delightful thoughts from sad mementos sprung!

'Mid such a scene departed Laz'rus lay;
And lo! Messiah by the rock-hewn grave
Arrived: around him, with unspeaking awe,
Disciples, mourners, and the sisters meek,
Collect.—"The tomb unbar!"—when thus exclaim'd
The LORD OF RESURRECTION, from the tomb
They roll'd the stone; then Martha's doubting soul
How solemnly he chided!—Time had seen
Four suns upon her brother's grave reflect
Their brightness:—on his frame corruption fed
E'en now she deem'd, and buried in her doubt
That faith, whose glory soon its God reveal'd.
The stone removed, apart Messiah stood,
To heaven uplifted His appealing gaze,—
Divine communion with the Vast Unseen
Awhile he mutely held, till with a sound
Deep, audible, and grand, His prayer arose!
And when th' unutter'd answer from the Throne
Descended, an immortal feeling clad
Each feature! on His brow unearthly calm
Was mirror'd; like a Deity he stood!
And spake the fiat,—"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"—

And Lazarus came! as once Creation did
From darkness, by th' omnific Word produced.
Bound hand and foot, amid the living breathed
The dead, new risen!—but his presence cast
A terror round it, awe without a name!
Entranced, as if another world begun,
Dumb with amaze, the whole assembly stood,
Till Jesus bade the grave's funereal robes
To be unwound,—and breathing Lazarus spake!
As though a tree, by blasting time destroy'd,
Bloom'd into life, and suddenly recall'd
The leafy glory of its forest prime!
So did the freshness of reviving blood
At once the lividness of death dispel;
And Laz'rus, pure as man's primeval form
Appear'd, when first creation call'd him Lord!

Such power immense, in open day reveal'd,
Through town and village, plain and hamlet, woke
A grateful wonder. At the school of seers
The sage consulted; street and dwelling heard
One mingled clamour of admiring tongues;
And in the synagogues, a mutt'ring crowd
Would linger, to peruse each other's face,
And chronicle, as Rumour told her tale
The words of age, or wisdom.—But the blaze
Miraculous, that round the risen dead

Concentred, fell like pestilential fire!
Upon the soul of that dark sect, whose reign
Was clouded, and whose mould'ring sceptre shook:—
Their fancy gloated on His bleeding form,
Their dreams were pictured with His dying pangs,
And every heart had hoarded up a curse
To mock His agony!—Amid the wilds
Of Ephraim, persecuted Christ withdrew,
Till came the moment for the final scene
Of man's redemption, to unroll its gloom;
Amid the capital, with dreadless foot
Then march'd He forth to meet the fated hour!
To Jericho, along whose plain immense,
In greenest lustre rose unnumber'd palms,
That waved their beauty in balsamic winds,
Amid the breath of roses, flush'd and bright
As clouds of damask when they drink the hues
Of sunset,—Jesus and disciples went.
But soon from out her walls, and stately crowd
Of palaces, and domes of marble sheen,
He pass'd to Bethany; where Laz'rus rose,
And shouting hosts with palms had come, to meet
The Son of David! From the verdant top
Of Olivet, to where a hamlet smiled
Before them, bosom'd in a mountain vale,
The two disciples, at the word divine,
Departed: there, as Christ's prophetic eye

Fore-shadow'd, at the village gate they found
A colt, which never mortal burden bore,
Then led it to the Lord, devoutly hung
Their garments on its sacred back, and placed
The Christ thereon.—Thus Zechariah sang,
When cent'ries, in their darkest slumber bound,
To him like animated creatures rose,
And utter'd visions!—Wonderful Thy ways,
Jehovah! in the whirlwind,—Thou art there!
The tempest is Thy language, sea Thy path,
And glory,—but the shadow of Thy shade!
Yet human actions,—by completing words
That drew aside the veil of time, and roll'd
Their meaning down the depth of years unborn,—
With voice as mighty as creation speaks
Thy power attest, Thy ruling hand portray!

But oh! what jubilant hosannahs rose,
As Him they sung, magnificent, and great,
And good, and glorious,—Israel's promised King,
The PRINCE OF PEACE!—Beneath His path their robes
They strew'd, and round Him waved triumphant palms,
And scatter'd branches, while a choral shout
Deeper and deeper, like colossal waves
Of sound, ascended!—till the air partook

The rapture, and the sympathetic leaves,
As with a breezy joy of summer noon,
Were shaken!—then a sudden silence came
On the loud host; as when the pausing storm
In elemental muteness dies away,
The clamour ceased,—a multitude was dumb.
On vast Jerusalem's devoted towers
The gaze of Christ prophetically fell,
And tears from out His mournful spirit rose
While He beheld them! and their doom pronounced,
"If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day,—
But peace hath vanish'd ever from thine eyes!
Thine hour is coming! round thee shall a trench
Be cast, and compass thee on every side,
Till, tomb'd in dust, thy towers and children fall,
Nor leave a stone to tell where thou hast been!
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! whose hand
Hath stoned the prophets, and the holy slain,
How often, as the hen beneath her wings
Her brood protecteth, would my shielding hand
Have shelter'd thee!—Thy children would not come!
Thine house is desolate, thy kingdom gone,
And never till the clouds of judgment waft
His glory, will thine eyes again behold
The Son of Man!—But magnify, O God,
My Father! magnify Thine awful name!"

The heavens grew vocal, and an angel voice
Came forth—"I have, and will,"—its thunder spake!

Thus saying, in the portico He sat,
Where ever and anon, within a chest
Beside the pillars chain'd, an offering fell
From worshippers.—Amid the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came a humble form,
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children! with a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasury-heap she cast:
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the Temple. But her lowly gift
Was witness'd by an eye, whose mercy views
In motive, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness:—so He bless'd the widow's mite,
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestow'd.
Thus is it, Lord! with Thee: the heart is Thine,
And all the world of hidden action there
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
Conspicuous! and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot,—to Thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where mercy fills the brightest page!

Front of the Temple, whose enormous wall,*
Amid a vale miraculously rear'd,
Outlived the fury of Chaldean fires;
And when around chaotic ruins fell,
Stood like a master-spirit, when the world
Doth tremble!—Olivet's green summit rose:
And there Messiah, with his few elect,
Ascended; thence He took a last farewell!—
Beneath them, in a wilderness of domes,
The thousand-streeted city lay, and roll'd
The hum and murmur of her myriad sounds
High in the air! while far around her stood
The guardian mountains, bathed in ruddy hues
Of sunlight, while the peaks of countless spires
Flash'd from the midst, like pinnacles of flame!
But, lone in glory, pillar'd, proud, and huge,
Colossal as some architect'ral dream
Embodied,—Israel's massy Temple blazed!
And seem'd, in her immensity of shape,
A shrine that would endure Eternity!
When each disciple had around him gazed,
And feasted with magnificent delight
On such a miracle of pomp and scene,
"It all shall wither!—not a stone endure,"
Messiah cried; and like a dying knell
That murmur sank upon the list'ning soul!

* Josephus's Account of the Foundation and Form of the Temple, &c.

The dread prediction!—was it not fulfill'd
Beyond imagination's utmost might
Of horror, when the hell of earth began,
And men were demons with a robe of flesh
Enveloped, banqueting on human blood?[9]
Ere forty years had swept the scene of time,
On that same mount where spake the awful Seer,
And drew from darkness the almighty curse
To come,—the fierce-eyed Romans had encamp'd
Their legions; and the roll of martial drums,
And a loud music from the brazen lips
Of trump and clarion, with a sound of death,
Frighted the hills and dales of Palestine!

Distress of nations!—sun and moon withdrawn;
Enshrouded, that their gaze might not behold
The world's disaster!—From the sea, a howl
Of sleepless tempest! on the earth are crime
And famine, fear and pestilence combined;
While Havoc, on the wings of Fury borne,
Doth scatter ruin, like a burning wind
That hurries round the universal orb
To wither up creation!—Far and near,
Whatever light can face, or darkness feel,
Is terrible: and list! amid the gloom
Of midnight, like a guilty creature shakes
A giant city! as the earthquake pant

Doth come and go, and heave her mighty heart.
Jehovah is abroad!—the heavens, appall'd,
Forget their seasons; cloudy visions, fill'd
With fiery battle, and a myriad shapes
Of warriors, charioted by burning steeds
That vanish in commotion,—paint the air
With omens!—then, a starry weapon cleaves
The sky, and flashes with descending might
As though 'twere wielded by Eternal hands!
While day and night, Jerusalem's ghastly eye
Looks up, and sees a blood-red comet blaze,—
Fix'd like a curse of fire above the scene,
To agonize whate'er its flashes meet!—
And once at midnight,* with appalling burst
The massive portals of an inner shrine
Expanded, and the shudd'ring fabric heard
A Voice that issued with a dread farewell,
Whose thunder was,—departing Deity!

The hour of judgment! lo, at length it comes,
And God is in it with devouring wrath
That deepens, till the stricken world despairs!—
The Queen of Zion, beautiful and vast,
Glory of nations! who shall paint thee now?
Enwrapp'd with horrors,—famish'd, weeping, faint,

* *Vide* Tacitus' Hist., book v.; Josephus, &c.

And fallen, round thee, like a circling flood,
Doth rise a wall of Babylonian height,
And thou, a captive in the centre art
For martyrdom!—and list! in whirlwind rush
A roaring flame around the Temple sweeps!
Moriah, like a seething furnace, glows
And reddens; as a cloudy palace, built
By sunset,—how it dwindles, melts, and dies,
The fabric of Jehovah!—Palsied, wild, and pale,
In solemn agony thy myriads stand,
Scorch as they gaze! but still yon gorgeous wreck
Beholding, on their ghastly features wear
A light of ruin, as the Temple falls,
For funeral glory!—then, in tombs of fire,
While the last pillar of expiring flame
Mounts o'er the wreck, they shriek—despair—and die!

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VI.

"But who is He with tortured brow,
Degraded, bleeding, dying, now;
His visage marr'd beyond despair?—
Thou quaking earth! thy God is there!
The sun appall'd hath slunk away,
And darkness hides the guilty day;
Avert, O world! thine impious eyes;
The curse is o'er,—but Jesus dies!"—*MS.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK VI.

THE book commences with an apostrophe connected with the sad and mighty events which the conclusion of the Saviour's life unrolls; but, previous to detailing them, a retrospective view of His character, actions, and doctrine, is attempted; the order of time is then preserved to the Ascension — The Sanhedrim take council against Christ — Judas agrees to betray Him — The Last Supper — Description of the same — Terror and sadness of the disciples when Christ announced that He was about to be betrayed—The rite of Sacrament founded—The Redeemer's farewell — The garden of Gethsemane — Jesus in His agony — Is traduced—The dawn of the day of Crucifixion—Jesus brought up for trial—Peter's denial — Reflections on his faith and weakness — Jesus is condemned—Led to Caiaphas—Pronounced guiltless—Pilate makes his final attempt to acquit the Redeemer—Barabbas preferred to Jesus—At last is led forth on the judgment seat in sight of the multitude—The repentance, horror, and destruction of Iscariot — The Crucifixion and its attendant scenes — The miracles which attested His Godhead at His death—The burial of Christ—Night scene—Moonlight on the tomb of Jesus—The Roman watch, &c. &c.—The Resurrection—Affright of the soldiers—Vision of the Angels—Jesus reveals Himself to Mary—Journey of the two disciples to Emmaus—Appearance of Christ—Discovered by the breaking of bread—His second appearance to the Eleven—Miraculous draught of fishes—Peter thrice questioned—Previous to His Ascension, Christ takes the Eleven with Him to a mountain—Explains the Scriptures, gives His final charge, and ascends to Heaven.

Here, as far as the life of the Messiah is included, the Poem ends; but the second Advent is the hope, faith, and glory of a Christian, and could not be omitted. Previously to this, however, some reflections on the subject of the Poem, state of the human mind, the destinies of man, and the spirit of Poetry, viewed in connexion with the advancement of Christianity, are offered: these naturally conclude in a contemplation of the immortality which was brought to light through the Redeemer—His second Advent—The Resurrection of the dead—Last judgment of men and angels—Conclusion.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK VI.

Prepare, O Earth! with solemn gloom invest
Thy glories; bid the fading sun retire,
The sky be sad, the winds be tongues of wo,
And a sea-anthem with accordant swell
Arise;—let time, and scene, and living man
In one vast fellowship of grief unite,—
An hour is coming, black with dreadful fate,
Whose darkness palls a Saviour's agony!

But ere the ghastliness of nature prove,
By dread confession, man's Redeemer dies!
Behold the beauty of His matchless life,
In deed and thought connecting earth with heaven.—
Cull every virtue which the mind conceives,
Or view Perfection in sublime excess
Of glory, such as dreams of God portray,—
And what can emulate the Prince of Peace!

Where once the seasons, in luxuriant strife
Reign'd on the shore of that immortal lake
Whose wave is purple as the heaven it loves;
There in that clime, where fruit and verdure bathed
Their tinted beauty in the richest sun,
Where all is dreary now,—Messiah dwelt.
What alternation of eternal light,
And mortal dimness of a low estate[1]*
The sacred drama of His life reveals!
Born in a manger,—yet by guardians bright
And wing'd adorers, heralded and hymn'd;
The Heir of all things—yet possessing none;
Surrender'd now to tears of mortal truth,
Or, ministrant at some disciple's feet;
Then,—thunder-greeted by the glorious sky!
Here from the flower a lovely doctrine flows,
And now,—a tempest from His frown recoils;
Hung on the cross, a malefactor's doom
He suffer'd,—yet a paradise was there,
By Him according to the felon's soul!
While bleeding clay,—incarnate God confess'd,
Whose pangs the aching universe partook,
And from those agonies which man beheld
And mock'd, the terror-blighted sun withdrew!

* *Vide* Josephus' description of the shore of Tiberias.

Man never spake, in words divinely toned
With tenderness beyond a tear to move,
Like Him, to whom unutter'd feelings lay
Free as the clouds before a sun, exposed;
The heart,—He knew it best, and proved it most,
And touch'd the master-chord of human mind.
And oh! what exquisite discernment mark'd
Each high discourse, for creed or sect attuned;
Some happy image, to the hour applied,
Or palpably by outward sense perceived,
From mead and plough, the summer task or toil,
From storm and season, fruit and flower,—enlived
The sacred lesson which the soul perused:
And when hath poet from his airy world
To shape or action, summon'd more express
And touching images of graceful power,
Than parables,[2]—where Nature's self is judge,
And to the mind her silent cause commends?
Pathetic loveliness in all abounds;
And as the eloquent creation oft
By moonlight more than storm the soul subdues,
When language with severest truth adorn'd
No passion quell'd,—a parable prevail'd;
Whose soft dominion, like an angel smile,
Moved o'er the heart, and shone reflected there!

A Being thus surpassingly endow'd,

Whose life was goodness in perpetual act;
By pure magnificence of spirit raised
Above whate'er Platonic vision[3] shaped
Of high and holy, in the perfect man,—
What hymnèd worship should the earth have paid
To such embodied Glory!—yet, a doom
Of torture hover'd o'er his righteous head;
A sinless offering for a sinful world
Dies!—E'en now the Sanhedrim convened;
When suddenly, disorder'd, pale, and rack'd
With guilty terror, which on brow and cheek
Imprinted, villain!—lo, the traitor comes,
And thirty pieces for a Christ betray'd,
Demandeth: then with unappall'd delight
Their fancy revels o'er His dying form!

There, as the traitor in the twilight gloom
Is homeward skulking with a stealthy pace,
While every breeze like condemnation sounds,
By Nature mutter'd with mysterious scorn,
A spirit, dark as demons love, behold!—
He, ever when the proffer'd crown approach'd
The head of Christ, in worldly vision hail'd
The sceptred honours of some high domain,
About to dawn: but when the Saviour's lip
Blest the meek hands which ominously pour'd
Balsamic odour to anoint His head,

Rebuke was felt, and disappointment raged,
Till Satan enter'd with a rush of guilt
The soul of Judas;—and the traitor rose
A dark apostate in a dream of blood!

Meanwhile Messiah, whose omniscient word
A room appointed for the paschal feast,
To eat the lamb of covenant prepared.
His pangs approach, His agonies begin
To throng around him! and that hour, foretold,
Prefigured, and so oft in gloom unveil'd
To His mistaken Twelve,—is come at last
To meet the Man of Wo!—A feast is set
Of wine and water, as Mosaic law
Ordain'd; where each with due thanksgiving drinks
The cup whose seal and sanction typified
The blood of Jesus, by symbolic power;
And then, the taintless lamb, the ritual herb,
And bread unleaven'd, psalm and prayer succeed,
Each serving each with ceremonious awe.
But in the midst, again rebellious pride,
Like Satan, when he darken'd Paradise
By curst intrusion, mars the lovely scene
And mournful beauty of divine Farewell.
But princes, thrones, and dominations bow,
Lie mute and dead, ye arrogant desires,
Ambition! dooming life one long despair,

Quench the wild fever of thy fire-struck brain!
Heaven stoops to earth, a Deity to dust,—
A God is kneeling at the foot of man!
Humility that makes the heart to reel,
The blood to tremble, and the brow of pride
To wither in the scathing light of shame!—
Oh! when was meekness dreadfully sublime
Like this, that dwarfs at once degree and state,
And dims the splendour of all outward things,
Till, like the radiance of a dying eve,
The waning glory of the world departs!

But why hath sadness with a sudden gloom
On each descended? What hath blanch'd the cheek
With terror, in the eye dejection pour'd,
And stirr'd the calm of countenance with lines
Of feeling, working into restless play,
Like breeze-moved water?—Eye to eye, and brow
To brow, in horrible dismay upturn'd,
Each reads the other with unspoken dread
Of something buried in the soul's abyss,
That now must be untomb'd! to stand condemn'd,
In the full light of God's unearthly gaze!
And yet, though terror-struck, with sad exclaim
Each utters, " Is it I?"—eleven are pure;
Their souls are ramparted with sacred truth,
They tremble wildly, but with guiltless fear.

And one there was, o'er all the rest beloved,
Whose tender mildness, and devoted faith
With childlike fervour, to the Lord endear'd
His guileless nature,—him whom Jesus loved,
The meek St. John! Beyond expressive wo,
The tearful language of his eye reveal'd
A yearning spirit! while his drooping head
Lay fondly pillow'd on the breast of Christ.
By Peter urged, with look of saddest depth
On Christ he gazed, and whisperingly ask'd,
"Who is it, Lord?" Then Jesus,—"He who takes
The bread I give, the Son of Man betrays!
But, wo the traitor! well for him, had light
And being never an Iscariot known!"—
Betrayer!—thou whose spirit coil'd and sunk
Within thee, as a serpent, when the day
Shines on the darkness of his den, retires
To deeper gloom!—upon thy face appears
A pale confession, which thy tongue denies:
Yes! thou art he,—a traitor to thy Lord!
And, driven by the whirlwind of despair,
Forth from the chamber of discover'd guilt
Thou speedest; darkness is a heaven to thee;
And thou hast night, sepulchrally array'd,
And starless,—fit to cloak a traitor's deed,
Or give to earth the gloominess of hell!

As the dim spell-work of some awful dream
Doth people slumber with a ghastly host
Of shapes and sounds, till, lo! the morning smile
Dissolves it,—so hath this phantasmal scene
Of doubt and dread, of agonizing sway,
At once receded; and quiescent joy
Again upon the true disciples come,
When Judas from the paschal chamber went
Convicted traitor!—Then, with mien august,
The mild Redeemer took the bread, and blest
And brake it; and the cup of wine He took,
And then of both made each disciple take:—
A holy sacrament, whose typic shade
The great Passover was; but mightier far
The rite of Jesus, whose remembrance speaks
No single nation, but a boundless world,
Deliver'd, saved, and free! As bread and wine
The body nourish, so the soul is fed
By faith in this symbolic meal of love,
Wherein is shadow'd the Redeemer's death.

"Do this, and thou wilt then remember Me!"
Remember Thee!—the Way, the Truth, and Life,
On whose pure eyelids hung our mortal tears;
Who wert so inaccessibly supreme
In the bright plenitude of awe and power,
And yet, so dimm'd by condescending love,

That childhood gazed upon Thy glorious smile,
And deem'd it heavenlier than mothers wear!—
Thou sole Reality of hope and time,
Incarnate Saviour, and co-equal God!
Remember Thee!—oh, if the dying words
Of honour'd parent round the mem'ry cling
With aye unweaken'd charm, shall man forget
That dear and solemn, Thy divine command,
Beyond all parents'?—Till Thy Kingdom come,
When the great banquet of perpetual bliss
With Thee in glory, Thine elected sons
Partake, O Saviour! be thy hallow'd rite
Of Sacrament undyingly revered:
For in it, pardon and preserving grace
Abound, and by it earth with heaven communes;
And when, aweary of the world; or torn,
Or toss'd in the tempestuous gloom of sin,
The soul repenteth, yet in doubt appears,
Like Hagar in the wilderness, to weep and die
Forsaken,—there in this all-heavenly feast
Redeemer! is Thy living presence found;
And, gently as the arkless dove was ta'en
Back to a shelter from the dreary wild
Of waters, welcom'd by a meeting smile,
The soul is bosom'd on thy holy rest.

But listen!—for the Lord's farewell begins,

And deeply solemn, His mysterious tones
Fall on the silence of the sacred room,
Till tears have gather'd in the gazing eyes
From whence He parteth, and no eye ascends
Where He shall vanish!—Yet, in dreadless faith,
The fervent Peter, with erected brow,
And voice triumphant over hell, replied,
"Though *all* desert Thee, still will Peter stand
A rock unshaken! death nor dungeon frights
His spirit; life itself but lives in Thee!"—
"I tell thee, Peter, ere the cock shall crow,
This very night wilt thou deny me thrice!"
Yet more impassion'd with a louder voice,
And lip that quiver'd with exulting throb,—
"Deny Thee! unto death my soul is fix'd!"
The fond one answer'd, and on Jesus glanced
A mild reproach,—like one who felt his wrong,
But pleaded only by a look that spake!

A sadness, deep and holy as the heart
E'er felt, came o'er the mute assembly now,
When the meek Saviour with angelic truth
Began—"Believe in God, in Me believe,
For in My Father's everlasting House
Are many Mansions, and your Lord departs,
That ye may follow to a place prepared.
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, shall come,

And all I utter'd, memory shall teach,
By Him instructed; peace, immortal peace!
Beyond the world to give, with you I leave:
Abide in Me, as branches in the Vine
Endure, and ye shall bear celestial fruit!"—
And then, as o'er Him, in its dark array
A vision of their sad desertion swept!
Messiah added,—"Do ye now believe?
Behold! it cometh, yea, the hour is come!
When all are scatter'd, and the Son of Man
Is left,—yet not alone, for God is there!
The world is trouble, but in Me a peace
Unfading! let your souls in that confide,
Nor tremble; I have overcome the world!"—
Then, lifting his dilated eyes to Heaven,
"My Father, glorify Thy Son!" He cried;
"Thy work is finish'd, and Thy faith is taught,
And Light and Immortality declared,
And now the glory, Mine before this earth
Was founded,—I ascend with thee to share!"

Thus ended, Lord! thy first and last farewell!
When rose the parting hymn, devoutly deep,
And all o'er Kedron to the Olive Mount
Departing, wait upon Thy steps divine.*

* The hymn that they sung was Ps. 110, 117, 118, which was the last part of the *great Hallel*, as they called it, which was constantly sung at the Passover and their other great solemnities; and with this latter part was this solemnity concluded.—*Lightfoot's Harmony.*

Did ever pathos from the soul demand
A deeper homage, than a scene like this?—
Oh! there be minds of adamantine calm
That nothing ripples! Let creation bring
Her finest hues of fascination forth,—
Let sunbeams revel on the weedy shore,
The clouds be beauteous, shaped like molten cars,
To waft an embassy from orb to orb,
And the soft dialect of speaking flowers,
And airy language of the woods and winds,
When all exulting on a summer's day,
While billows carol with a bird-like glee
Their ocean rapture!—let a scene display
Such earthly heavenliness, that nature seems
A living spirit form'd for human love,—
And some will view it with impassive eyes!
And thus, in all The Galilean did,
Proclaim'd, or suffer'd, there be blinded souls
Who see no godhead!—But, forbid it, Heaven!
That one of human semblance, e'er perused
The dying truths, by him whom Jesus loved
Recorded, nor himself the scene partook,
Till brain and bosom, heart and spirit thrill'd
With something holier than language speaks!

But, veil thyself, Imagination! veil,
And worship; put thy shoes from off thy feet,
Thou mortal gazer! for on hallow'd ground,

More consecrate than he of Horeb saw
When the bush burn'd with unconsuming fire,
Thou tread'st,—the garden of Gethsemanè!
The moon, pale hermitress of heaven, hath found,
With no bright fellowship of starry orb,
Her midway sphere; and now, with conscious dread,
Shrined in a cloudy haze, she disappears,
While motionless yon patriarchal trees
Of tow'ring olive lift their spectral gloom.
But listen! groan on groan, with awful swell,
Heaves on the air, as though a God bewail'd
His creatures!—Christ is bow'd in agony,
And prostrate! while a bloody sweat dissolves
From every pore: insufferably sad,
The human with the God contends,[4] and cries,
" My Father! if it can be, let this cup
Be taken from Me, from this hour removed,—
And yet not Mine, but let Thy Will be done!"

Dark agonies, unutterably deep,
That moment knew, whose merit countervail'd
All that eternity's remorse could pay,
Wrung from the spirit of a ruin'd world!*
As once on Tabor, His transfigured form
A shadow of his future glory taught,

* *Vide* Barrow's remark on the agony of Christ.

Gethsemane's most awful gloom declares
The dread, intolerable curse of sin!
Which then, through pardon from the earth recall'd,
By imputation on the spotless soul
Of Jesus, frown'd itself from God,—and pass'd
For ever!—In that soul-appalling scene,
His manhood suffer'd all that flesh endures:
God unappeased, and Satan unsubdued,
The death and darkness of accursed sin
Still brooding o'er the world, and He foredoom'd
Upon the cross of agony to die,
That Heaven might open on forgiven man,—
All this oppress'd Him with the pangs of hell!
Exceeding sorrowful his soul became,
E'en unto death; till from the Throne, His cry
Of anguish brought a soothing angel down!—
But in the passion of this dreadful hour,
Oh! where are they, whose eyes so oft beheld
His wonders, in whose hearts His voice had pour'd
The balm and blessing of immortal truth?
Alas! one hour they could not watch, nor pray;
And they were sleeping, when the Saviour thrice
From prayer arose, and thrice their sleep forgave.

Yet now, sleep on! and take unthinking rest;—
The Son of Man, Messiah, is betray'd,
The traitor hath his trait'rous work fulfill'd!

For hear ye not the sound of rushing feet
And ruder voices, through the moonless air
Advancing?—Stirr'd, as by a tempest wing,
Around the olive-branches creak and bend,
And light comes flashing with a fierce intent,
Till on the countenance of Christ it falls,
And lights His features:—marr'd and pale they shone
Beneath it, as he met the midnight band
With torch and lantern, sword and stave, arrived,
To seize Him; Him they sought, and Christ they found.
When "I am He!" was spoken,—back they fell
Like life before a sudden blast of death,
Whose motion is almighty!—"I am He!"
Again he utter'd, and again they fell
Confounded, till the traitor with a kiss
Betoken'd Jesus; then the troop approach'd
And bound Him:—legions of Immortals! shine,
Descend, and wither the unhallow'd throng!—
No: meekly as a lamb to slaughter goes,
The Lord hath yielded; fetter'd, silent, sad,
Deserted, and betray'd, alone He meets
The Powers of darkness, in their deepest might.

The break of morning with a dim uprise,
Pale as a prophet, when his eye foresees

Unutter'd woes upon the future throng!—
The sun awaketh from his cloudy sleep
To usher in this all-tremendous day:
Already in the judgment chamber meet
The fell accusers; there, aloft upraised,
Their holy victim in the upper hall[5]
His trial waiteth:—not a shade of fear
The innocence of that calm brow defiles!
In shape a man, in dignity a God
He seemeth. But around the palace fire
Beneath Him, from the council-seat apart,
What curses, loud with wrathful meaning, roll?
A damsel, when the Galilean voice
Of Peter sounded with betraying tones,
His true discipleship at once declared.
Then, he who hail'd Him "Son of living God!"
Adored His presence, saw His glory shine,
And vow'd eternally, with changeless love
Through life and death His mighty faith to hold,—
The sacred knowledge of his Lord denied.
But when with horrid malediction rang
The fierce denial of his furious lip,
Till his eye glitter'd with a ghastly fire,
While falsehood, cowardice, and guilty fear,
All met and mingled with terrific clash
Within,—a second time the cock then crew!
And Jesus,—who shall paint the glance He gave,

When pity, pardon, and subdued reproach
Came in a look of such celestial power,
That Peter trembled, and his soul was tears!

Impassion'd, bold, beyond thy strength sincere,
Sublime apostle, but a sinful man,
As in thy faith, so in thy fall, we find
A truth which bids the yearning bosom feel,
E'en as thou wert, how half the world has been!
Forgiven mourner! while with mantled face,
In groaning penitence without the porch,
Thou weepest,—and from unforgotten scenes
A radiant vision of the past returns,
With blighting splendour to condemn thy soul,—
Thou art a moral for mankind to read,
And heart to study, long as earth remains!

While thus in penance sad St. Peter wept,
Amid a council of encircling priests,
Of scribes and elders, great Messiah stood
In judgment. Witness after witness rose,
Suborn'd and savage; yet a war of words,
Where lie to lie, and truth to truth opposed
A meaning, all their accusation grew;
But when of doctrine the archpriest began,—
"The temple, synagogue, the open world,
Let these my doctrine, testify, and tell,

For nought in secret have I said or done!"
Thus answer'd the Redeemer; then uprose
Accusers, who with dreadless voice declared,
"The gorgeous fabric which our eyes adore,
He thus blasphemed,—'This temple built with hands,
Will I destroy,—in three days shall arise
Another, built by no terrestrial hands!'"
Majestic silence was the sole reply.
Then Caiaphas, with fierce emotion shook
And darken'd; from his council-throne up sprang,
And with a voice like far-off thunder cried,
"Now by the living and tremendous God
Thee I adjure!—art thou the Christ?"—"I am!
Hereafter, coming with the clouds of heaven,
Girt like Jehovah, see the Son of Man!"
Then,—"LET HIM DIE!" throughout th' assembly rung.

The morning comes; and with unfolding day
The tragedy a deeper die assumes.
Again did Pilate, with proclaiming voice,
To elder, priest, and multitude pronounce
The Saviour guiltless, "Let Him be released!"
In vain he cried; for hark the savage yell,—
"A pris'ner! be our wonted right perform'd,
A captive freed!" 'Twas in that stormy hour,

The dark confession of a hideous dream
The wife of Pilate in her slumber saw,
Was then reported:—but His hour had come![6]
"Barabbas!" was the universal shout
By thousands echoed, when their judge preferr'd
To free Messiah,—"Let Barabbas loose!"
But Christ,—what deadly evil hath he done?
Again did "Crucify!" in one fell sound
Rise on the air so murderously loud,
That Pilate trembled on his judgment-throne!

Then Jesus, by the soldiers dragg'd, endured
The mockery of reed, and robe, and crown
Of platted thorns, upon his temples press'd;[7]
There as He bled, before Him bow the knees
Of scoffing worshippers, who shout and hail,
"King of the Jews!"—they smite His awful head,
And crush the crown upon his aching brows,—
All which how silently His look forgave!

Thus bleeding, marr'd, and mock'd, the Saviour comes;
Unmoved he stands, insuperably calm:
But wilder grew the clamour; hand, and eye,
And voice were raging with terrific signs
Of vengeance; till the name of "Cæsar" rang

Loud on the soul of Pilate, like the knell
Of his destruction!—Cæsar's foe must die,
And Hate must crucify whom Justice spared.
Then took he water, laved his hands, and cried,
" That I am innocent of blood, behold,
Of this just Person; be it yours to bear!"—
" *His blood be on us! on our children be!*"
In mingled answer from the mighty host
Ascended; dreary as the dying swell
Of ocean, up to heaven the fateful sound
Of imprecation roll'd!—with deeper dread
Than aught of human, since the vocal curse
From lips almighty, when creation shook!

Earth has not view'd a more appalling scene
Than this, beneath an open sky display'd;
When Time and Destiny were awed to hear
A man pronounce a verdict on a God![8]—
A paved tribunal by the palace rose
Of pictured marble, and mosaic sheen,
Whereon was Pilate; as in kingly state
Enthroned; before him stood a bleeding Form
Of solemn aspect, in whose mild regret
A sanctitude beyond expression spake;
Below; a raving multitude was seen
Upgazing, all athirst for righteous blood;
And who, with features harrow'd by the strife

And scorn of passion, from their God invoked
Eternal vengeance for eternal blood!

But where the vile traducer?—While the doom
Of death was pass'd, and Jesus, like a lamb,
To slaughter, by the savage crowd decreed,
Then, Conscience, thy tremendous power began!
The beauty, glory, and sublime display
Of virtues godlike, by the sinless Christ
Embodied, back upon his mem'ry came;
And in the light, intolerably pure,
From all He did reflected, dark and deep
The perfidy of His betrayer frown'd!—
Lash'd by remorse, the council-chief he sought,
The crime of innocence by him betray'd,
Confess'd; but when in vain his pleading guilt
Repented, in the temple down he hurl'd
The wages of iniquity, and fled
On wings of horror!—like a maniac, wild
And blasted, into solitude he ran.
The ground grew fire beneath his guilty tread
The heaven hung o'er him like a vast reproach,
And groans which make the jubilee of hell,
Heaved from his soul, so terrible and deep
That life seem'd rushing in the sound away!—
Where rose a precipice, whose rocky gloom
The downward waters of a torrent fill'd

With mimic thunder, in chaotic roar,
At length he stood, and on the black abyss
Stared wildly,—then a pace withdrew,
Look'd o'er the heavens his horrible despair!
Till Nature with a ghastly dimness seem'd
Enshrouded; round him the horizon reel'd,
The earth was waning!—and with hideous yell,
He seized the branches of a rock-grown tree,
Swung from its height, and down the dizzy steep
Sunk into darkness, and was seen no more![9]

But come, thou Spirit of creative might,
Whom nothing boundeth, and a scene behold
More awful than eternity contains,—
A crucified Redeemer!—With his cross,[10]
To Calvary the lacerated Christ
Is now ascending; famish'd, faint, and pale,
Beneath the burden of a tree accursed
He falters;—yet the goading throng
His limbs profane, and trample when He falls,—
Their silent Martyr? Lest at once He die,
And cheat the tortures of intended doom,
To bear it, from Cyrene is compell'd
A pilgrim; and again, with murd'rous glee,
The rabble round about Him dance and hoot;
Yes, all are merciless, while Mercy bleeds,
Save thou, fond woman!—in thy faithful eyes

Are tears; and from thine unforsaking love
The language of sublimest pity flows.
Yet not for Him, but for yourselves, lament;
Ye daughters of Jerusalem! who wail;
The days are coming, when the soul will cry
" The wombs how blessed which have never
borne!"—
But lo! the hill of Golgotha appears,
His cross is planted, with convulsive shake
Each limb unloosen'd, and the starting blood
In liquid torment from the flesh distill'd;
In vain, a potion to benumb his pangs
Is proffer'd; like a God He suffers all—
" Forgive them! for they know not what they do!"

And thus they crucify the Son of Man!
Those hands are bleeding, which have bless'd a world;
Those feet are tortured, which have never moved
Except on errands of celestial love;
Those brows are throbbing, and those eyes bedimm'd,
Where light and immortality were throned!—
And ah! that pure, unspotted, perfect soul,
Divine as Deity on earth could be,
Doth agonize beneath th' imputed curse,
Whereby a ransom for the world is paid,—
Yet, silently He all endures! Around the Cross
The soldiers wrangle for his parted vest;

And when His eye in lifted torment gazed
O'er Calvary, by crowding myriads trod,
How few the faces where compassion dwelt,
Or tears were trickling, did that look behold!
The scowl of pharisees, the hate of scribes,
And the fierce glance of hypocrites rebuked,
Were turn'd upon Him to translate His pangs,
And watch the glory of a deep revenge!
While others underneath the cross advanced
To read His title with reviling scorn,—
"King of the Jews! thou Son of God! descend,
Thyself redeem!"—Two thieves beside Him hung
In kindred torture, that a shame might rise
Beyond the brightness of a God to bear.
The one did rail, the other's meeken'd heart
Repented,—sudden faith His soul illumed,
And, "Lord! when in Thy kingdom Thou art
throned,
Remember me!"—the dying creature said;
And lo! a paradise was his reward.

Then look'd Messiah where His mother stood,
The Virgin Mary, with His own beloved
Disciple; agony could not subdue
His tenderness; compassion fill'd His gaze
With heavenly lustre, while in filial love
He bent on Mary the divinest look

That ever child on weeping parent cast,
And murmur'd,—" Woman! there a Son behold;
Disciple! there a future Mother see!—
O Maiden! purest of all pure, who felt
A love maternal, when thy bosom throbb'd
Beneath the pangs of thine Almighty Son,
The sword of anguish,—*then* thy soul it pierced,
As hoary Simeon in the temple sang.

Thus in the light, 'tween heaven and earth upraised,
Upon the malefactor's cross was nail'd,
Was crucified,—the Lord of living worlds:
Till came the sixth hour, when the noontide sun
Waned from his throne, and sudden darkness fell
O'er all Judea, till creation seem'd
By God forsaken! Whose averted face
Bade darkness emblematically speak,
How dreadfully a gloom of death and sin
Lay on the Spirit of the Son Divine.
Jerusalem, her temples, domes, and towers,
Were darken'd; Lebanon and Tabor shrunk,
And wither'd; Carmel, Gilead, and the rocks
By ocean towering,—shadow cover'd all
With night's terrific semblance! in the gloom
The mutter of a multitude uprose
Like sounds infernal, while their features wore

A fell expression of unearthly hue!—
Each fearing what his impious tongue denied.
As ever and anon some coward took
A shudd'ring glance, where Man's Redeemer hung,
How the blood quiver'd in his guilty veins,
Till blasphemy in hollow murmur died!—
Heart cannot dream, imagination dare
By words to picture th' almighty pangs
That in His darkness, and distress of soul,
Th' Ineffable upon the cross endured!
Who held His spirit as the Prince of Life,
To torment subject, till the curse was paid.
The ninth hour came, and then, with loud appeal,
In the full wrath of his avenging hour
He utter'd—"Why hast Thou forsaken Me!
My God! My God!"—then came an awful hush,
In which they deem'd Elias would descend
To save Him!—but, a second time, a voice
More audible, the soul of myriads shook!
"'Tis FINISH'D! Father! to Thy hands divine
My Spirit I commend," the Saviour cried,
And bow'd His head,—and breathed* His soul away!

"'Tis FINISH'D!—let seraphic mind these words
Translate,—for immortality is there!

* ἐξέπνευσεν, Luke, xxiii. 46.

Which Heaven re-echoed, and the regions dark
Where Christ descended in a shape of Light,
Triumphant over powers and thrones of Hell,"
Groan'd at the sound which deepen'd their despair!
The universe a ghastly signal gave,
And Nature, as in agony, confess'd
The Prince of Glory, as His Spirit fled!
The earth was palsied, and the mountains rent
Like garments! tomb and sepulchre their dead
Released, and out of dust the saints arose.
And look'd upon the living! while the Veil,
As in the Temple of the Holies stood
A robed high priest, in sacerdotal pomp,—
Was riven! from the top to bottom torn;
And full at once the Oracle reveal'd,
In symbol of sublimer law began.
Then, in the tremor of created things,
While rock and earthquake, tomb and temple, spake
With dread conviction,—'tis a God that dies!
The pale centurion, with the crowd aghast,
Lift their wild looks, and smote their breasts, and cried,
With lips that shudder'd,—"'Tis the Son of God!"

Then came the soldiers, by the Jews besought
From Pilate, and the side of Jesus pierced,
Till blood and water, mystically true,

Flow'd from the wound, and testified Him dead:
But not a limb was broken!—for the spear
Was destined,—"They shall look on Whom they pierced!"
At evening, one who waited for his God
To dawn, and secretly had Christ adored;
With Nicodemus, he who came by night
To talk of immortality,—approach'd,
No longer daunted, but sublimely bold,
And begg'd of Pilate, that his tomb might bear
The holy Body:—which, with spice and myrrh,
When linen-girded, in a rocky grave
Hewn from a garden, reverent they placed,
Where never man had lain; then roll'd
Before the entrance of the sacred tomb
A mighty stone; while, mutely faithful, sat
And watch'd, the Christ-adoring Magdalene!

A tragedy which made the sun expire,
And earth to throb is ended! and the night
O'er Palestine her dewy wings unfolds;
On Calvary the solemn moonbeams lie
All chill and lovely, like the tranced smiles
Which light the features, when the pangs of death,
Have ceased to flutter, and the face is still.
The stars are trooping, and the wintry air

Is mellow'd with a soft mysterious glow
Caught from their beauty; not a vapour mars
The stainless welkin, where the moon aloft
One blue immensity of sky commands,—
Save where the fringe of some minutest cloud
Hangs like an eyelid on a brilliant orb,
Then withers, in pervading lustre lost.
Few hours have fleeted, and yon trampled hill
Was shaken with a multitude, who foam'd
And raged beneath the agonizing God!
But Nature hath her calm resumed; and Night,
As if to spread oblivion o'er the day
And give Creation a sabbatic rest,
In balm and beauty on the world descends!
The crowds have vanish'd, like the waves that die
And leave a shore to quietude again:
Some in their dreams, perchance, the day renew,—
The darkness, earthquake, and that loud Farewell!
But thou! upon a kingly couch reposed,
The Judge of Jesus, could thy soul conceive
That, long as time's recorded truths endure,
Thy name, united to this awful day,
Would live,—when all the Cæsars are forgot!

The hum and murmur of a distant town,
How faintly on the breeze they roll, and die
In soft confusion!—turn thy gaze, and see,

Encircled with a huge Titanian wall,
Where tower and turret, and Herodian piles,
And battlements of dusky gloom, uprear
Their vastness,—there the Holy City stands!
Augustly beautiful, in moonlight bathed,
Jehovah's palace awes the midnight air
Around it; while her mountain Genii, veil'd
With dimmer lustre, far and near preside,
Like guardians planted by almighty hands,
To watch the city, where a million breathe.
From plain and desert, isles and regions call'd,
Wherever son of Abram was,—they throng'd
To worship, and the rite eternal* keep:
And there, in some unnoticed chamber lurk,
The panic-struck apostles!—when the gloom
Of earthquake on the hill of Calv'ry hung,
That God was coming from the Cross to take
Messiah; or, that Christ himself would free,
And shake the universe, to shew the God,—
Ambition blindly dreamt;—He could not die,
The Lord of Life, and Potentate of Worlds!
A veil was on them; though prophetic Christ
His future resurrection oft declared,
'Twas unremember'd, while the sudden pangs
Of terror crucified the faith of all!

* The Passover.

But, north of Zion, on a mountain-slope,
The garden where the tomb of Jesus lies
Behold; how solemnly, beneath a haze
Of moonlight, the sepulchral rock appears!
Before it, with a frequent play, the flash
Of steely armour, as the Roman watch
Doth move and change in circular array,
Is seen; yet, save the night's uncertain sound,
The wizard motion of a rambling breeze
That stirs the olive, or the tow'ring palm,
And timid murmur of a garden-brook,—
The scene is voiceless; while on high enthroned,
Yon firmamental orbs are fix'd and bright,
As though in wonder, that their glory falls
Upon the grave where buried Godhead lies!

Still Calv'ry sleeps; and nothing dread or wild
The holy slumber of the night arrests:
The sentries in their panoply are ranged;
Some on the gleaming worlds of air a glance
Upturn, and with inaudible delight
Adore their beauty; some, on fairy wings
Of fondness, to the haunt of childhood flee,
Among the hills of unforgotten Rome;
Or vaguely round yon high-wall'd city view
The shadowy watch-towers, on the vineyards raised,
Or mountain dim, or Maccabean pile;

While others, haply, to the tomb devote
A gaze of sorrow, for the righteous Form
They help'd to rivet on the cursed tree!

But in that syncopè,* that solemn trance,
When darkness, like a fading thought, decays
Amid the glimmer of increasing dawn,—
Like God in thunder, lo! an earthquake came,
Till the rock quiver'd as a shaken reed!
In rushing glory down the sky advanced
A giant Angel! from the tomb he roll'd
The barrier-stone, and on it sat, and blazed.
His face was lightning! and as dazzling snow
His vestment glitter'd:—with a clang of arms
Prone on the earth the frighted soldiers fell!
And as Eliphaz, when the vision spake,
Upon the Formless turn'd a fearful gaze,
They look'd—were blasted—like the dead they lay!—
And then Immanuel from the grave arose
Invisible! all paramount and pure,
THE RESURRECTION and THE LIFE, He stood,
Lord of the tomb, victoriously sublime!
Oh! then Captivity was captive led,
Satan unthroned, his domination spoil'd,
Hell-gates were sunder'd, and from earthy sleep

* A syncopè, a solemn pause.—*Cowper.*

The dead awaking, as they lived and moved,
Felt on their brows a beam immortal play!

But He who moved invisible to man,
To guardian woman did Himself reveal.
As Mary, weeping, by the tomb remain'd,
And bow'd within its rocky depth to gaze,
Two angel watchers, robed in dazzling white,
Were seated, where the vanish'd body lay!
" Why weepest thou?" with gentlest tone they cried:
" Because I know not where my stolen Lord
Be taken;"—back she turn'd her eye of tears,
And there stood Jesus! but to her unknown.
" Why weepest thou?" again was mildly heard;
Then Mary, with mistaking love, replied,
" If thou hast borne Him from this garden tomb,
Oh! tell me where; these hands will take Him thence."
But Jesus, vocal with His wonted voice,
Responded, " Mary!"—and the mourner fell
Down at His feet!—Rabboni she adored!
Let one at midnight, when the cradling sea
Hath rock'd his slumber, and a dream of home
In murmuring faintness to the soul renews
Parental language, till his ocean-sleep
Is harrow'd by that too delicious sound!—

The feeling picture,—such may faintly tell,
When Mary worshipp'd, *how* her spirit thrill'd!

'Twas on the evening of this hallow'd day
That two disciples, down a western vale,
To where Emmaus in the sunset shew'd
Her whitening cots, with pensive step approach'd.
O dying hour of beautiful delight!
The painter's worship, and the poet's song,
How few embrace thee with a purer thought
Than one, whose dreaming boyhood loved to form
Romantic visions of the unreveal'd,
From thine own hues; when, like those fairy clouds
That float and perish, yearning fancy shaped
Bright unrealities long roll'd away!—
Divinest evening! when thy Syrian glow
On verd'rous olive, sycamore, and palm,
Descended, not unfelt thy magic woo'd
These holy pilgrims:—homeward, flocks and herds
Were wending; while around them, richly soft,
The lingering decadence of light began;
But more than Nature on their brows has hung
A solemn meaning!—of the day they talk,
Of Death, and Resurrection; such their theme,
When, silent as the shadow of their forms,
ANOTHER came! and mingled word with word,
In deep communion; then of Christ He spake,

From prophecy to prophecy unroll'd
Each revelation, till the shade of doubt
Fell from their spirit like a film removed
From blindness, letting in the light of heaven!
But when, abiding to partake their meal,
He sat before them, and the blessing gave,—
That eye, so eloquent with awe devout,
That voice heaven-toned, That calm majestic mien
Declared Messiah!—lo, at once He gazed
Upon them, featured like their living Christ,
So often follow'd, worshipp'd,—and forsook!—
Within them how each wond'ring heart had burn'd
To hear Him, like an oracle, reveal
The Word of Life, and Everlasting Will!
But like a vision of the soul He fled.
Then back they speeded, to th' Eleven rehearsed
Their tale of wonder; when, again, behold!
Th' INCARNATE SAVIOUR!—"Peace be with you! hail!"
Becalming thus, with salutation mild,
Th' appall'd assembly, on them all He breathed
The Holy Spirit, and to each bestow'd
O'er sin a power, to pardon or retain.
But Thomas doubted, till his hand could touch
The living Jesus!—lo! again He came,
Inaudibly, within a chamber barr'd;[12]
So like a spirit of the shapeless air

He enter'd, that with dread, disciples quaked!
" Thy finger hither reach, These hands behold,
And thrust thine own within My wounded side,
Not faithless, but believing!"—thus he spoke
To him, who answer'd, — " Saviour, Lord, and
God!"

Once more upon the lake, Messiah view,
Whose azure waters at His word o'erfill'd
With countless fish, the Galilean bark,
Which night had baffled; then was Peter ask'd
That threefold question,—how augustly fill'd
With mem'ry of his denial thrice!
And yet, so toned with tenderness divine,
The soul of Peter in his fond reply,
" Thou know'st I love thee!"—spake through
dawning tears!

And now, the Counsel of Eternal Love,
Tremendous, vast, unspeakably sublime,
Wrapt in the folds of the Almighty Will
Before the universe was shaped or born,—
Concludeth!—Man's Redemption is complete,
And sanction'd; all the archetypal plan
Of Deity, for reconciling sin
With justice, by the mediating blood
Of covenant, in Christ has been fulfill'd;

THE WOMAN'S SEED HATH BRUISED THE SERPENT'S HEAD!

For man hath lived, for man hath bled, and died,
Hath rose immortal, and his presence shewn;
Not in the midnight, when the spirit shapes
An earthless phantom; but by living day
Was Jesus heard, and manifestly seen.*

But, ere ascending to his seat on high,
Again the apostolic band He shew'd
The true Salvation, in its glorious light.
From age to age prophetically sung,
By type and shadow heralded or seen,
Begotten Son of Co-Eternal Sire,
His goings forth from Everlasting were!†
Before the works of old, ere earth began,
When God His compass on the waters set
And gave the sea commandment,—He was there!
The Star, the Prophet, like to Moses raised,
The Priest for ever, on the Right Hand placed
Of glory, while the sun and moon endure,
Dominion o'er all nations, kings, and isles,
To Him was given, whom the Gentiles sought.
Born of a Virgin, blended God and Man,
Desire of nations, He whom Daniel saw,

* There are eleven distinct appearances of Christ, after His Resurrection, recorded in the New Testament.

† For this summary of Christ's magnificent titles and offices, *vide* Scriptures, *passim*.

Ancient of Days, by king and kingdoms served,
The Heritor of Heathens, and the Throne
Of David,—higher than the Heaven of Heavens,
Expressive semblance of the bright UNSEEN!
And Morning Star of Immortality,—
The Light of Light, unspotted Lamb of God,
For sin an off'ring, and for sinners slain,
But now arisen,—from the tomb to soar
Triumphant Saviour of forgiven man!*—
Thus in the beams of revelation shone
The great Messiah! thus the cloudy veil
Of error from their souls He took, and cried,—
" Go forth! repentance and remission teach,
Baptizing nations in the mingled name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost![13]—Behold,
The power, the spirit, and the grace shall dawn,
From Me descending, as the promise spake;
Within the city, tarry till they come,
Lo! I am with you to the ended world!"

My soul is shaken with a mighty dream
Of splendour!—Supereminence and power,
Dominion, Majesty, and Truth, proceed
In pomp immortal from the depth of Heaven!
I hear the gates of second Eden ope,

* Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead.—*The Gospel.*

And balm and freshness on the blighted world
Come flowing forth, with universal love.
Creation glitters with Redemption's smile!
And, hark! the echoes of a choral strain
Above;—a new and everlasting song*
Is chanted, for the seven-seal'd Book unroll'd
The Lamb hath open'd, and symphonious hymns
Of thousand times ten thousand saints ascend,
The throne around!—"HOSANNAH TO THE LAMB!"
For He is worthy!—shout, ye angels! shout,
Till earth re-echoes that unwearied strain!
Let sun, let moon, and each melodious star,
The winds, the rivers, mountains, floods, and hills,
The diapason deepen, and the loud
Eternal Hallelujah of the sea
Wake into sound! while regions, zones, and isles,
The glory of our great Redeemer sing!
And thus with angels and archangels laud
The Lamb Almighty, in the skies adored!

But, lo! upon Mount Olivet appears,
With hands uplifted in their last farewell,
The parting Saviour; on His God-like brow
A light of immortality begins!
Disciples kneeling for His blessing ask,

* Rev., chap. v.

And, hark! 'tis given;—on their souls He breathes
The breath of sanctity, of love sublime
And endless:—then His mighty hand is lift;
But while it blesseth the beloved of earth,
The air is waiting to upwaft the God:
And see, He riseth! solemnly and slow,
Array'd in brightness, dazzlingly divine!—
Less'ning and less'ning from the blinded gaze
Of His adorers, through the pathless air,
In the full lustre of unclouded day,
He riseth!—leaving, like th' Atlantic sun
On ocean when he dies, a gorgeous death,
A beaming track, magnificently bright,
Behind Him! till a radiant star He seems,
And then, is trackless,—in th' empyrean depth
Evanish'd, mix'd with far immensity![14]

But, oh! if angels at His birth did sing,
What pæans now through heaven's wide concave roll!
To welcome back the sempiternal Prince,
The Son almighty, into glory come,
O'er Sin and Death victorious, with a world
Recover'd, ransom'd, and for ever saved,
To speak his triumph in the state of man.
The skies are kindled!—from the opal walls
And battlements of uncreated light,
Lo! seraphim and cherubim appear,

With angel and archangel,—rank on rank,
In wing'd array of infinite extent
And brightness,—to conduct the Lord of Heaven!
Now lift your heads, ye Everlasting Doors,
Receive the King of Glory!—Hark! the choir
With jubilant Hosannas shout and sing,
" For ever and for ever is thy throne,
Thou Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts!
By Thee of old the Heaven and Earth were framed,
Were founded: but they all shall fade and die,
And as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up,
And they shall perish!—still art Thou the same
Unchanging, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts!
Thy Throne Eternal in the heavens resume,
Majestic Saviour, and immortal King!"

My theme is o'er, the great Messiah sung,
And this attempt, whose vast persuasion fill'd
My being with a dread delight, concludes.
How often, in some pause of holy fear,
Hath fancy folded her advent'rous wing,
And my soul bow'd with this unutter'd thought!—
That He, whose mediatorial love I sang,
Beheld me, fathoming my spirit's depth!
And now, as girt with glory, in the Heaven
Of Heavens, the Son of Man His throne resumes,

A dread comes round me, like a shadow cast
From waning tempest o'er a tranced sea!

Thou Land sublime! of miracles and men,
Where poetry from God on earth came down
In warbled echoes of celestial song!
Where Hebron, Tabor, and Mount Carmel, lift
Their silent vastness in the sultry air,
Divinely haunted; where the Jordan rolls,
Where rock, and cavern, grotto, cell, and cave,
Are mighty; where the curse of Heaven has graved
Terrific warning on thy blasted trees,
And haggard vales, all fountainless and dry,—
The stately vision of thy mingled scene
Departeth!—He whose spirit oft has heard
The thunder-music of thy tempest roll,
Beheld thy sun-blaze, seen thine eagles mount,
And, dream-led, roved beside that mournful lake
Where man's Redeemer, in His days of earth,
Hath wander'd,—bids thee now a long farewell!

Autumnal morning in my chamber gleam'd,
When tremblingly, as though th' Almighty's glance
My mind had bared!—I struck the chorded lyre
Of sacred truth, to this surpassing theme.
But ever, as the waves of moving life

From England's capital, with heave and swell,
Came surging from afar, my soul partook
A deep communion with the fate of man,—
Amid a sea of wide existence toss'd,
Whose billows only the Redeemer trod
Secure; but left along the stormy wild
A track of glory, for terrestrial feet
To follow, guided by the star of Heaven!

But now, the spirit of mysterious night
Comes forth, and, like a ruin'd angel, seems
All dimly glorious, and divinely sad;
And Earth, forgetful of her primal fall,
Lies in the beauty of reflected heaven.
Oh! night creates the paradise of thought,
Enchanting back whatever time has wrong'd
Or exiled, touch'd with that celestial hue
Which faith and fancy on the dead bestow:—
Emotions which the tyrant day destroys
Can now awaken, like reviving flowers;
And oh! the darkness of unheavenly souls
Must feel immortal, as his eye receives
From all its views, a loveliness, that comes
To light the dimness of the spirit's depth!—
As when at morning, oft a sunrise pours
A stream of splendour through the window-panes
Of temple vast, to cheer its barren aisles,

And on the gloom of monumental sleep
To glitter, like a resurrection morn!

Thus life is charter'd for a nobler fate
Than glory, by the breath of man bestow'd:
A living world reflects a living God,—
Morn, noon, and night, with everlasting change!
And who can dim the universe, o'erawe
The elements, unseat the sun, or mar
That mighty Poem which the heavens and earth
Exhibit, written by Eternal hands?—
The sense of beauty, which is so divine,
Lives in the spirit like a burning spell;
And while the wonders of creation teem,—
To love and worship their majestic power,
Can lift the spirit into purer light,
Than ever canopied the throne of Fame!

And cold the heart, whose aspirations wing'd
Their flight from thee, my own inviolate land!
Whom night and beauty have apparell'd now.
Thy heaven is glassy, as the molten blue
Of ocean, in the noontide's dazzling sleep;
Thy starry multitudes their thrones have set,
And the young moon looks on the quiet sea,
Tranced like a mother, with her doating eye
Intently fix'd upon a cradled child!

While, round, and full, and ravishingly bright,
A planet, here and there, the sky adorns.
A path of lustre has o'erlaid the deep,
And heaves, and glitters, like a wizard shore
For sea-enchanters, when they rise and walk
The waves in glory;—voice nor foot profanes
This dreaming silence; but the mellow lisp
Of dying waters on the beach dissolved,
Makes ocean-language for the heart and hour!

Now thought is heaven-like; and our earthly frame
Of purity beyond the day to bring,
Is conscious;—from the uncreated fount
Of glory, may not emanations steal,
By night absorbed, and mystically felt?
Or creatures,—such as once the mental eye
Of seraph-haunted Milton[15] saw descend,
Like sunbeams darted from a riven cloud,
On Eden's mount,—with viewless wing career
Around us?—charming with a gaze unseen
Whate'er the beauty of their glances touch!

But oh! dark Spirit,[16] whose unquiet shade
Our fancy visions in reflected gloom,
Again thou comest! and thy frown declares,
What penal agonies, what groans and pangs,
What spirits rotting in obscure decay,

In this calm hour a bleeding world contains!—
E'en now the curtains of futurity
Are shaken, by the blasts of coming doom!
For Self[17] has overshadow'd Deity
In dread oblivion, till our daring thoughts
To helm the universe, and guide the wheels
Of human fate, have awfully presumed!

A mind that glories in the world of man,
And graves, IMMORTAL! on the meanest brow,
Oh! how it loves the universe, and longs
To see the spirits whom Redemption won
Annihilate the hopes of Hell!—Shall souls,
So highly destined, that a swell of joy
Heaves o'er the harps of Heaven's resounding choir
When Sin repents,—be manacled and lost?
No! let us, as the prince of morning quells
A cloudy tempest with imperial rays,
So learn to vanquish with celestial light
Our sin and darkness; till, as demons shrunk
To shapeless nothing at Messiah's look,
Our vices wither from our virtues' gaze!

Amid the energies that now unfold
Like harmonies from some awaking lyre,
Wilt thou, divinest of all arts divine!
Last in the train of renovating truths,

Proceed, poetical enchantress! Muse,
Who art the angel of the soul, whose voice
The primal loveliness of vanish'd things
Renews; or haply, thou, in pure perfection, art
A priestess, who behind the veil of sense
Conducts the spirit to the holy shrine
Where Beauty, Love, and Everlasting Light
Are shrouded;—then, a prophetess, whose lip
Their power interprets with a vocal spell.

Thou beautiful magician! be thy name
Whate'er thou wilt: creatress of delight
Expression paints not! though the world affright
Thy radiant visit, still art thou adored;
And the soft wave of thy descending wings
Is token'd by the pulse's quivering joy;
Beneath the play of thy melodious smiles
The spirit quickens into thrills of heaven,
And feeling worships at thy faintest sound!—
All hours are thine; all climes and seasons drink
Thine effluence bright, and immaterial power:
Thou with the universe twin-born didst rise!
And thou alone, when tempted Nature fell,
Unfallen wert: and thus thy glorious aim,
Like true Religion's, is to lead us back
From recreant darkness to primeval bliss![18]

All moods are thine; all maladies of thought
By thee are visited with healing sway:—
Oh! there be moments, when a hideous veil
Of dimness, woven by some demon hand,
Lies on the world; when love itself is cold
And earthy, and the tone affection breathes
Falls fruitless on the mind, as ocean spray,
That dies unheeded on the savage rock;
When Nature is untuned, and all things wear
The coarse reality derision loves.
And then, how often thine assuasive balm,
Spirit of beauty! intellectual queen!
Is worshipp'd,—melting over heart and brain,
Like dew upon the desert, till the soul
Reviveth, and the world is exorcised!—
And thou canst hallow with ennobling power
Deep impulses, of undiscover'd source,
That come like shades of pre-existent life
Athwart the mind, when superstition reigns.*
For is not man mysteriously begirt
By something dread, imagination *feels*,
Yet fathoms not? Dare human creed deny
That mortal feeling, in its finest mood,

* Man can never altogether turn aside his thoughts from infinity; and some obscure recollections will always remind him of his original home.—*M. Schlegel.*

May be some thrill of sympathetic chords
That link our nature to a world unknown!

And since the spirit with the flesh doth war,[19]
And life is oft an agonizing thirst
Which nothing visible can tame, or cool,
That beauty, which the hues of thought create,
By thee enchanted,—slakes the mental fire
That parches us within: and yearning dreams,
And hopes that breathe of immortality,
Thy power sublimeth with mysterious aid.
Then, long as earth is round us, and the wings
Of fancy by the light of faith ascend,
May Poetry her sibyl language weave,
Enlighten, charm, and elevate the world!

Creation's hope! our universal All!
From Thee alone the panting spirit learns
That man is deathless, an immortal heir
Of being yet to be;—stupendous thought!—
Though, frail as dew, our fleeting life departs
This mortal ruin in august decay,
To let the spirit from its bondage free.
The soul is godlike!—world on world may rise
And wither, quench'd in everlasting gloom,
And surging ages into silence roll,
Like haughty billows that have heaved and died;

But still unfading, bright with awful bliss,
Or dim with agony, the Soul shall live,
And, like JEHOVAH, utter its—"I AM!"

We shall not sleep, but we shall all arise
For judgment;—with an instantaneous frame
Of being, dust shall look on God and live!
An hour is coming when the grave will hear
And answer to a tomb-awakening trump
That thunders o'er the icy trance of death!
The waning universe, the earth and heaven,
Shall vanish in th' immeasurable deep!
But Thine own promise shall not pass away.
And though that hour, for resurrection doom'd,[20]
Be hidden, shrouded from angelic mind,
A secret buried in Eternal Thought!—
As certain as the blood of Christ hath flow'd,
Messiah risen, and the heavens received
And throned His presence, — HE SHALL COME AGAIN!

And then, the funeral of creation see!—
Sun, moon, and star dissolve, and wane, and die;
The earth is riven; with appalling roar
The sea departeth, as her dead ascend!
And wing'd archangels on the winds unroll
Their summons; not an atom but is thrill'd

With life or feeling, at that dreadful sound!
And now look up!—behold, He cometh!—clouds
And splendours, with seraphic armies, throng
Before Him, cleaving the prophetic sky
With vanward glory,—to announce The God.
And lo! the semblance of His far-off throne
Advances; as embodied lustre bright,
The Judge of Earth, the Son Almighty, comes!
And all who have been since creation was,
Moveless and countless, on their features wear
A solemn radiance, from the Form divine
Reflected!—every eye is fix'd and still,
To Him upraised, whose eye discerneth all!

Again the trumpet!—and this dread array,
The multitudinous and living mass,
At once is sever'd!—right and left they stand
Divided, as of old the fated sea
Was cloven, when the wand of Moses waved;
And in each soul there is a judgment-throne
Erected, where eternal conscience reigns.

But listen!—far behind this breathing host
Of mortals, myriads of colossal Shapes,
Unearthly, wild, and dim with ghastly wo,

Rise in the glare!—the ruin'd Angels* come
From darkness, and a clank of chain resounds,
Appallingly, above the world distinct!
But ONE, who, vast above the vastest there,
In tow'ring majesty confronts the sky,
As though the fabric of the heavens would shrink
From the dark light of his unfathom'd gaze,
Behold him!—how magnificently dread!
From the huge mountain into embers sunk,
To the last billow of expiring sea,—
O'er all, the terror of his ruin frowns
Sublime, who battled with Omnipotence,
And *will* be fearless in the fires of hell!

Another gaze!—e'er earth and nature die;
The Spirit of eternity descends,
Seven thunders speak,* to heaven he lifts his arm,
And utters, — "Time and earth shall be no more!—
Creation withers at his dread command,
And like a shade, the Universe departs!

Oh! in this agony of Nature's death,
May he, who dared from erring fancy's gloom

* Epistle of Jude, i. 6. † See Revelation.

To lift his spirit to the Light of Light,
And shadow forth the lineaments divine
Of God Incarnate, by redemption seen,—
Unblasted look upon the Lord he sang!
And in some world unutterably bright,
Where thought is holy as the heaven it breathes,
By angels taught, around The Throne renew
The song eternal fleeting time began.

NOTES.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

Omitted Note, Page 1.

Himself was all, the unapparent God.

Since the above line was written, the author has perused an emphatic comment on its meaning, in a sermon of South's, on the Divine Mercy:—"His goodness was so vastly, so infinitely full, that He seemed unquiet and unsatisfied till He had, as it were, disburdened Himself by some communications of it. One would have thought that these perfections had been too rare to be communicated, so much as in resemblance, *and that God would have folded them up within His own essence for ever;* so that He who now contents Himself with the prerogative of being the *best* and *greatest* Being, might have been the *only* Being; but He chose rather to draw out, than only to possess, His own fulness; to scatter something of His image upon the creature, and to see Himself in effigy."—*Works*, vol. viii. p. 81.

Note 1, Page 2.

Whereof the day thou eatest, thou shalt die!

It was fit to lay upon Adam this small restraint, to make him sensible that, though he had dominion over all things, yet he was not their lord, but a servant of the Most High. But still, some ask, why should his obedience be tried in such an instance as this?—*not considering that a trial of it could scarcely have been made in any of the usual precepts,*

which there was no opportunity of violating. For what should tempt him to idolatry, or to take God's name in vain, or to murder his wife? How was it possible to commit adultery, when there was nobody but he and she in the world? How could he steal, or what room was there for coveting, when God had put him in possession of all things? It had been in vain to forbid that which could not be done; and it had been virtue to abstain, not from that to which there was no temptation, but from that which invited them to transgress.—*Bishop Patrick.*

In Vitringa, on the "*Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil,*" the reader will find some profound and vigorous reasoning. He says that "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was so called, because, from the divine institution, it was a *moral cause* of that knowledge,—*i. e.* it was a visible, familiar, and permanent lesson, by which man was not only admonished of the eternal distinction between good and evil, but was put upon his guard as to the quarter from which alone evil could assail him." Concerning the command itself, it is observed, "the prohibition answered the threefold purpose of trial, instruction, and of a sacramental pledge." We will venture to extract his eloquent comment on the second of these purposes:—"Placed in the midst of the garden, and often meeting the eyes of our first parents, it (*viz.*, the 'Tree of Knowledge,') could hardly fail to teach them such truths as these:—That God is the Lord of all things; and, consequently, that man's dominion was neither absolute nor independent; that in the enjoyment of God alone is the satisfying good of man; that, in judging of good and evil, man is not to be directed by his own reason or pleasure, but by the revealed will of God; that man had not yet arrived at his highest happiness, but was bound to expect and desire a more perfect state, yet in that *way* alone which God had appointed; that if he would escape death, he must avoid the cause of it,—*i. e.*, sin. How much further the unclouded mind of the first man might have carried his reflections on the forbidden tree, to what sublime conceptions of the Divine Nature and works of Providence it

might have led him, we, in our shattered state, with our discordant affections and obscure lights, are poorly qualified to judge. Yet, disabled as we are by the Fall from taking such rapid, capacious, and elevating views of whatever is fair, and good, and magnificent, in the creature and Creator, as were competent to a sinless being, we can discern enough to persuade us, that the tree of knowledge of good and evil must have been to an innocent man a rich source of intellectual improvement and moral joy.—*Observ. Sacr.*, tome ii., lib. iv., c. 12.

NOTE 2, PAGE 3.

Let Nature hope, and while her blessings thrive,
To secret Heaven resign the vast unknown.

A beautiful illustration of our limited apprehension relative to the origin and destiny of things occurs in one of Paley's Sermons, for which he is indebted to Tucker's Light of Nature:—"All such partial knowledge must be encumbered with many difficulties,—it is like viewing the map of a district, or small tract of territory, by itself, and separated from the adjacent country; we see rivers marked out, without any source to flow from, and running where there is nothing to receive them. In like manner, we observe events in the world, of which we trace not either cause or origin, and tending to no design or purpose that we can discover."

NOTE 3, PAGE 5.

In Christ all revelation lives! His voice
With man in Eden dread communion held.

It is perhaps deserving of observation, that, in the account of the production of the world, in the first chapter of Genesis, the absolute term, *God*, is constantly used; but when the account of the administration of the new-created world begins, the term, *the Lord God*, is introduced. And in all the intercourse and converse between the Deity and the first inhabitants of the world, this appellation is constantly given to the

Divine Person, whom we find administering the affairs of the new creation, and seems to denote a distinct person and character. And in the several conversations between this Divine Personage and Adam, Eve, Cain, &c., as recorded in the third and fourth chapters of Genesis, it seems plain that he presented himself in some personal form or visible appearance. And whether or not this might have any relation to the assumption of Humanity in the Mediator, there is, I think, no doubt but it is to be referred to the same Person, and relates to His mediatorial character, being part of the administration of that important government, which was from eternity ordained to be laid upon His shoulders ; and which comprehends, not only, as the Jews fondly believed, the protection and restoration of their nation, but of all the race of mankind.

Note 4, Page 11.

My son ! in thee a sacrifice the Lord
Hath found, and thou art dedicate to God !

Bishop Warburton supposes that the command of sacrificing Isaac was a mode of information by action, instead of words, concerning the great sacrifice of Christ, given to Abraham at his own request; which is well illustrated by Mr. Gilbook (Script. Hist.), and might receive perhaps some confirmation, by observing that this scene was placed, most probably, upon the very spot where Christ actually suffered.

Note 5, Page 15.

Seven altars.

It is well known that, in the Oriental style, the *perfection* of any quality is expressed by the application of the number *Seven*; a figure, probably, derived from the history of the Creation, the division of time into weeks, and the primeval honour of the Sabbath day. But whatever was its origin, seven came to be regarded as a most dignified and sacred number. It occupied a marked place in the religious and

political institutions of the ancient Persians, who had derived many principles of primitive revealed truth from undoubtedly a patriarchal source: and it was adopted into the sacred phraseology of the Jews. Thus the extremity of distress is denoted by seven troubles; the most complete refining of metals is called a being purified seven times; a character of consummate wickedness is represented by an enumeration of seven vices, or the habitation of seven evil spirits; the highest measure of accomplishments is signified by seven men that can render a reason; the perfect excellence of wisdom, by a palace of seven pillars; and the omniscience of God, by seven eyes and seven lamps. So also, still more remarkably, in this book of mystical visions, the perfection of the Divine government, in different parts of its administration, is described by the symbolical agency of seven angels, seven thunders, seven phials, seven plagues; and the perfection, and power, and wisdom of Christ, as exercised in the protection and government of His Church, is represented by seven horns and seven eyes. — *Pye Smith's Scrip. Test.*, vol. iii. 153—4.

Επτα με φωνηεντα θεον αφθιτον αινει
Γραμματα των παντων, ακαματον πατερα,
Ειμι δ'εγω παντων χελυς αφθιτος η τα λυρωδη
Ηρμασαμην δινης ουρανιοιο μελη.

"Seven sounding letters sing the praise of me,
Th' immortal God, th' Almighty Deity,
Father of All, that cannot weary be.
I am th' Eternal Viol of all things,
Whereby the melody so sweetly rings
Of Heaven's music which so sweetly sings."

What these seven letters are, that do thus express God, is easie to guess that they be the letters of the name Jehovah.— *Lightfoot's Miscell.*, fol. ed.

NOTE 6, PAGE 16.

With curses, like the winds, when desert-born,
Terrific, loud, with desolation wing'd!

As the storm darkened over the Hebrew kingdom, the

voices of the prophets became louder and more wild. In their magnificent lyric odes, we have a poetical history of these momentous times. They were like the great tragic chorus to the awful drama which was unfolding itself in the eastern world.—*Milman.*

Note 7, Page 18.

The infant of eternity
By wo is nursed, and strengthened for the skies.

The existence of misery and evil in the world has ever been, and continues to be, the grand question in theological and sceptical controversy. But on such a subject we may say, with Young,—"Those things which our hands can grasp, our understanding cannot comprehend: why then deny to the Deity himself the privilege of being *one*, amidst that multitude of mysteries which he has made!"—*Essay on Infidelity.*

How noble is the sentiment of Seneca with reference to the trials and afflictions of this present scene! "Magnus es vir; sed unde scio, si tibi fortuna non dat facultatem exhibendæ virtutis. Descendisti ad Olympia; si nemo præter te, coronam habes, victoriam non habes."

The sentiments of a great modern metaphysician are in perfect unison with those of the Roman philosopher: "*If virtue be excellent, the capacity of suffering, by which virtue is formed or perfected, must, when this great relation of it is considered, be allowed to have itself an excellence that is relative to the excellence produced by it.* Without it we might indeed have been what the world terms happy—the passive subjects of a series of agreeable sensations; but we could not have had the delights of conscience; we could not have felt what it is to be magnanimous, to have the toil, the combat, and the victory; to exult that we have something within us which is superior, not to danger only, but which can vanquish even pleasure itself."—*Brown on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* Lect. 95.

NOTE 8, PAGE 19.

Round Jesus all the prophets shed their rays.

Instead of loading the text with prophetical references, the author has thought it more convenient to introduce, by way of note, a table of prophecies relative to the kingdom, office, and character of Christ. This summary was originally collected by Hartwell Horne, to whose invaluable Introduction the writer begs to acknowledge infinite obligations.

TABLE OF PROPHECIES RELATIVE TO THE MESSIAH AND HIS KINGDOM.

I.

PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION OF THE MESSIAH.

1. *That a Messiah should come.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Gen. iii. 15, xii. 3, xxii. 18, xxvi. 4, xxviii. 14. Ps. lxxii. 17. Isa. xl. 5, 9, 10. Hag. ii. 7.	Gal. iv. 4. Romans xvi. 20. 1 John iii. 8. Rev. xii. 9. Heb. ii. 14. Luke ii. 1—16.

2. *When he should come.*

Gen. xlix. 10. Hag. ii. 6—9. Dan. ix. 24, 25. Mal. iii. 1.	Luke ii. 1—3, 5. Mat. xxii. 20, 21. John xix. xx. 10—15. Mat. ii. 1—10. Mark xv. 43. Luke ii. 25—38. John i. 19, 45.

3. *That the Messiah should be God and man together.*

Ps. ii. 7, cx. 1. Isaiah ix. 6. Micah v. 2.	Heb. i. 8. Mat. xxii. 42—45. 1 Cor. xv. 25. Heb. i. 13. Mat. i. 23. John i. 1—14. Rom. ix. 5. Col. ii. 9. 1 John v. 20.

4. *From whom he was to be descended.*

From the first woman, Gen. iii. 15; from Abraham, Gen. xii. 3, xviii. 18; from Isaac, Gen. xxvi. 4; Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 14; Judah, Gen. xlix. 10; Jesse, Isaiah xi. 1; David, Psalm cxxxii. 11, lxxxix. 4, 27; Isaiah vii. 13, 14, ix. 7; Jer. xxiii. 5, xxxiii. 20, 21.	Gal. iv. 4. Acts iii. 25. Mat. i. 1. Heb. vii. 14. Rom. xv. 12. John vii. 42. Acts ii. 30, xiii. 23. Luke i. 32.

5. *That the Messiah should be born of a Virgin.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Isa. vii. 14. Jer. xxxi. 22.	Mat. i. 24, 25. Luke i. 26—35. Mat. i. 22, 23.

6. *Where the Messiah was to be born.*

Micah v. 2.	Luke ii. 4—6, 10, 11, 15. Mat. ii. 1, 4—6, 8, 11. John vii. 42.

7. *That a Prophet in the spirit and power of Elias or Elijah should be the Messiah's forerunner.*

Mal. iii. 1. Isaiah xl. 3. Luke i. 17.	Mat. iii. 1—3, xi. 14. Luke vii. 27, 28.

8. *That the Messiah was to be a Prophet.*

Deut. xviii. 15, 18.	John iv. 19, ix. 17. Mat. xxi. 46. Mark vi. 15. Luke vii. 16. John vi. 14, vii. 40. Luke xxiv. 19. Mat. xxi. 11.

9. *That he should begin to preach in Galilee.*

Isaiah ix. 1, 2.	Mat. iv. 12—17. Luke iv. 14, 15.

10. *That he should confirm his Doctrine by Miracles.*

Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6, xlii. 7, xxxii. 3, 4, xxix. 18.	Mat. xi. 4, 5. Luke vii. 21. Mat. iv. 23, 24, xv. 30, 31. Acts ii. 22, and many other passages.

11. *In what manner he should enter Jerusalem.*

Zech. ix. 9.	Mat. xxi. 4, 5, 7, 10.

12. *That the Messiah should be poor and despised, and that he should be betrayed and sold by one of his disciples for thirty pieces of silver, with which the potter's field should be purchased.*

Isaiah liii. 3. Psalm xli. 9, lv. 12—14. Zech. xi. 12, 13.	Luke ix. 58. 2 Cor. viii. 9. John xi. 35. Luke xxii. 3, 4. Mat. xxvi. 14, xxvii. 3—10.

13. *That the Messiah should suffer pain and death for the sins of the world.*

Psalm xxii. 14, 15. Isaiah l. 6, liii. 5, 8, 12.	John xix. 1, 2. Mat. xxvii. 29—31. Mark xv. 19, 25. 1 Pet. ii. 23, 24.

14. *That the Messiah should be cruelly mocked and derided.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Psalm xxii. 7, 8, 12, 13.	Mat. xxvii. 39—44. Mark xv. 31, 32. Luke xxiii. 35. 36.

15. *That vinegar and gall should be offered to the Messiah on the cross, and lots cast for his vesture.*

Psalm lxix. 21, xxii. 18.	John xix. 29. Matthew xxvii. 34, 35. Mark xv. 36. John xix. 23, 24.

16. *That not a bone of him should be broken, but that his side should be pierced.*

Ps. xxxiv. 20.	Zech. xii. 10.	John xix. 32—34.

17. *That the Messiah should die with malefactors, but be buried honourably.*

Isaiah liii. 9, 12.	Mat. xxvii. 38, 57—60.

18. *That the Messiah should rise from the dead, and ascend into heaven.*

Psalm xvi. 9, 10. Isaiah liii. 10, lxviii. 18.	Acts ii. 32, 33, xiii. 35, 37. Mat. xxviii. 5, 6. Luke xxiv. 5, 6. 1 Cor. xv. 4.

19. *That the Messiah should send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.*

Psalm lxviii. 18. Joel ii. 28.	Acts ii. 1—4, 16—21, iv. 31, viii. 17, x. 44, xi. 15.

II.

PROPHECIES RELATING TO THE OFFICES OF THE MESSIAH.

1. *That the Messiah was to be a Prophet and Lawgiver like unto Moses, but superior to him; who should change the law of Moses into a new and more perfect law, common to both Jews and Gentiles, which should last for ever.*

Deut. xviii. 15, 18, 19; also, Acts iii. 22, vii. 37.	John vi. 14. Luke xxiv. 19. Heb. iii. 5, 6, vii. 18, 19. Isa. ii. 3. Mat. xxviii. 19, 20. Heb. ii. 20, ix. 24. John xiv. 2, 3. 1 John ii. 1. Heb. vii. 25. John i. 45.

2. *That the Messiah was to be a Teacher.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Isa. lxi. 1, liv. 13, l. 4. Psalm lxxvii. 2.	Mark i. 14. Luke viii. 1. Mark vi. 6. Luke iv. 15, 44. Mat. v. 1, 2, xiii. 34. Mark iv. 33. John iii. 2, i. 49.

3. *That the Messiah was to instruct and enlighten men.*

Isaiah ix. 2.	John xii. 46, viii. 12, ix. 5. Luke ii. 32. John i. 4, 5. Acts xxvi. 18. Ephes. v. 8.

4. *That the Messiah was to be the Christ or anointed of God.*

Isaiah lxi. 1. Daniel ix. 24, 25. Psalm cxxxii. 17, lxxxix. 20, 51, ii. 2.	John iv. 25, 42, vi. 69, xi. 27. Mat. xvi. 16, xxvi. 63, 64. Mark xiv. 61, 62. Acts xviii. 28.

5. *That the Messiah was to be a Priest.*

Ps. cx. 4 (cited in Heb. v. 6, vii. 21.) Zech. vi. 13.	Heb. iv. 14, viii. 1, iii. 1, x. 21, ii. 17, vii. 24.

6. *The Messiah was, by the offering of himself as a sacrifice for sin, to make an end of sin; to make reconciliation for iniquity; to make men holy; and to destroy the power of the Devil.*

Isa. liii. 6, 10, 12. Dan. ix. 24. Gen. iii. 16.	Eph. v. 2, 2 Cor. v. 21. Rom. viii. 3. 1 John, ii. 2. Heb. ix. 14. 1 Pet. i. 19, iii. 18. Heb. x. 12, ix. 12, vii. 27, ix. 25, 26. John i. 29. Acts v. 5. 1 John i. 7. Rom. v. 10. 2 Cor. v. 18. Col. i. 20. Heb. v. 8, 9. 2 Cor. v. 15. Rom. vi. 10—12. 1 Thess. v. 10. 1 Pet. ii. 24. Tit. ii. 14. 1 Cor. vi. 20. 1 Pet. iv. 1, 2.

7. *The Messiah was to be a Saviour.*

Isa. lix. 20, lxii. 11.	1 John iv. 14. Luke ii. 11. Mat. i. 21. Acts xiii. 26. John iv. 42. Acts v. 31. 2 Pet. ii. 20, iii. 18. Tit. iii. 6. 2 Pet. i. 1. Phil. iii. 20. Tit. ii. 18.

8. *The Saviour was to be a Mediator.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Ps. cx. 1. Dan. ix. 17, 19. Isa. viii. 14. Ps. lxxx. 17.	John xiv. 6. 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. xii. 24. Eph. ii. 13, 18. Heb. vii. 22, viii. 6, ix. 15. John xv. 16, xvi. 23, 24, xiv. 14.

9. *The Messiah was to be an Intercessor.*

Isa. liii. 12.	Luke xxiii. 34, xxii. 32. John xvii. Heb. ix. 24. 1 John ii. 1. Rom. viii. 34. Heb. vii. 25.

10. *Messiah was to be a Shepherd.*

Isa. xl. 11. Ezek. xxxiv. 23, xxxvii. 24.	John x. 11. 14. Heb. xiii. 20. 1 Pet. ii. 25, v. 2, 4.

11. *Messiah was to be a King.*

Ps. ii. 6, cxxxii. 11. Isa. ix. 6, lv. 4. Zech. vi. 13. Jer xxiii. 5, 6. Isa. xxxii. 1. Ezek. xxxvii. 24, 25, xxxiv. 23, 24. Jer. xxx. 9. Hos. iii. 5. Zech. ix. 9. Micah v. 2.	Mat. ii. 2, 6, xxi. 5. John xii. 15. Luke xix. 38, i. 32, 33. John i. 49, xviii. 33, 36, 37. Mat. xxvii. 11. Acts v. 31.

12. *Messiah as a King was to be above all others, and Head of his Church.*

Ps. lxxxix. 27, 36. Dan. vii. 13, 14, 27, ii. 44.	Rev. i. v. 1 Tim. vi. 15. Rev. xvii. 14, xix. 16. Eph. i. 21—23. Phil. ii. 9. Col. i. 18. Eph. iv. 15, 16. 1 Cor. xii. 27.

13. *Messiah the King was to be exalted more particularly after his sufferings and resurrection.*

Ps. ii. 6, 8, viii. 5. Isa. liii. 10, 12.	1 Pet. i. 11. Luke xxiv. 26. John xvii. 1. Rom. i. 4. 1 Pet. i. 21, iii. 22. Acts ii. 32, 33. Phil. ii. 8—10. Heb. ii. 9, xii. 2.

14. *That there is salvation only in Christ.*

Isa. xlv. 21. Zech. xiii. 1. Mal. iv. 2. Isa. liii. 11, lix. 20. (see also Rom. xi. 26.) Ps. cxxxviii. 22. Isa. xxviii. 16. Mark xii. 10.	John iii. 16. 1 Thess. v. 9. John xvii. 3. Luke xxiv. 47. Acts x. 43, xiii. 38, 39, iv. 11, 12.

15. *Of the necessity of believing in Christ, and the danger of rejecting him.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Deut. xviii. 15, 19. (see Acts iii. 23.) Num. xv. 30, 31. Ps. ii. 12.	John iii. 18. Heb. ii. 3, x. 26—29. 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

NEW TESTAMENT PREDICTIONS, WITH THEIR FULFILMENT.

I.

PREDICTION THAT THEY WOULD FIND THINGS ACCORDING TO HIS WORD.

Mat. xxi. 1—3. Mark xi. 2. Luke xix. 30, 31. Mark xiv. 13—15. Mat. xxvi. 18. Mark xi. 4—6. Luke xix. 32, xxii. Mark xiv. 16.

II.

PREDICTIONS OF JESUS CHRIST RELATIVE TO HIS SUFFERINGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION.

1. *That he was to be betrayed by one of his disciples, Judas.*

John vi. 70, 71. Mat. xx. 18, xvii. 22. Mark x. 33. Luke ix. 44. Mat. xxvi. 2. John xiii. 10, 11, 18, xvii. 12. Mark xiv. 18. Mat. xxvi. 21. John xiii. 21, 26. Luke xxii. 21. Mark xiv. 20, 42. Mat. xxvi. 46. Mat. xxvi. 14—16. Mark xiv. 10. Luke xxii. 34. John xiii. 2. Mat. xxvi. 47, 49.

2. *That his other disciples would forsake him.*

Mark xiv. 27. Mat. xxvi. 31. John xvi. 32, xviii. 8, 9. Mat. xxvi. 56. Mark xiv. 50.

3. *That Peter would deny him.*

Luke xxii. 31—34. John xiii. 38. Mat. xxvi. 34. Mark xiv. 30. Luke xxii. 60—62. Mat. xxvi. 75. John xviii. 27. Mark xiv. 72.

4. *That he should suffer.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Mat. xvi. 21. Mark viii. 31. Luke ix. 22. Mark ix. 31. Mat. xvii. 22, 23. Mark x. 33, 34. Mat. xx. 18, 19. Luke xviii. 31—33.	John xi. 53. Mat. xxvi. 4. Mark xiv. 1. Luke xxii. 2. Mat. xxvi. 66. Mark xiv. 64. Luke xxii. 71. Mat. xxvii. 26. Luke xxiii. 24. John xix. 16, 18. Mat. xxvii. 35. Luke xxiii. 33, xxiv. 6. 7, 26, 46. Acts ii. 23, xiii. 27, xvii. 3. Gal. iii. 1.

5. *That he should suffer in Jerusalem.*

Mat. xvi. 21. Luke ix. 31, xiii. 31, 33, xviii. 31. Mat. xx. 18.	Luke xxiv. 18. Mat. xxvii. Mark xv. Luke xxiii. John xix. Acts xiii. 27. Heb. xiii. 12.

6. *That he should suffer by the Chief Priests.*

Mat. xvi. 21. Mark viii. 31. Luke ix. 22. Mat. xvii. 12. Mark x. 33.	Mat. xxvi. 3, 4. John xi. 53, xviii. 13, 24. Mat. xxvi. 57, 65, 66. Mark xiv. 63. Mat. xxvii. 20. Luke xxiii. 13, 18, xxiv. 20. Acts xiii. 28.

7. *That he should suffer by the Gentiles.*

Luke xviii. 31, 32. Mark x. 33. Mat. xx. 18, 19.	Acts xiii. 28. Mat. xxvii. 1. Mark xv. 1. John xviii. 31, 32. Mark xv. 15. Luke xxiii. 24. Acts iv. 27.

8. *That he should be mocked.*

Mark ix. 12. Luke xvii. 32. Mark x. 34.	Mat. xxvi. 67, 68. Mark xiv. 65. Luke xxiii. 11. Mark xv. 17—19. Mat. xxvii. 29. John xix. 2. Mark xv. 29—32.

9. *Jesus foretold that he should be crucified.*

John iii. 14, xii. 32, viii. 28. Mat. xx. 19.	Mat. xxvii. 31. John xix. 16. Luke xxiii. 33. Mark xv. 24, 25. Luke xxiv. 6, 7, 20. Acts ii. 23, iv. 10. 1 Cor. i. 23. Gal. iii. 1.

10. *Jesus Christ foretold his resurrection.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
John ii. 19, 21, x. 17. Mark x. 34, viii. 31. Luke ix. 22. Mat. xxvii. 62, 63.	Luke xxiv. 5, 6—15. Mat. xxviii. 6, 9, 11. Luke xxiv. 15, 23, 34, 36. John xx. 14, 19, 27, xxi. 4. Acts i. 3, x. 40, 41, ii. 32, iv. 33. 1 Cor. xv. 20. Acts xvii. 3, xxvi. 23. Rom. i. 4.

11. *Jesus Christ foretold that he would appear again to his disciples.*

John xvi. 16, 22. Mat. xxvi. 32. Mark xiv. 28. Mat. xxviii. 10. Mark xvi. 7.	Mark xvi. 14. John xx. 19. Luke xxiv. 36. Mat. xxviii. 16, 17. John xxi. 1. 1 Cor. xv. 5, 6.

12. *Jesus Christ foretold his ascension into heaven.*

John vi. 62, xvi. 28, xx. 17, vii. 33, xiv. 19, xvii. 13.	Mark xvi. 19. Luke xxiv. 51. Acts i. 9, 10. Eph. iv. 10. 1 Pet. iii. 22. Heb. ix. 24, iv. 14, vi. 20. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

13. *Jesus Christ foretold the descent of the Holy Ghost after his Ascension.*

Mat. x. 20. Luke xi. 13, xii. 12. John vii. 39, xiv. 16, 17, 26, xv. 26, xvi. 7—15, xx. 22. Luke xxiv. 49. Acts i. 8.	Acts ii. 1—4, 33, iv. 8, 31, v. 31, 32, vii. 55, viii. 15—17, ix. 17, x. 44, xiii. 9, xv. 8, 28, xix. 6, xx. 22, 23, 28, xxi. 4, 11. Rom. viii. throughout, xv. 13. 1 Cor. ii. 10—16, iii. 16, 17, vi. 11, 19, xii. 3—13. 2 Cor. v. 5. Gal. iii. 3, v. 16—18. 22—25. Eph. ii. 18, 22, iv. 4, 30. 1 Thess. i. 5, 6. 1 Tim. iv. 1. 2 Tim. i. 14. Titus iii. 5, 6, Heb. vi. 4. Rev. i. 10, ii. 7, xvi. 13, xxii. 17.

To this prophetical scheme, the masterly comment of the Rev. W. Lancaster (*Harmony of the Law and Gospel*, p. 326) may with much propriety be appended. "Redemption is the great centre-point of scriptural instruction: every other divine ordinance either meets in this point, or diverges from it. The doctrine of the Atonement is the great and leading doctrine of

the Bible from beginning to end. This was darkly intimated to fallen man before he was expelled from the abode of innocence and bliss. The sacrifices offered by the faithful immediately after the fall, were in unison with this intimation. Abraham rejoiced in it, when he saw the day of Christ afar off. The bloody ordinances of the Levitical law shadowed out the same truth in emblem and mystery. The sweet psalmist of Israel spoke a congenial language when he painted the sufferings of Him who was to be the Saviour of Men. In strains of mingled sadness and triumph, the prophetic song announced the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; and it bore, also, in different ages of the Jewish church, a varied yet harmonious testimony to the great Personage in whom truth was substantially verified. The latest prophet under the law, and the immediate harbinger of the Messiah, proclaims the same truth, when he announces Christ as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Christ himself declares the doctrine he verifies, and bears witness to it in his death. The apostles proclaim our Redeemer as him whom God hath set forth to be a sacrifice and propitiation for the sins of the whole world. The holy martyrs under the agonies of death testify the same; nor does the attestation stop here. After the Church militant hath maintained it throughout every stage of its warfare, the Church triumphant takes up the heavenly theme, resounding it in hymns of exaltation and praise to the end of time. It was first heard in the terrestrial Eden, and it ceases not to be heard in the songs of the blessed Spirits who inhabit the celestial Paradise."

NOTE 9, PAGE 28.

purer than the light of light,
Of all transcendencies the sum and soul.

On the same principle that prophecy, when proved by the admissions of Volney, and similar writers of the French school, affects the mind with a more convincing power than

when illustrated by orthodox divines, the testimony of Rousseau to the glorious perfection of Christ's character is extremely valuable. It forms one of his most eloquent passages, and cannot be deemed intrusive on the present occasion.

"The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they when compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should merely be the work of man? What prepossession, what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the Son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last: and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had, therefore, only to say what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality of which he only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God."—*Emil.*, vol. ii. p. 215.

The following testimony of Publius Lentulus, (who was Governor of Judea during the period of Christ's ministry,) as transmitted by him to the Roman senate, though deemed spurious by many writers, is too interesting to be omitted.

"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of the Truth, but by his own disciples called the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as beholders may both *love and fear*.* His hair is of the colour of

* Irenæus, who was born as early as the year 130, says, that the Carpocratians exhibited both statues and pictures of our Saviour, and that Pilate had caused a likeness to be painted of him. Tertullian speaks of the intention of Tiberius to assign a place to our Saviour among the deities of Rome, as a thing publicly and commonly known. Eusebius relates, that there was, *in his time*, in the city of Cæsarea Philippi, a group of bronze figures, representing Christ and the woman whom he had cured, and proceeds,—"We are not to be surprised that the Gentiles should raise a monument to those who were cured by our Saviour;"—and further, "that he had seen pictures of the apostles, as of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, and of *Christ himself*, kept and preserved; for it was an ancient custom among the heathens," he continues, "to honour those after this manner who had benefited their country." Zozomen, too, reports that Julian, who lived at the same time, took down the statue of Christ, to withdraw the people from idolatry, and in order to substitute his own. It is not essential to my purpose that these details should be literally true; but we cannot deny the existence of what men like these declare that they have *seen*. The same gratitude and veneration which prompted the early Christians to preserve a resemblance of their Lord, would operate equally in making them hand down his features to posterity. The impulse is natural, and has been observed from remote antiquity; and the heads of Socrates and Plato, for instance, are as well known to us *now*, as they were to their contemporaries. If, therefore, we can produce a portrait of Christ of the time of Zozomen, the latest of the four writers above quoted, may we not fairly conclude it to be a faithful resemblance? One of these was, within these few years, to be seen in the Basilica of St. Paul, in the Via Ostinese, before that structure was destroyed by fire. The situation of it was over the Arcus Triumphalis; *and it possessed traits of benign majesty beyond what we observe in common mortals.* It was executed in mosaic, an art practised through every period at Rome, and which is almost as indestructible as the building it adorned. The date of the edifice was verified by an inscription, by which we learn that it was dedicated to Placidia, the mother of Valentinian the Third, A. D. 441. When at Rome, I was very careful in collecting the opinions of persons best qualified to judge concerning this portrait. I have viewed

a filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears, but from his ears downwards somewhat curled, more orient in colour, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the

it with our own Flaxman,—'himself a host;'—and every one whom I consulted concurred in the belief of its being a genuine remain. A question will instantly suggest itself to the reader, 'Why was not the portrait of Christ uniformly continued among the faithful, with the same accuracy as those of Socrates and Plato?' One reason might be found in the wide diffusion of the Christian religion through so many countries of different manners, habits, and ideas; each of whom would naturally represent the countenance of the Redeemer under the similitude most congenial to their own minds and feelings, although the true effigy might still be preserved in the capital of the western church, such as we presume to be the portrait once existing in the church of St. Paul. Another cause might be, that in the early periods of the Christian faith, the cross was represented simply, as it was in imagination seen by Constantine. This sacred symbol was at times rendered significant by the accompaniment of a gemmed or laurelled crown, held over it by a hand from the clouds with A and Ω. The body of Christ was not represented on the cross till the seventh century. It was first so admitted in the western church, with the head bowed down; whereas in the eastern (though not without some exceptions) the face was lifted up. In the latter, the effigy of Christ is first seen on a Byzantine coin, struck in the reign of Justinian the Second, 685—695; previous to which time we find only crosses and anagrams. The Greeks, indeed, reluctantly yielded to an innovation which they deemed degrading to the Divine character, and rarely, if ever, exposed the Saviour of mankind (and how barbarous the exposure!) to open view, nailed to the cross, crowned with thorns, exhausted with suffering, and devoid of grace and majesty. To the Latins, among whom the rudiments of ancient art are not so evident as among the Greeks, and whose ideas were therefore more on a level with common life, this mournful character of the 'Man of Sorrows' was more congenial. Anxious to render the subject in the highest degree affecting, and to bring it home to the feelings of every one, under national configuration, attempts to be pathetic degenerated into low life; and a system of worship was inculcated which addressed itself more to the passions than to the understanding of its votaries. In the aspect of the Author of my redemption, let me not contemplate a mortal sinking under infirmities like those to which I feel myself exposed, but a being who animates me with hope, and inspires me with a confidence which enables me to exult in the consciousness that 'my Redeemer liveth!'"—*Gunn's Cartonensia.*

Nazarites: his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but full in the midst; of an innocent, mature look; his eyes grey, clear, and quick. *In reproving, he is terrible;* in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; of proportion of body well-shaped and straight; his hands and arms right delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

NOTE 10, PAGE 29.

holier than our holiest awe
Can worship,—imaged only in, I AM!

Nothing is in fact more difficult for such a creature as man, surrounded as he is by gross material objects, and necessarily occupied in worldly pursuits, than to lift up his thoughts and affections to God. A being whose nature is so incomprehensible that our knowledge of him is chiefly negative,—of whom we know not so much what he is as what he is *not*,—it is difficult even to make a steady object of thought. Now we believe that God is a *spirit;* but we have a very faint notion of the nature of a spirit, except that it is not a body: God is *eternal;* but we are bewildered with the very idea of eternity, of which we only know that it is *without* beginning and *without* end: we say, that the Divine attributes are *infinite;* i. e., *not* bounded, *un*limited. And even where our knowledge of God extends beyond mere negatives, we cannot but perceive, on attentive reflection, that the attributes assigned to the Deity must in reality be such in Him, as the ordinary sense of those same terms, when applied to men, can but very faintly shadow out. —*Archbishop Whately on Declaration of God in his Son*, p. 130, 131.

Note 11, Page 29.

all that charms
Or sanctifies, to thine unspotted truth
May plead for sanction.

We may consider that our Lord, as partaker of our nature, and in all things (bating sin) like unto us, had a natural human will, attended with senses, appetites, and affections, *apt from objects incident to receive congruous impressions of pleasure and pain; so that whatever is innocently grateful and pleasant to us, that he relished with delight, and thence did incline to embrace;* whatever is distasteful and afflictive to us, that he resented with grief, and thence was moved to eschew. To this, probably, he was liable in a degree beyond our ordinary rate; for that in him nature was most perfect, his complexion very delicate, his temper exquisitely sound and fine.—*Barrow's Works*, vol. ii. p. 308.

Note 12, Page 30.

Surrend'ring meekly to a central guide
Of hope and action, by the God empower'd.

Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakspeare of divines," thus illustrates the mysterious operations of the Holy Spirit over the human heart.—Vide *Sermon preached to the University of Dublin.*

"God, who designed the heavens to be the causes and changes of all motions here below, hath placed his angels in their houses of light, and given to every one of his appointed officers a portion of that fiery matter to circum-agitate and roll; and now the wonder ceases: for if it be inquired why this part of the fire runs eastward, and the other to the south, they being both indifferent to either, it is because an angel of God sits in the centre: and so it is in the understandings of men; when they all receive the same notions, and are taught by the same master, and give full consent to all the propositions, and can, of themselves, have nothing to distinguish

them in the events, it is because God hath sent his Divine Spirit, and kindles a new fire, and creates a braver capacity, and applies the actives to the passives, and blesses their operation. For there is in the heart of man such a dead sea, and an indisposition to holy flame, like as in the cold rivers in the north, so as the fire will not burn them, and the sun itself will never warm them, till God's Holy Spirit does, from the Temple of the New Jerusalem, bring a holy flame, and make it shine and burn."

NOTES TO BOOK II.

Note 1, Page 33.

The faint reflections of a vast Unseen!

If Phidias could so contrive a piece of his own work as in it to preserve the memory of himself, never to be obliterated without the destruction of the work, well may we read the Great Architect of the World in the works of his own hands, and by the existence of one thing demonstrate the First Cause of all things. * * * No age so distant, no country so remote, no people so barbarous, but gives a sufficient testimony to this truth. When the Roman eagle flew over most parts of the habitable world, they met with atheism nowhere; but rather by their miscellaneous deities at Rome, which grew together with their victories, shewed no nation was without its God. — *Pearson*, fol. 10th edit., p. 19—21.

One of the finest thinkers of modern times, (the author of *Natural History of Enthusiasm*,) in alluding to the revelations of a Deity, as exhibited by the material universe, in his last work, presents us with a noble passage:—"The nocturnal heavens at once symbolize and demonstrate the concealed existence and attributes of God, just as the presence and symmetry of a man are made known to a distant spectator, when the shadow of his person, in sharp outline, falls upon a brightly illuminated surface: we see not, indeed, the man, nor, in strictness of argument, is it more than his exterior form of which we have direct evidence: nevertheless, we do not scruple to fill up in idea what is wanting in formal proof; and we think

almost as distinctly of the person as if he stood, without a screen, fronting us in the blaze of light. Thus is it that, both in the vastness and in the richness of the visible universe, the invisible God is adumbrated. If the eye be but clear, we can never gaze upon the expanse of stars without descrying, as it were, filling all the bright abyss of worlds, the great lines, or contour, of the Supreme Majesty."—*Saturday Evening*, p. 171.

NOTE 2, PAGE 41.

how Nature visioneth the plan
That God himself descended to reveal.

The whole analogy of nature removes all imagined presumption against the general notion of a " Mediator between God and man ;" for we find all living creatures are brought into the world, and their life in infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of others; and every satisfaction of it, somehow or other, is bestowed by the like means. So that the invisible government which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far his invisible be, or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. And the supposition that part of it is so, appears, to say the least, altogether as credible as the contrary. There is, then, no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the notion of a Mediator between God and man considered as a doctrine of Christianity, or as an appointment in this dispensation; since we find by experience that God does appoint mediators to be the instrument of good and evil to us, the instruments of his justice and mercy.—*Butler's Anal.*, part ii. p. 176.

NOTE 3, PAGE 43.

Thus Plato, in his pure ambition, nursed
A glorious longing for supremer Mind.

" Socrates, in a conversation with his friends, from the present visibly perverted state of the world, infers the appa-

rent necessity of a Divine mediator and restorer, and from hence that we have reason to hope for and expect one. And on another occasion, he says something very remarkable, and then thought very mysterious, concerning a Divine Person to be sent from heaven, to instruct mankind and restore them to virtue and happiness. And Plato, either in his own person or in that of Socrates, makes mention of the Divine *Logos* as of a personal existence, and seems to have had an idea of his distinct operation in the economy of the world. And when Orpheus (if he is really the author of the fragments that are ascribed to him) admonishes the person to whom he addresses himself, 'that the things which he had been revolving in his mind should not rob him of his much-desired futurity,' and directs him to 'look to the Divine *Logos*, and adhere to that;* whether by the word (*Logos*) he means a person, or a precept, law, or instruction, it is clear he recognises some Divine aid to which men might have recourse when human reason fails them. And whether he derived it from the writings of Moses, of which he certainly had some knowledge,† or from a still more ancient source, he seems to have had a clear persuasion of the Deity's being to appear personally on earth at a certain period;‡ as

* ——— ἐξερέω γαρ ἀληθέα; μηδε σε τα πρὶν
'Εν στήθεσσι φανεντα φίλης αἰῶνος ἀμέρση.
Εις δὲ λόγον θεῖον βλέψας, τούτῳ προσέδρευε. (*a*)

† 'Ως λογος αρχαιων ὡς ὕδρογενης (*b*) διέταξεν,
'Εκ θέοθεν γνώμαισι λαβων κατὰ δίπλακα θεσμὸν. (*c*)

‡ Ουδὲ τις ἔσθ' ἕτερος· συ δὲ κεν ρεα παντ' ἐσορήσαις,
Αἴ κεν ἰδὴς αὐτον πριν δὴ ποτε δεῦρ ἐπι γαιάν. (*d*)

(*a*) I will declare truth. Neither shall those things which you have been considering in your mind rob you of desired futurity; but looking to the Divine word (Logos), hold to that.

(*b*) And she called his name Moses: And she said, because *I drew him out of the water.*—Exod. ii. 10.

(*c*) As the doctrine of the ancients, as he that rose from the water hath taught: who divinely received precepts according to a twofold law.

(*d*) Neither is there any beside him. But you would clearly discern all this, could you see him before the time when he shall at last appear here on the earth.

also an idea of the *Only-begotten*, who alone was capable of beholding the Divinity, and of personal approach unto him. And if his describing him as of Chaldean extraction* refers to the promise made to Abraham, he must have had a much clearer conception of that promise than ever the Jews themselves had."

NOTE 4, PAGE 43.

And stubborn ages, as they swept along,
But mock'd her impotence with blind misrule,
Of creed or crime begot.

Let us turn our eyes to those remote regions of the globe to which this supernatural assistance has never yet extended, and we shall there see men endued with sense and reason not inferior to our own, so far from being capable of forming systems of religion and morality, that they are at this day totally unable to make a nail or a hatchet! *These have uniformly flowed from that great fountain of divine communication opened in the last, in the earliest ages, and hence been gradually diffused in salubrious streams throughout the various regions of the earth.* And as REASON in her natural state is thus incapable of making any progress in knowledge; so when furnished with materials by supernatural aid, if left to the guidance of her own wild imagination, she falls into more numerous and gross errors, than her own native ignorance could ever have suggested. There is then no absurdity which she is not ready to adopt: she has persuaded some that there is no God: others that there can be no future state: she has taught some that there is no difference between vice and virtue, and that to cut a man's throat and to relieve

* Οὐ γάρ κέν τις ἰδοι θνητων μεροπων κράινοντα,
Ει μη μουνογενης τις ἀπορροξ φύλου ἄνωθεν
Χαλδαιων.(a)

(a) None can see the Supreme Ruler of mortals except a certain Only-begotten, whose descent is from an ancient race of the Chaldeans.

his necessities are equally meritorious: she has convinced many that they have no free-will in opposition to their own experience; some, that there can be no such thing as soul or spirit, contrary to their own perceptions; and others, no such thing as matter or body, in contradiction to their senses. By analyzing all things, she can shew there is nothing in anything; by perpetual shifting, she can reduce all things to the dust of scepticism, and by returning to first principles, prove, to the satisfaction of her followers, that there are no principles at all.—*Jenyn's View, &c.*

Note 5, Page 46.

ritual pomp
Of ark, and fane, and sacrificial blood.

A splendid ceremonial dazzled their senses, perpetual sacrifices enlivened their faith, frequent commemorative festivals not only let loose their gay and joyous spirits, but reminded them of all the surprising and marvellous events of their national history. The tabernacles preserved the form of the more solid and gigantic structures of Egypt; their priesthood were attired in dresses as costly, in many respects similar; their oblations were as frequent;—the exclusions of daylight probably originated in subterranean temples, hewn out of the solid rock, like those of Ipsambul, and the cave-temples of India: the use of incense seems to have been common in every kind of religious worship.—*Milman.*

Note 6, Page 51.

All things have glided into beauteous change.

Those who, from doubt or indifference, are apt to regard the efforts of Missionaries as fruitless and vain, will do well to peruse the highly interesting volumes of Mr. W. Ellis, Missionary, entitled "Polynesian Researches." Speaking of converted isles, he remarks, "Aged chiefs and priests, and

hardy warriors, with their spelling-books in their hands, might be seen sitting hour after hour on the benches in the schools, by the side, perhaps, of some smiling little boy or girl, by whom they were now thankful to be taught the use of letters. Others might be seen pulling down the houses of their idols, and erecting temples for the Prince of Peace. Their sabbaths must have presented spectacles on which angels might look down with joy. Crowds who had never before attended any worship but that of their demon-gods, might now be seen repairing to their rustic and lowly temple erected for Jehovah's praise: amidst their throng, mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, who were never before allowed to join the other sex in any act of worship. Few remained behind; all the inhabitants of the district or village who were able, attended public worship."—*Vol.* i. p. 262, 3.

NOTE 7, PAGE 54.

as a gorgeous cloud,
E'en as it dazzles, is but dying air!

There is a severe truth in a remark of Wollaston on the unreality of human fame. "A man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them; he does not live because his name does. When it is said Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, beat Pompey, changed the Roman commonwealth into a monarchy, &c., it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Cæsar; that is, Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey are the same thing; and Cæsar is as much known by one distinction as the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or, somebody conquered Pompey. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality; and such as has been here described is the thing called glory among us."—*Relig. of Nat. Del.*

In consolatory opposition to this, may be added the sentiments of the elegant and philosophic Gray:—"One principal

character of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame. Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short-lived as our frame; and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own." *

Note 8, Page 56.

And if there be, as noblest minds allow,
A god-like moment, when pure spirits walk
This lower world.

The idea of some mystic communion between the living and the dead has been a beautiful source of religious consolation in all ages. Klopstock was constantly dwelling on this. In one of his letters to his departed wife (Meta), he remarks:—

"All the ideas that man can form of the ways of Providence, and of the employment of angels and of spirits, must ever fall short of reality; but still it is right to think of them. What can have a more exalting influence on the earthly life, than in these first days of our existence to make ourselves conversant with the lives of the blessed, with the happy spirits whose society we shall hereafter enjoy? *We should accustom ourselves to consider the spirits of heaven always around us;* observing all our steps, and witnessing our most

* The above passage is taken from the notes which Gray had collected for a poem entitled "The Alliance of Education and Government." The fragment we possess vies with anything the poet has written. In what ode has he surpassed, or equalled, the following image?—

"Where Nile redundant o'er the summer bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings."

Of this poem well might Gibbon exclaim—"Why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem, of which he has left us such an exquisite specimen?"—*Decline and Fall,* vol. ii. p. 248.

secret actions. Whoever has become familiar with these ideas, will find the most solitary place peopled with the best society."

Of a mind breathing such elevated sentiments, well may his excellent wife say—"It will be a delightful occupation for me to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published, being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject."—*From Letters to Richardson.*

NOTE 9, PAGE 58.

o'er the barren grave
The flowers of immortality begin
To blossom.

Why is this the order of Nature, that there is such a difference in the duration and destruction of her works? If the mere stone decay, it is to produce a soil which is capable of nourishing the moss and the lichen; when the moss and the lichen die and decompose, they produce a mould which becomes the bed of life to grass, and to a more exalted species of vegetables. Vegetables are the food of animals,—the less perfect animals of the more perfect; but in man, the faculties and intellect are perfected—he rises, exists for a little while in disease and misery, and then would seem to disappear, without an end, and without producing any effect.

We are deceived, if we suppose that the human being who has formed himself for action, but who has been unable to act, is lost in the mass of being; there is some arrangement

of things which we can never comprehend, but in which his faculties will be applied.

The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our finger, or feed with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter, and with all its elements, and yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones which fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near us, surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we can never imagine. We know very little; but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the *individual immortality of the better part of man.*—Dr. Paris's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy.—vol. i. p. 198.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

Note 1, Page 61.

Round these, perchance, a sympathetic thrill
Of glory ran, when first Salvation smiled!

Though we can trace particularly the designs and effects of the Redeemer's undertaking only in that part of the system of Nature which, in some degree, falls under our knowledge and observation, yet there is ground from Revelation, as well as from the analogy of things, to suppose that it extends to beings that lie entirely beyond the reach of our conception. For whoever adverts to the boundless beneficence of the Universal Parent, and the ways and degrees in which an Infinite Operator may confer being and enjoyment, *cannot doubt for a moment that there are more things and more beings in Nature than either our reason or religion gives us any notice of.* But all these, whatever they may be, are the subjects of the Mediator's government, and the objects of his redemption; as being the Universal Operator of Omnipotence, He by whom the Almighty executes all his purposes, carries on, and shall bring to perfection, all his works. For it is a doctrine laid down in the most pointed and express terms in Scripture,—"That God hath purposed in himself, in the dispensation of the fulness of time, to gather together in one all things in Christ,—and having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to

reconcile all things to himself; by him, I say, *whether they be things in earth or things in heaven.*"

Note 2, Page 62.

Whose powers, though blended in Virgilian song,
Sublimely differ'd.

Vide *Tacitus Hist.*, b. v. c. 13. *Suetonius Vespas.*, c. 4.—The Sibyline books were an assemblage of rumours, accounted sacred, that circulated in different regions of the ancient world.* Part of these were Judean—*i. e.*, relative to the Messiah; and hence confusion of the prophecies relative to a Temporal King and a Spiritual One. Virgil, in his

* Bishop Horsley says, the Sibyl oracles "were composed of adulterated fragments of the patriarchal prophecies and records, and that put it out of doubt that of much of the prophetic part the Messiah was the specific subject."

The origin of the Barbaric and Grecian philosophy may incontestibly be traced to fragmental records derived from patriarchal ages, which were adopted into various sytems, together with all the pollutions and extravagances of each successive founder. This is briefly but comprehensively proved by Clement of Alexandria.

"With regard to the wise men and philosophers of Greece, it is hardly necessary to remark, that the greater part of the most ancient of them were either barbarians by birth, or instructed by barbarians; since it has been shewn that Pythagoras was either a Tyrrhenian, or a Tyrian; Antisthenes was a Phrygian; Orpheus an Odrysian, or a Thracian; and Homer is, for the most part, thought to have been an Egyptian. Thales was a Phœnician by birth, and is moreover recorded to have conversed with the prophets of Egypt. Pythagoras did the same, and was likewise circumcised by those prophets, in order that he might be admitted to the most sacred recesses of their temples, and thus become instructed in the mystical philosophy of the Egyptians. He also conversed with the most ancient of the Chaldeans and the Magi. As for Plato, he does not deny that he brought home from the barbarians the noblest parts of his philosophy, and confesses that he visited Egypt. Indeed, it is manifest that he takes every occasion to magnify the barbarians, since he speaks of both himself and Pythagoras as having learned the largest and the best part of their doctrines among them. In one of his dialogues he discloses his acquaintance with the Egyptian king,—speaks of Thoyth, an eminently wise man,

Pollio, has blended them, and thereby puzzled the commentators. The Judean oracles had foretold, for several ages, two great kings,—Augustus was one, (the last of the four monarchs alluded to by Daniel,) and Jesus Christ the other.

The following extracts are quoted by Sandys, as genuine specimens of the Sibyl Oracle:—

> Sed manibus passis cum mensus cuncta coronam
> De spinis tulebit, nec non latus eius arundo
> Fixerit acta manu, cujus causâ tribus horis
> Nox tenebrosa die medio monstrosaque fiet.
> Tunc hominum generi magnum Salomonia signum
> Templa dabunt, Ditis cum tecta profunda subibit,
> Nunciet in vitam reditum quo morte peremptis.—*Orac.* 1, 5.

whom he knew to be the same with Mercury; and in another he appears to have known certain Thracians who held the immortality of the soul. Pythagoras is recorded to have been the scholar of Sonches, the Egyptian chief prophet; Plato, of Sechnuphis, the Heliopolitan; and Eudoxus the Cnidian, of Cenuphis, who was also an Egyptian. With regard to Democritus, we find him in his writings magnifying his own learning after the following manner:—'I have travelled over a greater part of the earth than any of my contemporaries, carrying my inquiries into the most remote points of human knowledge; I have also witnessed a greater variety of climates and soils; I have conversed with a greater number of learned men. No man, not even those who are called Aspedonaftæ, among the Egyptians, ever surpassed me in the construction of lines, together with the demonstration of their properties. With these learned men I have maintained an intercourse, in the whole, for eighty years in foreign countries.' For he visited Babylon, and Persia, and Egypt, and was a scholar of both the Magi and the Priests. Pythagoras first made mention of Zoroaster, the Persian Magus, of whose secret books the followers of Prodicus boast themselves in possession. Alexander, in his Treatise on the Pythagoric Symbols, records that Pythagoras was a scholar of Zasoratus, the Assyrian, and that he was moreover a hearer of the Gauls and Brachmans. It appears, then, philosophy flourished in ancient times among the barbarians, and diffused its light among the nations; and that it was afterwards introduced into Greece. And those who taught it the prophets of Egypt, the Chaldeans of Syria, the Druids of Gaul, the Samarians of Bactria, those who philosophized among the Celts, the Magi of Paris, the Gymnosophistæ of India, and other barbarian philosophers."—*Clement, Alex. Strom.*, l. 15.

His Name.

——— vocales quatuor autem
Fert, non vocalesque; duas binum geniorum:
Sed quæ sit numeri totius summa docebo,
Namque octo monadas, totidem decadas super ista
Atque hecatonradas octa, infidis significabat
Humanis nomen.—L. 1.

Thus explained:

I H Σ O Υ Σ
10 . 8 . 200 . 70 . 400 . 200
8 . 8 . 800.

Note 3, Page 62.

The world reposed; and grateful Rome beheld
Her Janus shut, her crimson banners furl'd.

Augustus Cæsar, having united all nations in peace, from east to west, from north to south, closed for the third time the gates of the temple of Janus; and at that particular period, in the same year, in which, by the ordinance of God, he had established a universal peace, Christ was born into the world; to whose advent that peace was made preparatory.—*Orosius, a native of Spain, 4th cent., Hist.*, vii. c. 22.

Note 4, Page 68.

where Deity the mortal shape
Of feeble infant took.

The world's salvation was, without the incarnation of the Son of God, a thing impossible; not simply impossible, but impossible, it being presupposed that the will of God was no otherwise to have it saved than by the death of his own Son. Wherefore, taking to himself our flesh, he had none of his own, although from us, what to offer unto God for us. And as Christ took manhood, that by it he might be capable of death, whereunto he humbled himself; so because manhood is the proper subject of compassion, and feeling pity, which

maketh the sceptre of Christ's regency even in the kingdom of heaven, be affixable, he which without our nature could not on earth suffer for the sins of the world, doth now also, by means thereof, both make intercession to God for sinners, and exercise dominion over all men with a true, a natural, and a sensible touch of mercy.—*Hooker, Eccl. Pol.*, vol. ii. p. 202.

Note 5, Page 74.

In darkness, still to Zion turn, and weep.

Amid this extraordinary desolation, you must pause a moment to contemplate two circumstances still more extraordinary. Among the ruins of Jerusalem, two classes of independent people find in their religion sufficient fortitude to enable them to surmount such complicated terrors and wretchedness. Here reside communities of monks, whom nothing can compel to forsake the tomb of Christ. Night and day they chant their hymns around the holy sepulchre. Cast your eyes between the Temple and Mount Sion; behold another petty tribe, cut off from the rest of the inhabitants of this city. The particular objects of every species of degradation, they bow their heads without murmuring; if their head be required, they present it to the scimitar. Enter the abodes of the people—you will find them, amid the most abject wretchedness, instructing their children to read a mysterious book, which they in their turn teach their offspring to read. What they did five thousand years ago, these people still continue to do. Seventeen times have they witnessed the destruction of Jerusalem. Nothing can prevent them from turning their faces toward Zion.—*Chateaubriand.*

Note 6, Page 75.

till Restoration's voice
Convene them back to Salem's widow'd clime.

From the melancholy grandeur of prophecy fulfilled, it is delightful to turn to the bright futurity that is promised to

afflicted Israel. The restoration of the Jewish kingdom is as clearly revealed as its destruction was. In Keith's invaluable work on Prophecy, the reader will find the various prophecies relative to this assembled. The author remarks:—

"Not naturalized to the isles of the Gentiles, either by law or affection, nor bound to any soil by the possession of fixed property, which would be of no easy transference; but ever looking with undiminished love to the land of their fathers, even after an expatriation uninterrupted for nearly eighteen centuries, they are ready—whenever the time shall be fulfilled—to *fly* thither, *like a cloud*, and like doves to their windows. But to what degree, and in what manner, the present convulsions in the Turkish empire, combined with the peculiar, and, in many instances, novel condition of the Jews throughout Europe and America, shall be the means of facilitating their eventual restoration to their own land, no mortal can determine. It is enough for Christians to know, that two thousand of years, through nearly which it has been dormant, can neither render extinct the title, nor proscribe the heaven-chartered rite of the Seed of Abraham to the final and everlasting possession of the land of Canaan; that God will *remember the land, and gather together unto it his ancient people*; and that his word concerning Zion, which he hath neither *forgotten nor forsaken*, is—'I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me—thy children shall make haste; thy destroyers, and they that made thee waste, shall go forth of thee.' And that, through all the changes which have happened in the kingdoms of the earth, from the days of Moses to the present time, which is more than three thousand two hundred and sixty years, nothing should have happened to prevent the *possibility* of the accomplishment of these prophecies; but, on the contrary, that the state of the Jewish and Christian nations at this day should be such as renders them capable, not only of a figurative, but even a literal completion, in every particular, if the will of God be so. This is a *miracle*, which hath nothing parallel to it in the phenomena of Nature."—*Keith's Work*, p. 410, 7th ed.

NOTE 7, PAGE 81.

Messiah grew,
Strong in the spirit, wisdom, grace, and power.

The act of the Son of God, in becoming a Mediator and Saviour to mankind, is considered as that which involved a temporary cessation or diminution of the developments, or manifestations, *ad extra*, of the essential divine glories. It is therefore, according to our apprehension of those phrases, described as coming forth from the Father, coming down from heaven, being sent into the world, becoming flesh, and making his tabernacle among men, being sent in the likeness of sinful flesh, divesting himself, taking the form of a servant, and humbling himself. It cannot be but immensely difficult, and probably, to human powers, impossible, to form perfect conceptions of all that is included in the fact which these expressions designate; yet it seems undeniable, that they all contain the idea of degradation, humiliation, and submission to a subordinate capacity. Such a state we may, with reverence and sacred modesty, conceive to be congruous with the supposition, the habitual consciousness and feelings of THE MAN Christ Jesus were not those of unspeakable delight, in the enjoyment of intimate communications from the unexistent Deity; but that, on the contrary, they were the feelings of a mental depression which no words could describe, no imagination represent.—*Smith's Scripture Testimony.*

NOTE 8, PAGE 86.

Where buried cities lift their ghastly wreck
In tomb-like waste.

Several travellers, and among others, Troilo and D'Arvieux, assert that they remarked fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. This statement seems to be confirmed by Maundrell and Father Frau. The ancients speak more posi-

tively on this subject. Josephus, employing a poetic expression, says he perceived on the banks of the lake the shades of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty *stadii* to the ruins of Sodom, which are mentioned also by Tacitus. I know not whether they still exist; but as the lake rises and falls at certain seasons, it is possible that it may alternately cover and expose the skeletons of the reprobate cities.—*Chateaubriand, quoted by Conder in his Palestine.*

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

Note 1, Page 100.

On Herod's towers,
From whose dread altitude the very sky
Seems nearer.

The city lay over against the Temple, in the manner of a theatre, and was encompassed with a deep valley along the entire south quarter; but the finest part of the Temple, which was southward, had indeed gates in its middle, as also it had the royal cloisters with three walks, which reached at length from the east valley unto that in the west, for it was impossible it should reach any farther: and this cloister deserves to be mentioned better than any under the sun; *for while the valley was very deep, and its bottom could not be seen* if you looked from above into the depth, this farther vastly high elevation of the cloister stood upon that height, insomuch, if any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both those altitudes, he would be giddy, while *his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.—Joseph. Antiq.*, lib. xv. c. ix. sect. 5.

Note 2, Page 101.

To Quarantania's unascended top
That crowns the wilderness with savage pomp.

After some hours' travel, you arrive at the mountainous desert into which our Saviour was led by the Spirit to be tempted by the Devil: a most miserable, dry, barren place it

is, consisting of high, rocky mountains, so torn and disordered, as if the earth had here suffered some great convulsion, in which its very bowels had been turned outward. Certainly there could not be found in the whole earth a more comfortless and abandoned place for that purpose. As soon as we entered the plain, we turned up on the left hand, and going about one hour that way, came to the foot of Quarantania, which, they say, is the mountain into which the Devil took our blessed Saviour, when he tempted Him with that visionary scene of all the kingdoms and glories of the world.—*Maundrell's Journey*, &c. pp. 106, 7. Eighth Edition.

Note 3, Page 114.

At Sichem glitter'd round the Saviour's form.

Naplosa is the ancient Sychem, or Sychar, as it is termed in the New Testament. It stands in a narrow valley between Mount Gerizim on the south, and Ebal on the north, being built at the foot of the former. From Mount Gerizim it was that God commanded the blessings to be pronounced on the children of Israel, and from Mount Ebal, the curses.—*Maundrell.*

Note 4, Page 116.

while from Ebal's blanched height
A curse came down, like thunder from the skies.

Never did human imagination conceive a scene so imposing, so solemn, so likely to impress the whole people with deep and enduring awe, as the final ratification of their polity, commanded by the dying lawgiver. In the territory afterwards assigned to the tribe of Ephraim, a central region, stand two remarkable mountains, separated by a deep and narrow ravine, in which the ancient Sechem—the modern Naplus—stands. Here all Israel was to be assembled,—six tribes on one height, ix on the other. In the open day, and

in a theatre, as it were, created by the God of Nature for the express purpose, after a sacrifice offered on an altar of stones, the people of Israel testified their free and deliberate acceptance of that constitution which their God had enacted. They accepted it with its inseparable condition, maledictions the most awful, which they imprecated on their own heads, in case they should apostatize from its statutes, — blessings equally ample and perpetual, if they should adhere to its holy and salutary provisions. The type of either destiny lay before them: Mount Ebal was a barren, stony, wild, and desolate crag; Gerizim, a lovely and fertile height, with luxuriant verdure, streams of running water, and cool, shady groves. As God has blasted Ebal, so he would smite the disobedient with barrenness, hunger, and misery; as he crowned Gerizim with beauty and fruitfulness, so he would bless the faithful Israelites with abundance, with peace, with happiness. — *Milman.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 119.

to unroll and read
The haphtoroth.

The "Haptorath" was the section or lesson from the prophets for that day. The one alluded to in the text commenced with the first verse of the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. In the synagogues of the Hellenists, or Greek Jews, the law was always read in the Greek version; but in those of the native Jews, the law was always read in the Hebrew; whence it became necessary, as soon as that language ceased to be vernacular among the Jews, to establish an interpreter, by whom the Jewish Scriptures were expounded in the Chaldee dialect, which was spoken by them after the return from the Babylonian captivity. The doctor, or reader, therefore, having the interpreter always by him, softly whispered in his ears what he said, and this interpreter repeated aloud to the people what had thus been communicated to him. To this custom our Saviour is supposed to have alluded, when he said

to his disciples, " What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye on the house-tops." Matt. x. 27.—*Horne.*

In the midst of the synagogue was a desk, or pulpit, on which the book or roll of the law was read very solemnly. There, likewise, he stood who intended to harangue the people. At the highest part of the synagogue, towards the east, and over against the door, which is always west, as far as can well be, is the chest, or press, wherein the book or roll of the law is kept, wrapped up in fine embroidered cloth. The women are distinct from the men, and seated in a gallery inclosed with lattices, so that they may see and hear, and not be seen.—*Prideaux, Connect., and Jennings' Jew. Antiq.*

NOTES TO BOOK V.

Note 1, Page 131.

temples in the mind,
Where God in dedicated moments comes
To earth unknown.

The following quotation is pronounced by Wordsworth to be "one of the finest passages in modern English prose:"—

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the *world*, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic: it is formed of minutiæ, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God might be a mock at Tattersal's and Brookes's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:—but when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered Savannah; or contemplates from a sudden promontory the distant vast Pacific, and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready-produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exultation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy

them.' He becomes at once a child and a king: his mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially: his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the Notes upon *The Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert.*

Note 2, Page 140.

The law illumed, and blinded Israel taught
The darkness of exclusive faith was o'er.

Without a correct acquaintance with the doctrinal character of the Jews at the time of our Saviour, it is utterly impossible to understand or duly feel the solemnity of his rebukes when the Pharisees attempted to shape religion into a mechanical observance of rites and ceremonies. A few passages from uncommon sources are therefore submitted to the reader's perusal.

Whoever shall sincerely keep even any one of the six hundred and thirteen precepts, [of the Law,] behold he, by fulfilling that precept, shall merit eternal life.—*Obadias de Bartenora.*

This is also one of the fundamental principles of our law, that all the good which God has done, or will do, to us, is done on account of the merit of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, because they kept the way of the Lord, by doing justice and judgment.—*Maimonides.*

Every Israelite will have his portion in a future life.—*Mishna.*

Abraham sits near the gates of hell, and suffers not any wicked Israelite to go down to hell.—*Talmud.*

The Resurrection will be peculiar to the Israelites, and that the Gentiles will not partake in it, *for the whole world was created for the sole benefit of Israel!* Our wise men have said, "To Him who spake the word, and the world was made, it was well known that Adam would sin; why, then, did he create Adam? Because a nation in whom he found refresh-

ment would come from him. From the Israelites who stood at the foot of Mount Sinai, that is, who received the law, which is the tree of life, defilement was taken away, and they were thus made fit for eternal life: the Gentiles who were not present there, were not cleansed from this defilement, and therefore are unfit for life. *The Resurrection is therefore wholly confined to the Israelites!*" — *Juda Zabarah, Pocock, Notæ Misc.*, p. 194.

The extreme repugnance between these doctrines and the boundless glory of Redemption will account for the rejection of Christ by the Jews. The following is a curious and valuable summary of the popular notions which the Jews had formed of the Saviour of Israel:—

As to the days of the Messiah, that is, the time when the kingdom will be restored to Israel, and the Israelites will return to Palestine—*The Messiah will be a powerful king: Zion will be the metropolis of his kingdom: his name will be illustrious, and fill the uttermost parts of the earth with its renown: he will be greater and richer than Solomon:* the nations will enter into peace with him, and the provinces will yield obedience unto him, on account of his distinguished righteousness, and of the miracles which he will perform. If any man shall rise up in rebellion against him, God will destroy that man, and deliver him into his hand. Moreover, all the texts of Scripture declare both the felicity of the Messiah himself, and that which we shall obtain through him. But there will be no change in the nature of things from the state which now prevails, except that the kingdom will be with Israel. So our wise men have said, "There is no difference between the present age and the days of the Messiah, except only the *subjugation* of the kingdoms." And under his dominion, some will be stronger and some weaker than others. But in those days men will enjoy a remarkable facility of obtaining food, so that a man will be able to obtain riches with the least possible trouble. This is the meaning of the saying, "It will be that the land of Israel will bring forth cakes and silk garments." The sons of the

alien shall be your ploughmen and vinedressers. But the great facility of that time will be, that we shall then be liberated from that yoke of evil dominion, which keeps us back from the pursuit of every virtue; and that knowledge will then be multiplied, as God hath said, "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord:" and that then contentions and wars shall be done away, as He also hath said, "Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation." For to them who live at that time shall be granted every advantage by which they may attain to the life of a future world. *But the Messiah will die, and his son and his posterity will reign after him.* For that he will die, God declares: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he set judgment in the earth." But his reign will be of very long duration, and men will then attain great length of life; for life is prolonged by the removal of grief and sorrow. And it is certainly true that his reign will last for some thousands of years. For it is said, the coalition of society among the good cannot be dissolved. But the days of the Messiah are not so much to be desired, either that our corn or wealth may be multiplied, or that we may ride on horses, or drink together to the sound of musical instruments; but the prophets have wished for, and excellent men have eagerly expected, those days, on account of that society of good men, that virtuous conversation and knowledge which will then prevail, and on account of the righteousness of the king and his distinguished knowledge, and the near degree in which he is related to his Creator, as God hath said to him, "Thou art My Son:" and because the whole Law of Moses will then be fulfilled without reluctance, perturbation, or constraint.—*Maimonides, Porta Mosis*, p. 60.

Note 3, Page 149.

And hopes which make eternity a lie,
By moulding heaven to each infirm desire!

According to the author of the Koran, there will "not only be marriage, but also servitude in the next world. The very meanest in Paradise will have eighty thousand servants

and seventy-two wives. He will also have a tent erected for him of pearls, hyacinths, and emeralds!" In a catechism printed at Constantinople are the following principal articles to which a Mussulman is required to assent:—"I believe in the books which have been delivered from heaven to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus. I believe in the prophets, and the miracles which they have performed. Adam was the first prophet, and Mahomet was the last. I believe that, for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial Paradise; and the wicked shall be exposed naked to the burning rays of the sun. I believe in the bridge *Sirat*, which passes over the bottomless pit of hell. It is as fine as a hair, and as sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off. I believe in the water-pools of Paradise. Each of the prophets has, in Paradise, a basin for his own use: the water is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and they are bordered with stars. I believe in heaven and hell. The inhabitants of the former know no want, and the *Houris* who attend them are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned are, on the contrary, tormented with fire, and by voracious and poisonous animals."

NOTE 4, PAGE 150.

What visions o'er thy brain and spirit roll!

The pilgrim need not trouble himself about the authenticity of the tradition which gives to every cave in Palestine a sacred name. In Nazareth, at least, there is a religion in the place, which needs not the adventitious aid of superstition to excite enthusiasm. The peaceful valley of Nazareth, hemmed in from the noisy world by an amphitheatre of verdant hills, is the spot which one might imagine the meek and lowly

Jesus would have chosen for his earliest abode. The silent paths, the deep ravines in the eastern hill, might well have served for meditation ; every morning during my stay in Nazareth I visited these solitudes, calling to my mind the miracle of morality and philosophy which came from the little town before me, and reflecting on the revolution in religion which every country had undergone since Jesus of Nazareth first broached his doctrines in the village synagogue, the site of which was then before me. The feelings these reflections inspired were intense.—*Travels in the East.*

Note 6, Page 163.

And while all the glories of Creation give
Their daily witness, man alone is dumb.

The miracles of Nature are exposed to our eyes long before we have reason enough to derive any light from them. If we entered the world with the same reason which we carry with us to an opera, the first time we enter a theatre,—and if the curtain of the universe were to be rapidly drawn up,—struck with the grandeur of everything which we saw, and all the obvious contrivances exhibited, we should not be capable of refusing our homage to the Eternal Power which had prepared for us such a spectacle. But who thinks of marvelling at what he has seen for fifty years? What multitudes are there, who, wholly occupied with the care of obtaining subsistence, have no time for speculation! The rise of the sun is only that which calls them to toil, and the finest night, in all its softness, is mute to them, or tells them only that it is the hour of repose.—*Diderot,* tome i. p. 100.

How deeply did Foster feel this deadness of human mind to those fine appeals coming from a glorious universe, when he penned the following passage :—" It is unfortunate, I have thought within these few minutes, while looking out on one of the most enchanting nights of the most interesting season of the year, and hearing the voices of a company of persons, to whom I can perceive that this soft, solemn shade over the

earth, the calm sky, the beautiful stripes of cloud, the stars, and waning moon just risen, are things not in the least more interesting than the walls, ceiling, and candle-light of a room."—*Foster's Essays*, vol. i. pp. 26, 27.

NOTE 7, PAGE 173.

Delightedly to youth's enamour'd ear
The festival unfolds.

Now Judas celebrated the festival of the restoration of the sacrifices of the temple for eight days, and omitted no sort of pleasure thereon; but he feasted them on very rich and splendid sacrifices; and he honoured God, and delighted them by hymns and psalms. Nay, they were so very glad at the revival of their customs, that they made it a law for their posterity that they should keep a festival, on account of the restoration of their temple worship, for eight days. And from that time to this, we celebrate this festival, and call it Lights.—*Josephus, Antiq.*, lib. xii. c. viii. s. vii.

NOTE 8, PAGE 175.

A shade of sadness, mellow'd, not destroy'd,
The mirth and beauty of surrounding day.

The poet Young was devotedly attached to the quiet loveliness of a garden-walk, and its attendant associations. In his Essay on Pleasure occurs the following passage :—

"A garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wise and happy man, but reflection and peace? And both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden a promoter only of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and in some sort shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of

worldly thoughts, and sows celestial seed in their stead.—Who cannot look on a flower, till he frightens himself out of infidelity?"

Note 9, Page 183.

And men were demons, with a robe of flesh
Enveloped, banqueting on human blood.

The capture of Jerusalem forms the most terrific tale which the records of history unfold. Human nature seems to have gone out of itself, and to have become a demonized and savage thing, amid the horrors and devastations of a besieged capital. Yet everything that was done, suffered, or displayed, in this dreadful scene, had been predicted by the Saviour; and those who will compare the descriptions of Josephus with the prophetic denunciation delivered nearly forty years before the event, cannot escape the conviction, that "never man spake like this Man!" A few of the most fearful and illustrative passages from the Jewish historian are here selected. The classical reader will not fail to detect in them an occasional resemblance to the condensed and vehement style that distinguishes the pages of Tacitus, who was contemporary with Josephus.

"Famine was too hard for all other passions; children pulled the very morsels their fathers were eating out of their very mouths, and what was still more to be pitied, so did the mothers do as to their infants: the old men who held their food were beaten, and if the women hid what they had within their hands, their hair was torn for so doing; nor was there any commiseration shewed either to the aged or to infants, but they lifted up children from the ground, as they hung upon the morsels they had gotten, and shook them down upon the floor.

"All hope of escaping was now cut off, together with their liberty of going out of the city. Then did the famine widen its progress, and devoured the people by whole houses and families: the upper rooms were full of women and children that were dying by famine, and the lanes of the city were full

of the dead bodies of the aged; the children also and the young men wandered about the market-place like shadows, all swelled with the famine, and fell down dead wheresoever their misery seized them! Many died as they were burying others, and many went to their coffins before that fatal hour was come! Nor was there any lamentation made under these calamities, nor were heard any mournful complaints; those who were just going to die looked upon those who were gone to their rest before them with dry eyes and open mouths. *A deep silence also, and a kind of deadly night, had seized upon the city;* while the robbers were yet more terrible than these miseries were themselves, for those who entreated them their sword to dispatch them, they were too froward to grant their requests, and left them to be consumed by their famine. Now every one of these died with their eyes fixed upon the temple, and left the seditious alive behind them. When Titus, on going his rounds along those valleys, saw them full of dead bodies, he gave a groan, and spreading out his hands to heaven, called God to witness that this was not his doing.

"The multitude of carcasses that lay in heaps, one upon another, was a horrible sight; but as those were to go in battle-array, who had been already to ten thousand murders, and must tread on those dead bodies as they marched along, so were they not terrified, nor did they pity men as they marched over them."

Then succeeds the more than horrible description of a woman who fed on her own infant, and when the seditious came, uncovered what was left of her son, and exclaimed, "This is mine own son, and what hath been done is mine own doing. Come, eat of this food; for I have eaten of it myself. *Do not you pretend to be either more tender than a woman, or compassionate than a mother!*"

A description of the temple on fire shall conclude these extracts. Pindar and Æschylus, with a volcano to inspire the fury of their verse, are vapid, compared with the calm terror of the following passage:—

"While the house was on fire, everything was plundered

that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain; nor was there a commiseration of any age or any reverence of gravity, but children, and old men, and priests, were all slain in the same manner. *The flame was also carried a long way, and made an echo together with the groans of those that were slain;* and because the hill was high, and the works at the temple were very great, one would have thought that the whole city had been on fire. *Nor can we imagine or conceive any greater or more terrible than this noise;* for there was at once a shout of the Roman legions, who were marching all together, and a sad clamour of the seditious, who were now surrounded by fire and sword. The people made sad moans, at the calamity they were under; the multitude also that were in the city joined in this outcry with those that were on the hill; and besides many of those that were almost worn away by famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the Holy House, they exerted their utmost strength, and brake out into groans and outcries again. *Perea did also return the echo as well as the mountains round about the city, and augmented the force of the entire noise!* Yet was the misery itself more terrible than this disorder; *for one would have thought the hill itself on which the temple stood was seething hot, as full of fire in every part of it, that the blood was larger in quantity than the fire, and those that were slain more in number than those who slew them; for the ground did nowhere appear visible, for the dead bodies that lay on it; but the soldiers went over heaps of these bodies, as they ran upon such as fled from them!* As for the priests, some of them plucked up from the holy house the spikes that were upon it, with their bases, which were made of lead, and shot them at the Romans instead of darts. But then, as they gained nothing by so doing, and as the fire burst out upon them, they retired to the wall that was eight cubits broad, and there they tarried. The soldiers were in such a rage, that they set the cloister on fire, by which means it came to pass that some of these were destroyed by throwing themselves down headlong, and some were burnt in the cloisters themselves. Nor did any one of them escape with his life."

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

Note 1, Page 190.

What alternation of eternal light,
And mortal dimness of a low estate.

These two natures are as causes and original grounds of all things which Christ hath done. Wherefore some things he doth as God, because his Deity alone is the well-spring from which they flow; some things, as man, because they issue from his mere human nature; some things jointly, as both God and man, because both natures concur as principles thereunto.—*Hooker's Eccl. Pol.*, vol. i. p. 209.

Salvas proprieta utriusque naturæ, suscepta est a majestate humilitas, et virtute infirmitas, ab æternitate mortalitas.—*Leo, Epist. ad. Flav.*

Note 2, Page 191.

parables, where Nature's self is judge,
And to the mind her silent cause commends.

Our Saviour, in all his parables, puts the case on the charitable side, and makes the most favourable representation of things which the matter will bear. In the parable of the ten virgins, he supposes the number of the wise to be equal to that of the foolish. In the parable of the lost sheep, he supposes but one in a hundred to go astray; and yet the Good Shepherd is content to leave all the rest, and go in quest of the single straggler. In the third place, there is an exact *decorum* observed in all Christ's parables, and everything that

is spoken is fitted to the character of the person who speaks it,—a beauty which the critics look upon as the greatest ornament of a poem, and which of itself is sufficient to make it heard or read with delight and admiration; and therefore I hope it may recommend our Saviour's parables to the nice and delicate taste of our modern wits, who are apt to think everything in Scripture so mean and flat, as not to be worth their reading.—*Lowth, Div.*, p. 185.

Note 3, Page 192.

By pure magnificence of spirit raised
Above whate'er Platonic vision shaped.

When Plato described his imaginary good man with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the high reward of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance is so striking that all the Christian Fathers described it.—*Rous.*

Note 4, Page 201.

The human with the God contends.

There was present before his eyes in that fearful hour, on the one side, God's heavy indignation and wrath towards mankind—as yet unappeased, death as yet in full strength, hell as yet never mastered by any that came within the confines and bounds thereof, somewhat also, peradventure, more than is either possible or needful for the wit of man to find out; finally, himself, flesh and blood, left alone to enter into conflict with all these. Secondly, on the other side, a world to be saved by One, a pacification of wrath through the dignity of that sacrifice which should be offered, a conquest over death, through the power of that Deity which would not suffer the tabernacle thereof to see corruption, and an utter disappointment of all the forces of infernal powers, through the purity of that soul which they should have in their hands, and not be able to touch.—*Hooker, Eccles. Pol.*, vol. ii. p. 187.

Note 5, Page 204.

there, aloft upraised,
Their holy victim in the upper hall
His trial waiteth.

St. Luke is the only Evangelist who has preserved this beautiful circumstance of Christ's turning and looking on Peter. The members of the council, who sat in judgment on Jesus, were placed at the upper end of the hall; in the other were the servants with Peter, at the fire; so that Jesus, being probably placed on some eminence, that his judges, who were numerous, might see and hear him, could easily look towards Peter, and observe him denying Him, and in passionate terms, loud enough to be heard, perhaps, over all the place.—*Milner's Life and History of Christ*, p. 294.

Note 6, Page 207.

But his hour had come.

In all this we observe a remarkable display of a particular providence. It had been foretold that the Messiah should be crucified; but this could never have happened, if he had died by the hands of the Jews, or for any offence against their law; for crucifixion was a mode of punishment customary with the Romans, but not with the Jews.—*Dean Stanhope.*

Note 7, Page 207.

and crown
Of platted thorns upon his temples press'd.

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among botanists by the name of the "*spina Christi*," or thorn of Christ, and supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by our Saviour before his crucifixion. It must have been very fit for the purpose, for it has many sharp prickles, well adapted to give pain; and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of the Messiah chose it from

its similarity to the plant with which emperors and generals are accustomed to be crowned; and hence that there might be calumny, insult, and derision meditated in the very act of punishment.—*Russell's Palestine*, p. 448.

Note 8, Page 208.

When Time and Destiny were awed to hear
A man pronounce a verdict on a God!

A kind of structure was erected, adjoining the palace, which served instead of a tribunal or judgment-seat. This building, called in the Hebrew, "*Gabbatha*," was finely paved with small pieces of marble, of different colours, being always exposed to the weather. Perhaps it resembled a stage, but larger, open on all sides, and on one part of it a throne was placed, whereon the governor sat to hear causes. One side of this structure joined to the palace, and a door was made in the wall, through which the governor passed to the tribunal. By this contrivance the people might stand around the tribunal, in the open air, hear and see the governor when he spake to them from the pavement, and observed the administration of justice without the danger of being defiled.—*Milner*.

Note 9, Page 210.

and down the dizzy steep
Sank into darkness, and was seen no more.

After he had thus returned the wages of iniquity, he retired to some lonely place, not far, perhaps, from the scene of Peter's repentance, and in the frenzy of despair, and at the instigation of the devil, hanged himself; crowning with suicide the murder of his master and his friend; rejecting his compassionate Saviour, and plunging his own soul into perdition! In another place it is said, that "falling headlong, he burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out."—(Acts, i. 18.) Both these accounts might be true; he might first have hanged himself from some tree on the edge of a precipice,

and the rope or branch breaking, he might be dashed to pieces by the fall. — *Hale's New Analysis of Chronology*, vol. ii. book ii. p. 878.

Lightfoot's surmise is very eccentric on the manner of Judas's death:—"The devil, who dwelt in him, caught him up on high, strangled him, and threw him down headlong, so that, dashing upon the ground, he burst in the midst."—*Talmudical Exercitation on St. Matthew.*

NOTE 10, PAGE 210.

With his cross,
To Calvary the lacerated Christ
Is now ascending.

The form, then, of the cross on which our Saviour suffered, was not a simple but a compounded figure, according to the custom of the Romans, by whose procurator he was condemned to die: in which there was not only a straight and erected piece of wood fixed in the earth, but also a transverse beam fastened into that towards the top thereof: and beside these two, cutting each other transversely at right angles, there was also another piece of wood infixed into, and standing out from, that which was erected, and stood straight up. To that erected piece was His Body, being lifted up, applied, as Moses' serpent to the pole; and to the transverse beam his hands were nailed; upon the lower part, coming out from the erected piece, his sacred body rested, and his feet were transfixed and fastened with nails; his head, being pressed with a crown of thorns, was applied to that part of the erect which stood above the transverse beam; and above his head, to that was fastened the table, on which was written, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin characters, the accusation, according to the Roman custom. The writing was—"JESUS OF NAZARETH, the King of the Jews."—*Pearson on the Creed*, fol. ed., pp. 203, 4.

Note 11, Page 215.

in a shape of Light,
Triumphant over powers and thrones of hell.

As the souls at the hour of death are really separated from the bodies, so the place where they are at rest or misery after death is certainly distinct from the place in which they lived. They continue not where they were at that instant when the body was left without life; they do not go together with the body to the grave; but as the sepulchre is appointed for our flesh, so there is another receptacle, or habitation, or mansion, for our spirits. From whence it followeth, that the soul doth certainly *pass by a real motion* from that place in which it did inform the body, and is translated to that place, and unto that society, which God of his mercy or justice allotted it. And, not at present to inquire into the difference and distance of these several habitations, it will appear to have been the general judgment of the Church, that the soul of Christ, contradistinguished from his body, that better and more noble part of his humanity, his rational and intellectual soul, after a true and proper separation from his flesh, was really and truly carried into those parts below, where the souls of men before departed were detained; and that by such a real translation of his soul, he was truly said to have descended into hell. Many have been the interpretations of the opinions of the fathers made of late. The persons to whom, and end for which, He descended, they differ in; "*but as to a local descent into the infernal parts, they all agree.*" And this leads me to the end which I conceive most conformable to the words of the prophet, and least liable to question or objection—that *He might undergo the condition of a dead man as well as of a living.* He appeared here, that we might never come into those torments, which are these:—By his descent he freed us from our fears, and by his ascension he secured us of our hopes. He passed to those habitations where Satan hath taken up possession, and exerciseth his dominion; that, having no power over him, we might be assured that he

should never exercise any over our souls departed, as belonging unto them.—*Pearson.*

NOTE 12, PAGE 223.

Lo! again he came,
Inaudibly, within a chamber barr'd.

The circumstance of the doors being shut is very happily mentioned by St. John; because it suggests a reason why the disciples took their Master for a spirit, notwithstanding many of them were convinced he was really risen from the dead.—*Milner.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 226.

Baptizing nations in the mingled name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Among the Jews, the controversy was about the true Messiah; among the Gentiles, about the true God: it was, therefore, proper among the Jews to baptize in the name of Jesus, that he might be vindicated to be the true Messias: among the Gentiles, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that they might be hereby instructed in the doctrine of the true God.—*Lightfoot's Talmudical Exercit.*

In the earlier part of his life, the sublime Milton thus apostrophizes the Trinity:—

Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! Next Thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant, whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! And Thou, the third subsistence of Divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one *Tripersonal Godhead*, look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring Church.—*Milton, Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 57.

NOTE 14, PAGE 228.

And then, is trackless—in the empyrean depth
Evanish'd, mix'd with far immensity!

Ascension into heaven is a plain local translation of Christ, according to his manhood, from the lower to the

higher parts of the world. Session at the right hand of God is the actual exercise of that regency and dominion, wherein the manhood of Christ is joined and matched with the deity of the Son of God. Not that his manhood was before without the possession of the same power, but because the full use thereof was suspended till that humility, which had been before as a veil to hide and conceal majesty, were laid aside.—*Hooker's Eccl. Pol.*, vol. ii. p. 225.

Note 15, Page 233.

Or creatures, such as once the mental eye
Of seraph-haunted Milton saw descend.

Symmons has finely remarked of Milton, (Vide Life, p. 526,) that he was "a man who, if he had been delegated as the representative of his species to one of the superior worlds, would have suggested a grand idea of the human race." In tracing the history of his mighty spirit, we cannot but observe the majestic view which he entertained of the poetical character. With him poetry was something more than amusement or pleasure, — it was a high and consecrated energy, to be devoted to the mental elevation of mankind. From dawning manhood, through all the progressive years of his life, the master dream within was that which prefigured poetical greatness. In a *Vacation Exercise*, he confesses a desire to

> ——————— "soar
> Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
> Look in, and see each blissful deity,
> How he before the thund'rous throne doth lie."

And in a letter to Deodati, he says:—"For a moment let me talk proudly to you;—Do you ask me what is in my thought—So may God prosper me, as it is nothing less than immortality!"—And how often, in the barren wilds of political controversy, do paragraphs of surpassing beauty and loveliness flower forth, and evince the ruling purpose of the soul.—Never did he forget the "destiny divine" which awaited

him in the completion of a work. "Not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her stern daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases :—then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one, perhaps, may be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate the divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages." *

NOTE 16, PAGE 233.

Dark Spirit, whose unquiet shade
Our fancy visions in reflected gloom.

The reader is referred to one of Chalmers's sermons for some noble remarks on the sadness and darkness of the human soul; and the gloomy atmosphere in which our spirits so often delight to shape their fancies, and converse with futurity. Was not Young sincere when he penned the following passage, that resembles the mighty and mysterious anguish which the Greek choruses develop ?—"The numberless pains of body and mind; the dark solemn approaches to, or dismal vestibules of the grave, as well as opening graves themselves, are so thickly scattered over the face of the earth, that an unpetrified heart cannot look round without feeling an inevitable damp, and general disconsolation; and venting a sigh universal for the whole family of Adam. Nothing but strong faith in eternal life could hinder tears from bursting over it: nor are tears too much, for sympathy is the chief duty of human life."

* How minute are the links in that chain of events which compose a life, and yet how important!—If the act of oblivion (on the accession of Charles II.) had excepted Milton, or if he had not been concealed in St. Bartholomew's Close, we could not have boasted a "Paradise Lost." Sir W. Davenant was the means of saving Milton by his interposition.

Schlegel has philosophically analyzed this propensity to sadness in the human mind, which neither the brightness of the world nor the pert laugh of pretended stoicism can entirely overcome.

"To man alone, of all animals with which we are acquainted, is it permitted to look back towards the past, and forward into futurity; and he has purchased this noble privilege at a dear rate.—*The desire for what is infinite which dwells in our being*, is thwarted by *the limits of the finite by which we are fettered.* All that we do, all that we effect, is vain and perishable; death stands everywhere in the background, and every good or ill spent moment brings us in closer contact with him. There is no bond of love without repentance, no enjoyment without grief for its loss! When we contemplate, however, the relations of our existence to the extreme limit of possibilities; when we consider that we are exposed, in our weak, helpless state, *to struggle with the immeasurable powers of Nature, with conflicting desires on the shores of an unknown world*, and in danger of shipwreck at our very birth:—that in our passions we carry our enemy in our bosom; that every moment demands from us the sacrifice of our dearest inclinations, in the name of our most sacred duties;—*then every mind, which is not dead to feeling, must be overpowered by an inexpressible melancholy, against which there is no other protection than the consciousness of a destiny soaring above this earthly life.*"—*W. Schlegel's Lectures*, p. 42.

Note 17, Page 234.

For self has overshadow'd Deity
In dread oblivion!

What is wanting at the present era is, an insurrection against egotism; for the moral virtue of each individual is found to centre in his own personal interest.—*De Stael.*

May we not subscribe also to the truth of another observation by the same illustrious thinker—"Tous les vices se coaliscent, tous les talens devraient se rapprocher!"

NOTE 18, PAGE 235.

thy glorious aim,
Like true Religion's, is to lead us back
From recreant darkness to primeval bliss.

Lord Bacon relates, that a noble somebody, on being asked his opinion of poets, replied, that "next to prose writers, they were the best going!"—But the philosopher himself took a high view of poetry, and has thus recorded it:—"The use of this feigned history* hath been to give some satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being, in proportion, inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical:—so it appeareth that poesy serveth to and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation. And, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things; to ascribe unto it that which is due for the expression of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets' more than to philosophers' works; and for wit and eloquence, not much less than to orators' harangues."—*Advancement of Learning*, p. 88—91.

* Il y a toujours dans les fictions poétiques *une sorte de logique cachee:* elles doivent être en accord avec elles-mêmes; *le beau est l'image du vrai*; la coordination des idées précède et prépare leur analyse. Les conceptions poëtiques exercent au plus haut degré les forces actives de l'esprit; elles le dirigent à la recherche de cet idéal qui est aussi à plusieurs égards le type des spéculations philosophiques.—*Degerando's Systemes de Philosophie*, vol. i. p. 380, 2nd edit.

Note 19, Page 237.

And since the spirit with the flesh doth war,
And life is oft an agonizing thirst
Which nothing visible can tame or cool.

Among the Greeks, human nature was in itself all-sufficient; they were conscious of no wants, and aspired at no higher perfection than that which they could actually obtain by the exercise of their own faculties. We, however, are taught by superior wisdom, that man, through a high offence, forfeited the place for which he was originally destined. The religion of the senses had only in view the possession of outward and perishable blessings. The very reverse of all this is the case with the Christian; every finite and mortal object is lost in the contemplation of infinity; life has become shadow and darkness, and the first dawning of our real existence opens in a world beyond the grave. The soul, resting, as it were, under the willows of exile, breathes out its longing for its distant home. Hence, the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, and ours that of desire; the former has its foundation in the scene which is present, while the latter hovers betwixt recollection and hope.—*W. Schlegel.*

Note 20, Page 238.

And though that hour, for resurrection doom'd,
Be hidden, shrouded from angelic mind.

For aught we know, the soul may remain combined with a portion of matter less than the ten thousandth part of the minutest particle that was ever perceived by our senses; since great or small is only relative. All that we can be sure of is, that if the soul be wholly disengaged from matter, and yet shall enjoy consciousness and activity, it must be in some quite different manner from that in which we now enjoy them; if, on the other hand, the soul remains inert and unconscious

(as it does with respect to the seeing faculty—for instance, when the eyes are closed, or blinded,) till its re-union with matter, the moment of our sinking into this state of unconsciousness will appear to us to be instantly succeeded by that of our awaking from it, even though twenty centuries may have intervened—of which one may convince himself by a few moments' reflection.—*Whately's Essay on a Future State*, Note B, page 29.

THE END.

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YC159089